



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

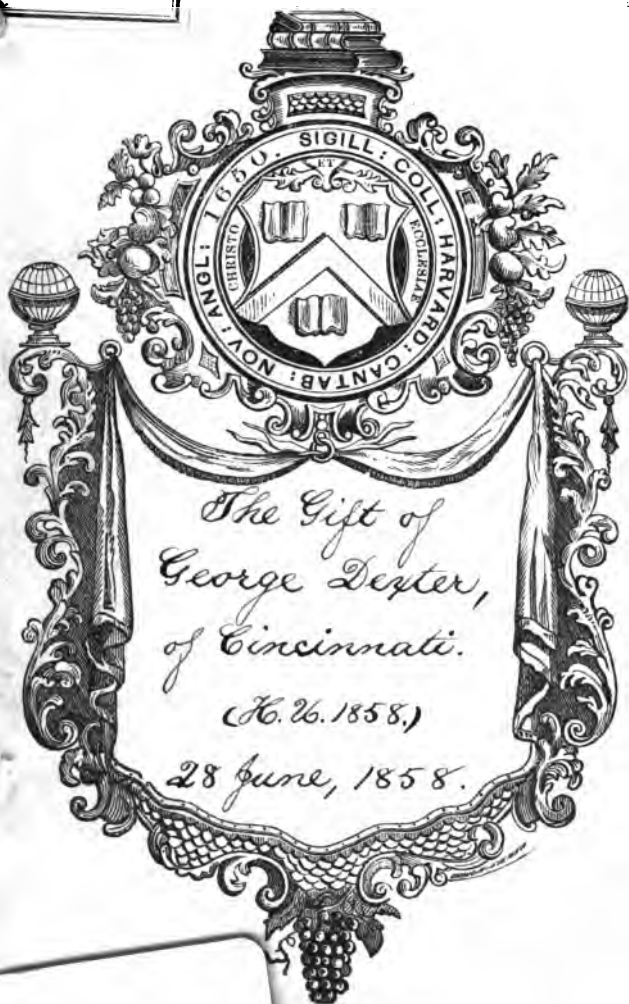
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

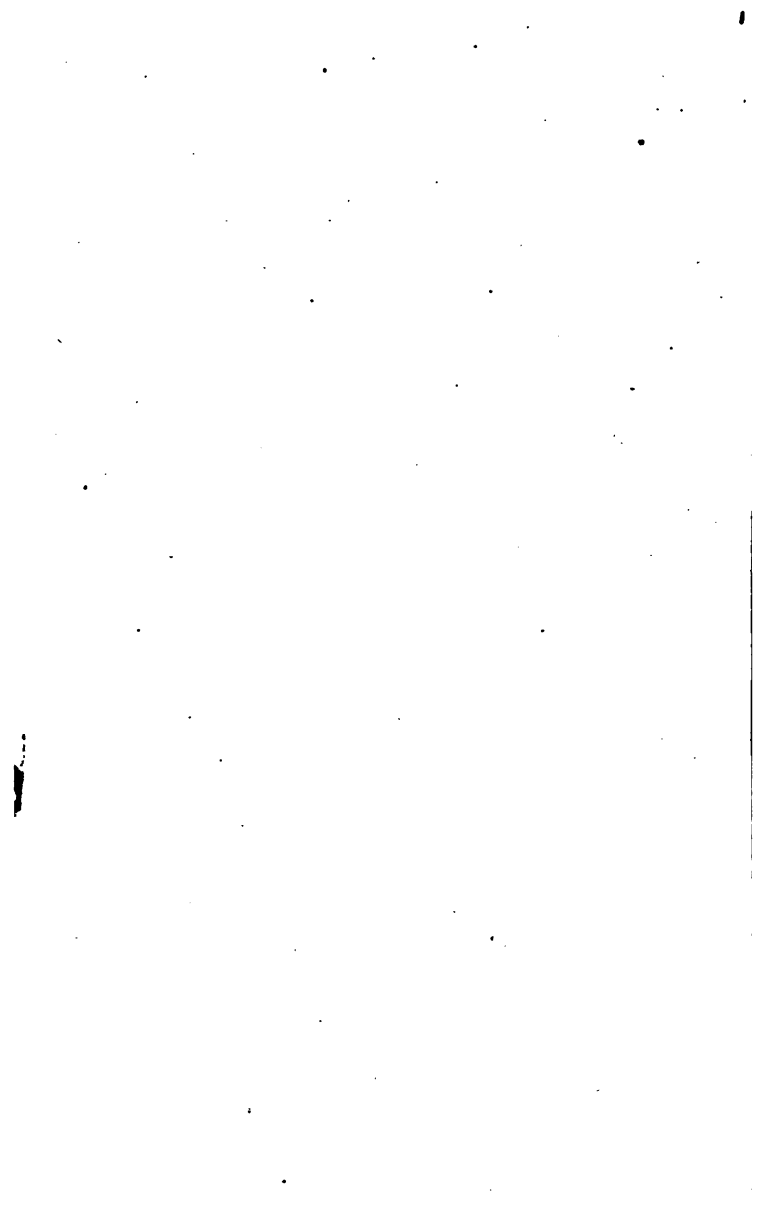


2779

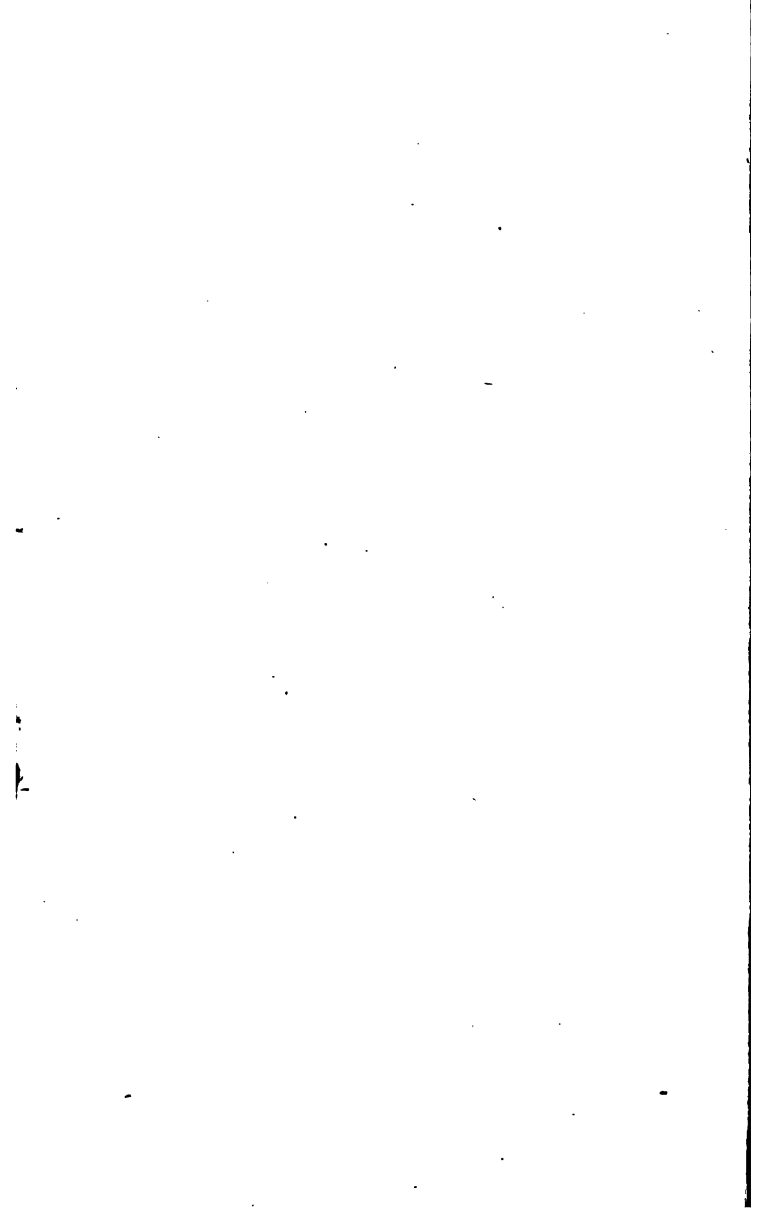
Edm 4055.5.5



Nov 19







THE *Handwritten*

COLLEGIAN'S GUIDE:

OR

Recollections of College Days.

SETTING FORTH THE

ADVANTAGES AND TEMPTATIONS OF A UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

BY THE REV. JAMES PYCROFT, B.A.

TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD;

Author of"THE CRICKET FIELD," "A COURSE OF ENGLISH READING,"
GREEK AND LATIN "GRAMMAR PRACTICE," ETC.*Shallow.*—I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not?*Silence.*—Indeed, sir; to my cost.SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV.* Part II. Act iii. Sc. 2.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, & ROBERTS.

1858.

Edue 4055.5.5

1858 June 28

Letter of

George Baxter

of Cincinnati

Class of 1858

LONDON :
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.
NEW-STREET SQUARE.

PREFACE

TO THE

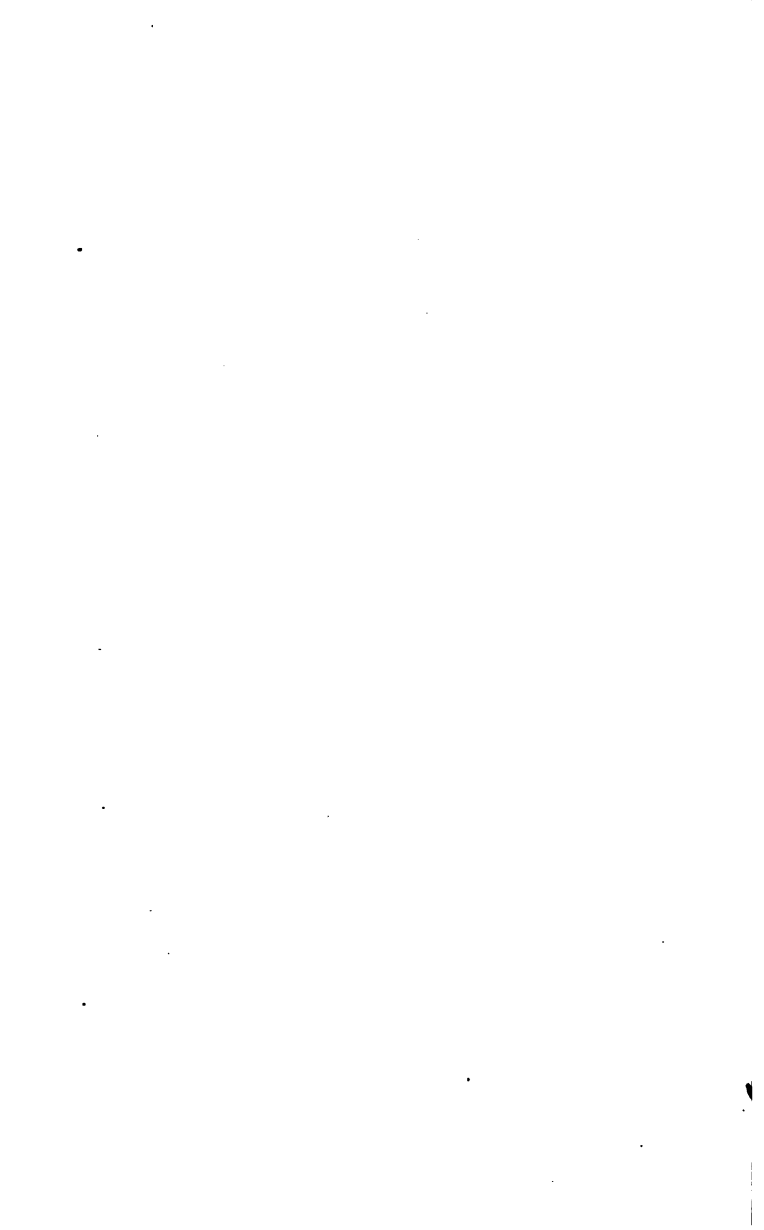
SECOND EDITION.

THIS work was one of the last that had the honour of diverting the care-worn and agonised mind of that much lamented Artist, Mr. B. R. HAYDON. Only two months before he died, he wrote to Messrs. Longman : — “I must possess a copy of the book you lent me, the ‘Collegian’s Guide.’ It is a capital, sensible, entertaining, and *true-to-nature* work.”

What is true to nature is true always. Things merely accidental and conventional pass out of date, but such matters never formed a material part of the work before us. A few alterations only appeared necessary to make the *Guide* still trustworthy, and those alterations, it is hoped, have been carefully effected in the present Edition.

BATH :

January 1, 1858.



PREFACE

TO THE

FIRST EDITION.

THE character and design of the following pages may, I trust, be collected from a few remarks with which I have been favoured by one of three university friends, by whose judgment and suggestions I have been greatly assisted:—

“If the object of your work is to give the public a fair view of university life—if you would nothing extenuate and set down naught in malice, but simply vindicate our time-honoured institutions from the aspersions of those who only decry what they have not the soul to appreciate—if you would so prepare the minds of youth that on entering College they may seek the society of those emulous in things of good report, and not mistake the example of a few shameless schoolboys for the deliberate sanction of the true representatives of academical feelings—if

you would lay open the system of Oxford education, tracing not only its more evident advantages, but also its secret yet salutary influences—and if, at the same time that you would animate Collegians with a laudable desire to avail themselves of so great opportunities, you would point out, both to themselves and their friends, the danger of debts and other evils;—then, with all sincerity, can I pronounce that you have attained your object. I have no doubt that all your college friends, who read your cautions and advice, will think they recognise more than one of the characters portrayed, and will say with me, Would that my mind had been so guarded, so animated, and informed, before I commenced my university career.”

J. P.

LONDON :

January 1, 1845.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	Page
A Chapter giving a Glimpse of the Bill of Fare, and whetting the Appetite for Things to follow - - -	1

CHAP. II.

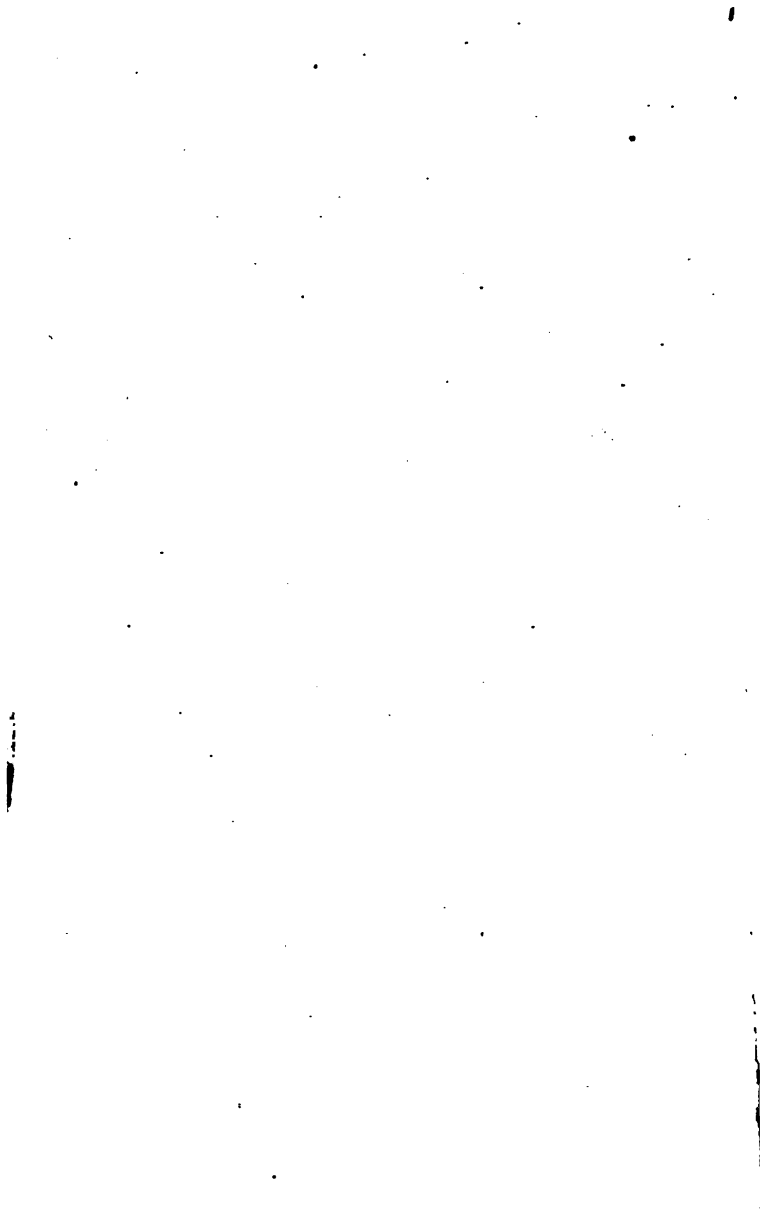
How to put a Son to College. — Useful Information and Salutory Advice - - - - -	20
---	----

CHAP. III.

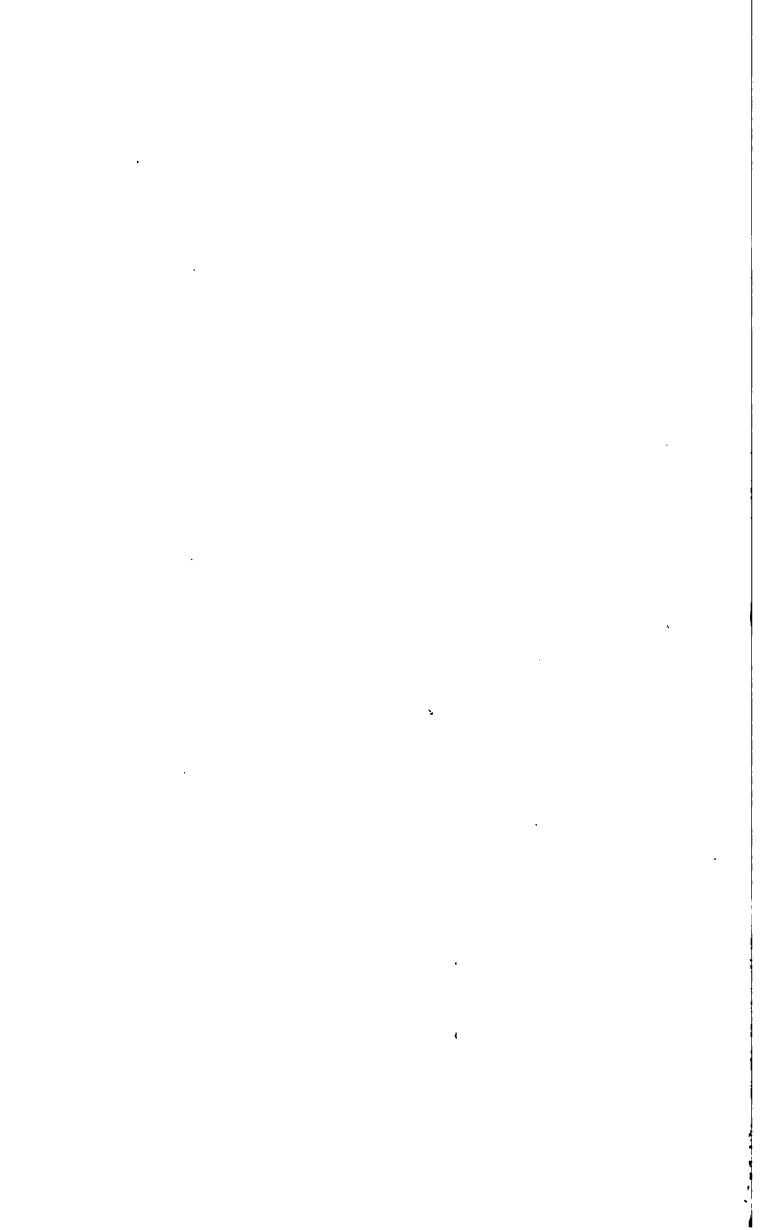
To enter College — with what Views and Ideas — to form the Mind, the Manners, and the Man - - -	44
---	----

CHAP. IV.

A Day of Academical Life—First, the College Chapel -	65
--	----







THE
COLLEGIAN'S GUIDE.

CHAPTER I.

A CHAPTER GIVING A GLIMPSE OF THE BILL OF FARE, AND
WHETTING THE APPETITE FOR THINGS TO FOLLOW.

ONE morning, on or about the third day of August last, being on my way to invite my old friend John Corbett, to talk of the past and enjoy the present over a quiet dinner, when the duties of his parish and one-sixth part of two sermons had been duly performed, I met old Abram the clerk. Parish clerks are a distinct genus from other men, and old Abram, as all Whitchurch knows, seems also distinct from other parish clerks. He seems as much a part of the village, and not much less ancient, than the old church, and (excuse the metaphor) of the same early English architecture.

“You see’d another carriage, didn’t ye, sir, that had been down that mortal steep hill, just on purpose for to come up again?”

“They mistook their way, eh?”

“Yes, sure, sir; one’s certain to — it looks the

likeliest road to Didley by a deal. Well! there 'tis again. When I saw Williams, as has the looking after it, three years ago, says I, 'If you'd just let my Harry cut you out and paint a bit of printing on a two-foot board, and nail it up against the old ash tree—let alone a regular sign-post, to make a good job of it—you'd save it in ruts in a month;—but 'tis the horses I pity most,—and there goes two that ought to be four with such a load, any how.'

While he was thus running on, and arguing that the board would cost so little, and save so much, if any one would but be the man to set about what all the parish might do if they would, John Corbett joined us, and heard me say, "That is not the only thing, Abram, easy to do, yet long undone;—way of the world, I am afraid."

"You may say that," said Corbett. "Has Paxton been to you yet?" "About what?" "Sending Fred to college. I have been talking to him till I am tired; and then, please your worship, I passed him on to your door." After a word or two he added, "There's another case like Abram's grievance: in the ways to college, at college, ay, and after college too, the most likely-looking road is the wrong one, and the way back into the right is very considerably steeper than Whitchurch hill. I only wish there had been a sign-post to guide me there." "Do you think you would have followed it?" "To be sure I should in things indifferent, and where I hampered myself from sheer ignorance; and so would

you. Why, what temptation had you to get into that mess with Ricketts—to say nothing of the score at Cox's, and heaps of others? Where a man is tempted with his eyes open, I say, leave him alone till he finds things out for himself. Experience is what the Useful Knowledge Society can't make cheap, nor the Penny Magazine palatable; but I do think that something like the two-foot board that Abram talks of might be very serviceable, especially to the governors; they'd follow it fast enough to save their *tin*. But more of this after dinner, and then we'll see what to do for Paxton. You'll be asked to the Hall on the tenth—such doings! I am going; so is all the world and his wife: once more Fred's school-medal will lie in state, and we shall have the whole story over again!”

John Corbett, the over-worked and under-paid curate of Whitchurch, was one of the right sort. He had more of the essence than the accidents of gentility about him. He used to say, as he tried to rub up the whitened seams of his second year's black, “You see my ship isn't come in yet, and I have to wait before I come into *my* fortune. I am of age, it's true—that is to say, I have the privilege of going to gaol for myself, instead of my father for me. My grandfather, you must know, drove four-in-hand; my father, till a baker's dozen of us ate in pap what used to pay for corn, sported a pair: I can now (say nothing about John Sheard's tandem) very rarely afford a gig; and were I now to disregard the

warnings of Mr. Malthus and Miss Martineau, and multiply after my kind, the family equipage would degenerate into a wheelbarrow, till one of the brood rose to be either a railway contractor or church-rate martyr, and patched up the family coach, to ring the same changes once again."

Since much of what I have to say results from my memory being refreshed and my judgment formed by many a "lang-syne" talk with the Reverend John, let us come at once to the dinner-table on August the 3rd, 1843, pass the bottle, and let him speak for himself: —

"I might be a little richer now; but what a comfort it is to be able to keep your standing as a gentleman, and not owe a penny to any man! I can hear the postman's knock without starting, and go down stairs to see a stranger without expecting to hear, 'Please, sir, Mr. Squeezum's commercial agent — a small account.' Look at all the men of my years (he was nearly thirty years of age) round the country, — John Hicks, Big Perry, Red-headed Smith, Jackson, or any of the old set; it makes a man nervous to go and visit them; they seem to have brought all the college duns along with them. Hicks is a very good-hearted fellow, and I have seen him, sick visiting, fumble with his hand about his pocket, and then come away and say, 'It serves me right for making such a fool of myself at Exeter (College). What I frittered away there would save many a poor soul from a hungry stomach, and me from the heart-ache at seeing it.'"

“ You were fettered with about a hundred pounds, were you not, Corbett ? ”

“ Ninety-seven pounds five and sixpence, including one and sixpence for Steeven’s last skiff and a ten-penny egg-bill. I knew I could keep faith with my creditors, and pay off by degrees, stopping all clamour by high interest; but had it come to Joey’s (the tutor’s) ears—and the tradesmen always go to him to learn a man’s country residence—my testimonials were in danger. Ah! more need of Abram’s sign-post there too. Little did I think that, so long as I never went out with these mad rapsallions of the corner staircase on any of their freebooting expeditions, the very fact of my rooms being near theirs, and my being seen with them about Quad, led to conclusions ‘strong as holy Writ’ against me. Then, again, the trustees of the exhibition which I held would have talked, as old Skurry had once the impudence to do, of the enormity of a pensioner—a pauper he would have said—getting in debt; then I should have lost their interest for ever. Now, I have no sort of pity for men who complain of the persecution of university tradesmen. If you have no money, write and name a day for a small instalment. Tell the plain truth; be punctual and honest with them, and they will be civil to you, and, when you have paid off a four years’ bill, will say, as they did to me, ‘Thank ye, sir; won’t you favour us with another order?’ as if they had not had enough of me yet. At last, you know, that one-hundred-pound

note my aunt gave to set me going cleared off all; and since that I have vegetated on one hundred pounds a year."

Many persons will be curious to hear how a hundred a-year goes so far; I will therefore quote one of my friend's digressions:—

"You see clothes do not cost a man much: a sort of mongrel shooting-coat, with the sporting cut left out, bought for twenty shillings ready made, does to go round the parish in the morning, as well as what I once paid Nugee's traveller five pounds ten for (mem.: keep that for a pattern); then in the house two sermons weekly are written under cover of my old boating-jacket, in which I have been the death of many a chub and dace down about Newnham, while John Hicks hit over the rats with Pether's double barrel. As to wine, that has become rather rare; but I like farmer Wickens' mulled ale just as well: he has sent me a nine-gallon more than once. In short, the people here will do any thing for me; and so I believe people will for their clergyman in any parish in England, if he behaves himself, and shows the heart of a human creature. However, that way of getting ale saves nothing—return the compliment of course—not but Wickens can afford a hogs-head, if that were all, but it does not do to let that class of people think you are poor if you can help it. As to the many dinners at the Paxtons, the Lettsomes, and all those people, a return there is out of the question; still I do make returns which please them un-

commonly. I am a pretty good listener ; and that, you know, is something, especially when I go to dine with the Admiral : then I make a bird-trap for Tom, a separate establishment for Philip's doe in the family-way ; then I showed that young pickle, Rodney, how to catch trout,—not to mention thanks numberless from Mrs. Edward for standing near when her boys go to bathe. At the Priory, Ellen and I used to sing : but that is rather—rather—dangerous. Oh ! human nature, human nature ! what a very naughty boy you are, to be sure. Madam would soon have warned me off the premises, only I took warning from ——.”

“ You have heard of Roger Hanson's scrape ? ”

“ No.”

“ Well, he is obliged to leave Henley. He fell in love with his squire's daughter, and she vowed she would marry no one else — which was nice news to a domineering man like Sidefield ; for as to feelings or affections, how should he know anything about what was left out of his composition altogether, and does not seem to run in the family ? Old Sidefield's maxim is, ‘ One thing at a time,—the hand first and heart afterwards ; ’ and he would as soon let a farm to a Whig tenant as give his daughter to a man who could not flatter his family pride. The place became too hot for him, and Hanson is gone ! ”

“ But as to the advice you have given Paxton ”——

“ I had a long talk, but it is hard to make him understand things about a university. He has picked up a scrap of information here and a scrap there ; one

half is out of date, and the rest no better than truth in the wrong place. Nothing short of a complete course of lectures, to put the whole case before him, has the least chance of being useful. I'll tell you what was of a deal of service to me before I went to Magdalen,—that was, the conversations I had from Jameson about Cambridge—and also what Morley told me about Oxford. A little more conversation on other topics would have been equally useful; but these men knew more about what to avoid than what to pursue, and held a kind of Spartan morality—that the harm was not in doing the fault, but in being found out.”

“And does not this prove,” said Corbett, “that advice in these matters may be useful? It is a fallacy to say advice is no good. To advise a man when drunk, or when intoxicated with the excitement of gambling, or vice of any kind, I grant is useless enough; but in connection with college and college ways, the right road is often more tempting at the beginning, as well as more satisfactory in the end, than the wrong. So what a pity no one should take Abram's advice, and set about something short and pithy, like the sign-post—or, what say you to ‘college yarns over a bottle of wine,’ with something on the title-page about *‘ridentem dicere verum,’* ‘the truth in a pleasant way’? It would be a capital thing. Why, what did I do, when first I came to this parish, for young Charles Harley? I wrote up to Coghill, at Corpus, and asked him to introduce

Charles to a rational set, and let me know how he was going on. Now, he is among the reading men ; of course, he has twice the chance of honours, and not half the inducement to play the fool and run up debts—in short, when I talk to him, I see he is doing all the better for my advice. Really, without any moralising, it makes me melancholy when I see Jackson's coach pass along the first day of term. 'There you go, my boys,' I say to myself, 'with lots of good advice and ham-sandwiches fresh from home ; all eyes are on you the minute you get round Carfax, as if you were so much perquisites for the town at large. I would not trust you without a keeper, any one of you. Ah ! the time will come when every sixpence will look as big as a five-shilling piece does now, and you'll be ashamed to think of the nonsense that now you are proud to boast.' Oh dear ! I have not forgotten my first journey up to Oxford. My father had taken my place three months before, because he had been told (ten years back) that every coach was sure to fill. Then there was a dinner given, to ask Dr. Sedgewick, because twenty years before he had been a fellow of Exeter, as if that had anything to do with it. For weeks I heard absurd stories about tricks for initiating freshmen, sad yarns of ruined collegians. Next, I had my time measured out for me, and a calculation of how much Greek could be read in a year, at the rate of two hundred lines an hour for nine hours a day. The answer, I suppose, would be something like half the Bodleian, if such a reading ma-

chine had a maintaining power, and did not stop while winding up. The morning I started there was such a hurry and preparation not to be too late, that the only wonder is they did not make me eat my breakfast overnight. All the parish knew the day, and looked out for the coach as at the opening of a railway; and in the space of about twelve square feet within the railing before our door, I do believe that my father, mother, five sisters, Tea-kettle Thomas, and three maids, and one monthly nurse, were all stepping on each other's heels and gaping at the coach, to the great amusement of Jackson and four insides and eleven out—gownsmen all. My mother was very angry with me, I remember, because I was ashamed to kiss her before 'a mere coach-load of big boys,' as she annoyed me by calling them. When clear of the house, I felt a very vain desire to look independent, and at last I joined rather cautiously in conversation. There was plenty to astonish me; and every man seemed to know and be known to the coachman, and talked when it was only eleven o'clock in the day of the long time they were getting to some house at Shrivenham famous for malt and hops. Then, whenever we changed horses, there was lighting cigars, and, 'Well, missus, is the old man and all the family well?' Then the coachman was making familiar allusions to the mishaps of one of his regular, or rather irregular, passengers, who had been *a term down*, that is, *rusticated*, or sentenced to put his morals under quarantine in country quarters. At

this coachee made a sly hit by saying, 'We want a help up this hill, Mr. Snowdon; and I think, if I don't forget, you are just come up from grass.' I soon learnt what this meant, but could not imagine how Jackson should know so much, or indeed understand what rustication signified; but soon I observed that this intimate personal knowledge was reciprocal. The history of the coach, how the late opposition was done up, and even the domestic affairs of the coachman himself, were all known, or seemed to be, to several of these real academical students, whom fancy paints as prim and proper as the very correctly-behaved young gentlemen who are seen in rows, with eyes tending to one focus, in the frontispiece of Mavor's Spelling-book.

" 'But is rustication common?' I ventured to ask.

" 'Why, I am sorry to say it is too common, a great deal; and to me it's no joke, because I am pressed for time,' was the reply. This was an Oriel man; he had a seat on the box: and because I observed that a fine pointer, whose sagacity formed no small part of his conversation with the coachman, was rather in the way of the reins, I offered to take charge of it behind. Well! every time the coach stopped he was so polite, hoped the dog was not troublesome, handed me a glass of ale at Farringdon, and strongly recommended the cherry-brandy. Now in spite of all I had heard of the etiquette of Oxford life, I thought that we two were, without any introduction, to be friends for life; but the next day

I met him in the Turl, when of course he took no more notice of me than if I had been a post.

"When I arrived the first night in Oxford I scarcely knew where to go or what to do. After asking many more questions than I could get answered, I dined and slept at Cox's.

" 'You'll find this very convenient, sir,' said Jimmy (a noted waiter); 'very often when you are too late for Hall, or your name's crossed in the buttery.'

"What can that mean? thought I. Why, when my father came home from his last book-club dinner, he said, as plainly as he could speak, that he had heard 'dinners were charged in *battels*,' so what can I have to do with a tavern bill? However, shortly after, having invited a man to come home from the boats, and dine at Exeter, and being late, he said, 'Well, we must have a chop at Dickenson's (Cox late Dickenson's) of course,' for which I had to pay about twelve shillings; and as I was about to settle, he and Jimmy said, at the same time, 'Oh, gentlemen never pay here till the end of term any more than *battels*.' That was the history of the nest-egg of a whole brood of extravagances all under the denomination of 'necessaries'—for such I was persuaded was a coffee-house bill. Ah, well!—if Hicks and some of us had our time over again, we shouldn't be too lazy to eat a dinner we were obliged to pay for in Hall. Now, I mean to say, with me and many others, this was all ignorance. I explained it all to

Charles Harley, and after three terms he told me he had no coffee-house bill whatever; though, as I was talking to him at first, he said, 'Why, three or four shillings for a dinner, though you do pay in Hall too, is not much out of 250*l.* a year.' 'Is it not?' I said, and then I divided out his money for him, and showed what his regular and fixed expenses were, how much for clothes, parties, wine, books, and travelling; and then he remarked, 'Why, I did not understand before. But I see now you may multiply every extravagance by sixteen, for there are sixteen terms from first to last, and the money remaining for these casual expenses is not 250*l.*, but considerably less than 50*l.*' This again is a sort of useful knowledge which never occurred to me till I had paid dearly for experience. But what is waste of money to waste of time? How to read for honours I knew not, still less how to turn college lectures to the best account. Had I known as much of the way to read for the schools in my first term as I did at my tenth, what reason was there that I should not have known my poets and histories as well as the examiners themselves allowed that I knew my sciences? Then, again, think of society. In Edwards' rooms there used to meet together nearly all the picked men in Oxford,—I don't mean Tufts—they could do me no good, nor dull hard readers, but real sharp fellows, to keep a man at his wits' ends, and make him read to keep pace with their conversation. Of all this I might have had the benefit at first as easily as at

last, had any one opened my eyes to my position, and kept me away from the corner staircase, and those silly fellows who were always sporting oaks, tossing pitchers over the banisters, and all that which seems very good fun at the time, but sheer madness afterwards. Whether a man shall throw away every opportunity which a university can afford, and come away with a mere testamur gained rather by the trickery of private coaching (tutoring) than by mental improvement, and deeply in debt besides, or whether he shall be an elegant scholar, with such a character and standing that a ready welcome shall await him in almost every county in England,—all this depends on the set to which he is introduced, and the plans he forms during his very first term. You must not talk of temptations to one course more than another, when both are alike untried and unknown; and for this reason, I say,—to come back to old Abram and his sign-post,—if ‘some one would set about what nearly all the parish might do if they would,’ many a man might be saved from the first step, and consequently from the last, on the road to ruin. Remember, it is easy to pull up and put the drag on at the top of a hill; but when you begin to swing half-way down, the advice is too late, and you come to a regular smash at the bottom.

“Besides,” he continued, “it is not only the men themselves who want advice, but their fathers, who are still less likely to shut their eyes to consequences.”

“I know a case in point.”

“And I can tell you a dozen at least.”

“I was going to mention Serle, the banker. Because his son was at the head of a common academy of a dozen boys, he was persuaded to send him to Baliol, as certain of a first class, a fellowship, and a speedy fortune, of course. The end was, he took no class at all. And now there’s Master Serle lounging at home with no profession, and fit for nothing, after four years’ idleness; for, finding he had no chance of a class, he never opened a book, but spent money enough to break the firm, which the governor was forced to pay to keep off a run upon the bank and maintain public credit. Do you know nothing is more true than ‘*ignotum pro mirifico* :’ that is to say, that men form a marvellously high estimate of what they know nothing about, and not least when their ignorance turns on Latin and Greek. The name of a scholar and a classic sounds so great in the ears of some men I meet at dinner-parties, that you may hear them say, ‘Well, if I had only had such advantages in my day,’—‘Only sorry I was so thoughtless at school, and didn’t keep up my classics;’ but why a university education is to be prized, and why it is to be had in Oxford and Cambridge, and why not in Gower Street, — on all these matters ninety-nine men out of a hundred are deplorably ignorant; and until they are a little enlightened, they cannot start their sons in quest of an object which they themselves so indistinctly see. The essence of a university education is overlooked, and little but the mere accidents are uppermost in

the thoughts of most men. Again: while I was in Norfolk last year I was introduced to a clergyman about forty-five years of age, who, after being twenty years in the church, had, by much tedious canvassing, procured a living of two hundred pounds a year. He was a plain kind of man, without the least refinement, and evidently of low origin. On remarking this to my friend, he said, 'Yes, there is one of the many blunders men commit in settling their sons. This poor fellow is the son of a grocer, whose father had the same shop before him; and he told me the other day that his connections were in trade, and his oldest friends were tradesmen; that this rendered it difficult for him either to obtain or enjoy the society to which a university education should entitle him; that from the time he left his father's house he had felt out of his element. "Now," said he, "my father, and my grandfather before him, made not much less than twenty thousand pounds before they had arrived at my years; and here am I almost starving because I was sent to college when I was only fit for trade."'

"But what shall we say of such blunders as those of General Staunton, who sent his son as gentleman commoner to Christchurch, when he could not afford to be more than a commoner at any college,—of Wheatley (surnamed Crazy Tom), who, as all the world might have known, was too careless and silly a fellow to keep an account, memorandum, or receipt for any thing, yet his father never inquired how he was going on for four years, and then found him

2000*l.* in debt. Then there was Shadwick, of University, who put his name to a bill, and pocketed a writ, and 'kept it all a secret' till judgment had gone by default, though his solicitor declared the action might have been defended;—to say nothing at all about such men as Welby, Fuller, Mullings, and others, who, as the least inquiry would have shown, got among a bad set from the first, yet, being good-hearted fellows, and sensible too, if taken at the right time, might have been set straight, and had their eyes opened, if they had been kept away for one or two terms, till some of their friends had been plucked, or expelled, their set broken up, and they themselves a little sobered."

With this and much more conversation did our evening pass away, not only in the dining-room, but in the drawingroom too.

We more than once stopped short and apologised for perpetrating so great a conversational monopoly, but all seemed deeply interested, and led us on, till at last Corbett said, "Surely if these young ladies can listen, much more will the parties more nearly concerned, to wit, freshmen and their 'anxious parents,' ponder over such things." "Think of Basil Hall," said one young lady; "he has set the example of committing to print the every-day routine of his own, the naval profession. Really, I was much amused with his account of all the process to be gone through in commissioning a ship, though I never can be a sailor." "Yes," said Corbett, "but

there is another reason for the success of Basil Hall's writings; he always wrote on a subject with which, from all the habits of his life, he was known to be familiar, and this would be a great point in our favour." The result of this debate with the Rev. John Corbett was the following series of resolutions:—

1st. That a book should be composed between us: that I should find the pen, and he assist in the selection of useful topics, cogent arguments, amusing anecdotes.

2ndly. That though no pains should be spared to make the said work entertaining (inasmuch as a book too dull to read stands in the predicament of no book at all), still that *the useful* should always take precedence of *the amusing*, and fiction never usurp the place of fact.

3rdly. That we should have much satisfaction in carrying out this plan, particularly because a true account of college life, founded on four years' observation there, and seven years' sober reflection in the world since, cannot fail to vindicate the university, its officers, tradesmen, and servants, from much scandal, originating from observations made without inquiry, and published without thought.

4thly. That, even at the risk of being tedious, we enter very much into detail, our object being to give all the information which we feel would be useful to ourselves were we about to once more matriculate

ourselves, or to prepare a younger brother for matriculation.

5thly and lastly. That though this work contain none but fictitious names, from an honourable regard to private feeling, still that we pledge ourselves to our respected publishers, Messrs. Longman & Co., to insert nothing that is not substantially true.

CHAP. II.

HOW TO PUT A SON TO COLLEGE.

THE day after Huntley Paxton, Esq., of Denham Hall, had been consulting first Corbett and then myself, as to sending Master Fred to College, — interrupting us both, times out of mind, with the neck and neck race for the school prize, and all the nonsense that tutors of small fortune and large families ever have poured, and ever will pour, into the open ears of influential parents, — he felt so perplexed with Matriculations, Battels, Collections, and Rustications, that his periodical puzzlings on the grand jury seemed nothing to it. So, to make confusion worse confounded, he paid another visit to John Corbett's dropsical rector, the Rev. Walter Harris.

Now poor old Harris was nearly eighty years of age; so, as John remarked, even supposing the world had stood still since the day that Walter had so freely taken on board those floods of college ale, Port wine, and rum punch, which he has rued in gout and dropsy ever since, still he would be only like an old Oxford calendar, and not a very legible one either. But, in sober truth, some very material

alterations have taken place. For instance, 'tis said that one immortal bard was flogged at College, and even in my day there was a legend, that on the same wide ledge of the buttery door, on which "six cheeses, three butters, and two beers," or any other quantities demanded, were daily handed to impatient scouts to carry into hall,—that there, in the good old times, were to be seen spread forth the recreant limbs of certain unlucky wights, whose morals were submitted to an operation of such a kind as to render the originality of Mr. St. John Long's counter-irritation very questionable. Now all this is altered, and, some of those who oppose all reform bills in all their clauses, say, "more's the pity." Whether this remnant of *feudal* times and a *barbarous* age existed in old Walter's youth, I know not; but certain it is that when Mr. Paxton mentioned Expulsion, Walter cried, "Man alive, they were glad enough to get us into their colleges in my day; little chance of turning us out again!" while the idea of being Plucked, he said, was quite new: he had heard tell of it, indeed—his last curate used to laugh, and hint as much, at one in the next parish. "But," said he, "in my day we used to choose our own examiners, and I never heard of such a thing as a man's not passing;—but, oh, I did though. Did you know Johnny Hewson, that was such a fellow after the foxes? Stay, you couldn't he died when you were a baby. Well he was a man to drink, to be sure! He came to Christchurch

when I was at Oriel, and one day, after he was Master, a milk-and-water sort of boy asked Jack to give him his ticket for his degree; so Jack was to go and take a glass of wine, while the other turned a book topsyturvy, and pretended to construe, and so made a sham of an examination. Well, the first bottle was soon gone: 'First cork don't count,' said Jacky: but this milksop didn't want to stand another. 'What!' said Jack, 'd'ye think I've the conscience to pass such as you, then?—to turn a fellow loose on society that hasn't learnt to manage t'other bottle? Why, you hav'n't half finished your education!' Oh dear! dear! God forgive me! but, bad as it was, I can't help laughing when I tell of it."

. . . Again, as to honours and University prizes, that was new too. Latin and Greek was a sort of commodity, of which enough was reckoned as good as a great deal. A man went to College to be made a gentleman of, and sometimes because there was a Living in the family. There were some scholars, of course, and they turned tutors, and stayed haunting the old colleges, like daws about a tumble-down fortress, all the days of their life. But where was the good of it? All were gone, as far as he could learn, where he must shortly be (he could not get through the spring, but died at the end of March), and turned to learned dust. "Now in a parish," he said, "a man does live to do a little good." O what a different place God had made that parish since he

buried his last rector, though he had done something to it too.

Poor old Walter Harris (rest to his bones!) is a sample of the advisers and informants not uncommonly consulted and quoted by the parents of University students. The more Paxton felt perplexed with the contradictory impressions which (as is the fate of all who hear half a story) he had derived from three several persons, the more he seemed disposed to listen to neither, and make the best use of his own common sense. At last, finding that he did not much regard us, Corbett and I both agreed to leave him and Fred to risk the fate we saw little probability of averting. But a man is never so likely to profit by advice as when he eagerly asks it, nor ever so likely to ask it as when he sees men, who must possess information, not disposed to volunteer. So at last Paxton, excited by our silence, became so deferential, that we said, "Sir, if you really want information, and will listen to us from first to last, we will satisfy you on every particular. The best course for you to take for your son's education is one not of opinion, but of fact; there are no two opinions in the matter among men who know what they are talking about."

A little of this conversation produced the desired effect: we recommended him at his leisure to consider the heads of his inquiry, and to question either of us, from time to time, as he found convenient. My readers will therefore know how to account for

the following questions and answers, with some few digressions and miscellaneous observations which I do not scruple to insert, because they tend to give a complete view of the positions of all parties, and will be no less useful than entertaining.

"The first consideration, Mr. Paxton, is, whether you intend to send your son to Oxford or to Cambridge."

"To say the truth, I have scarcely given Cambridge a thought—I am prepossessed in favour of Oxford. But pray can there be any real difference?"

"So much difference, that our friend Batson believes he would have taken no high honours had he gone to Cambridge, nor would Woodley have been so distinguished had he entered at Oxford. There was a man of Skimmery (St. Mary Hall) who had been previously at Cambridge, where, as I heard from a Fellow of his College, he was so thoroughly beaten in classics at a scholarship examination, that had he remained he would have had no chance of the First Class he gained at Oxford. Then again the pupils of Dr. Butler at Shrewsbury gained far more classical honours at Cambridge than at Oxford. As to Fellowships again, some, like those of Exeter, Queen's, or Jesus' College, Oxford, are sometimes gained with little competition by natives of the counties to which they are respectively limited, whereas the same men might have no preference in any foundations at Cambridge."

“But here you presume that my son should compete for honours as a matter of course—is that necessary?”

“I think you will say so if I tell you that all the reading requisite to obtain a common degree at either university would not occupy most men an hour a day. The times are past in which men went to college to spend money in high society; public opinion now has happily decided that a man who wastes his time at the university is too contemptible to be countenanced by men of sense; Since useful knowledge and a smattering of Latin and Greek form the education of nearly every tradesman’s son in the country, a gentleman who would receive the respect to which his position entitles him must now do something more. Corbett and I in our daily conversations express pity, it is true, for the disadvantages under which many of our contemporaries laboured, from having no sensible persons of maturer years to direct them; but at the same time you must have observed that we speak scarcely with common patience of men who boast of the same idle freaks which, a few years since, used to pass current for sterling sense. I would refer you to a late paper in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 145, of which one passage runs thus:—

“ ‘Perhaps the worst symptom of the state of collegiate feeling that we know, is, that it has been possible for one man to tread the walks of the city of colleges, and pass through the usual routine of her

exercises, without bringing away in his heart one pious feeling of reverence and regard which every affectionate son must cherish for the very stonework of her halls and cloisters. His must be a poor spirit indeed who can look back upon the earnest and hopeful days that opened life and the world to him, amid buildings and studies and associations that spoke rather of a world gone by, and of a life to come, and could find in them nothing but a theme of vulgar debauchery and senseless riot. A good man has other retrospections.'

"Since, then, to compete for honours of some kind is a necessary part of university study, by all means choose that university in which your son's peculiar taste will give him most chance of success, and, consequently, most encouragement to compete."

"But I hear there are both classical and mathematical honours awarded at Oxford as well as Cambridge—how am I to understand that a youth who would succeed in one will not succeed in the other?"

"First, as to mathematics, they are more generally rewarded at Cambridge. Secondly, as to classics, at Oxford more attention is paid to the literature and subject-matter of the books than to the language; at Cambridge, versification and critical accuracy will secure that rank which at Oxford is given for essays, showing deep research and mature reflection."

"But what do you say about scholarships, and fellowships?"

"The first question is, ought your son to accept a

scholarship if he can get one? Now scholarships were intended for poor scholars; those who can well afford to pay for a university education should leave such charities (for such they are) to the proper objects. I allow this is not the common opinion, certainly not the common practice; and it is fair that men wholly dependent on their parents should accept a foundation to relieve them of the burden; but when, as we sometimes see, the son of a county gentleman of large estate holds a fellowship, I maintain it is an abuse of charity, and a thing to be disdained by a father who justly thinks that a sentiment of honour and high feeling is the best part of a liberal education.

“I would remark, that there are men who go to Oxford and Cambridge, as men of business go to London, to make a fortune; not, as the founders of colleges intended, to cultivate their minds with a view to the purer intellectual pleasures, and, as Bacon says, ‘for the glory of their Creator and the relief of man’s estate,’ but who go to deal in Latin and Greek as in any other commodity, and who regard a scholarship which pays half their expenses as a charity ticket for cheap coals or clothing; and who purchase the same, not for their own use, but literally buy wholesale to sell retail. Thus, almost every man who remains either in Oxford or Cambridge after his degree takes pupils.

“This tutorial profession may be followed from necessity by many men who have studied in a

generous spirit, wooing the Muses for their beauty, not their fortune; but this ought not to be a motive to any man who is able to enter a university as a place of liberal education."

"You recommend, therefore, Cambridge for mathematics, and Oxford for classics; but I am not quite clear about the distinction between the classical examinations at the two universities."

"Let me give you instances: the very distinguished principal of —— College told me, when he obtained the highest Cambridge classical honours, he had very little knowledge of Greek and Latin authors. He had read till he knew the form of every sentence in two books of Cicero de Officiis, one book of Livy, and a few other short pieces in each language; and, with much practice in composition, he had learnt to translate very accurately; and to this proficiency he owed his success. I knew another instance of a man who was in the Cambridge first class who did not answer a single historical question. I do not mean to say that questions on history and general literature are not proposed, but that versification, which is very much a knack (one in which the late Dr. Arnold of Rugby was comparatively deficient), depending on musical ear, poetical taste, and early habit, has an undue weight; as also has philological knowledge, which is often the result of mechanical cramming rather than mature reflection. At Oxford, on the contrary, if a man has sufficient knowledge of Greek and Latin to enter fairly into the spirit of his author,

though his Latin prose writing be only moderate, and his Greek writing just grammatical, he may obtain the highest honours without a single verse, provided he evince pure taste, extensive and accurate reading, and a habit of original thought. Since from a university men often pass into the all-engrossing cares of busy life—and probably neither Roundell Palmer, nor the lamented Mr. Goulburn, found leisure to turn from ‘Coke upon Lyttelton’ to Plato or Cicero once a month—I certainly prefer that system which gives encouragement to classical literature. I grant that mental discipline is more generally available than mental stores; still there is some weight in the objection that at Cambridge it may happen (though in fact it rarely does) that a man learns two languages of which he never in his life learns the use.”

“But do you not remember that the late Judge Littledale remarked that Cambridge was the place to get on? and have not more than an equal number of distinguished lawyers been educated there?”

“True; but ‘to get on’ in what way? There are sizarships and other foundations for poor men; and we can sympathise with that most amiable of judges in his admiration of men who even in their youth entered the lists, and battled for, and won, by manly self-denial and unflinching industry, that education which was at once the means and earnest of a life’s renown. As to the many successful Cambridge barristers, I am far from denying that the severe discipline of mathematical studies has much to do with

it. I am not disposed to give mathematics all the praise. Remember 'ibit eò quò vis qui zonam perdidit;' poverty is a sharper mistress even than science; and since in Cambridge there are far more men whose fortune depends on their wits than at Oxford, this alone is quite enough to account for their eminence at the bar. However, do not allow Fred's head to be filled with false pride, and an idea that he is not to associate with men on college foundations: the fair probability is that they are as rich in worth as poor in purse. A liberal education does not mean an expensive one, but one in which learning is sought for its own sake, as that which, 'emollit mores,' gives a gentle bearing, and makes a man a gentleman in that sense in which Coleridge used the word, when he said that the religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ must be the basis of all real gentility: we may also say, 'nec sinit esse feros' takes exclusiveness from birth, self-sufficiency from learning, and arrogance from wealth.

"Never," said Corbett emphatically, "countenance your son in these college notions, which it takes a year's parish ministering and its most humanising converse with your fellow-creatures to correct, that refinement of manners is above humility of heart. I can tell him, that had he the seven years of reflection and observation of the beginnings and the endings of some of the 'tip-top set' that we have had, he would say, 'Give me a true heart under a threadbare waistcoat,' and quote honest Burns:—

‘A man’s a man for a’ that.

The rank is but the guinea stamp ;
 The man’s the gowd for a’ that.’”

“What do you say of the society of the two universities? I think with Corbett about being proud and stiffnecked; but, notwithstanding, I should like my son to associate with men of family. You know there is a good deal done by connections. Sir Henry Hatton gained a seat in the House last session all through his old chum’s interest; and the last appointment in India, I heard hinted, was given by the minister to his old schoolfellow at Harrow. What do you say to that?”

I know what I should *like* to have said to that, and what Corbett would have answered too; for he jumped up and rubbed his hands, and tossed his head, as much as to say, with his favourite quotation, “There you go again, *rem — rem*, money — money, or money’s worth; — *Quocunque modo*, don’t be particular, Sir; *Si possis rectè*, Honesty as a matter of choice, but *the monies*.” At last he relieved me of my difficulty, by coming back from the window, and exclaiming, “Why, man alive, as Walter says, you are too good a reckoner, Mr. Paxton, to sell the fee-simple of your son’s character as an independent man for the poorest contingency in the bare reversion of a chum’s leavings years after date. As a man of the world, you are naturally alive to the smallest and most distant chances. So my first curacy was pro-

cured for me by the man from whom I least of all expected it; still, pray keep these reckonings out of Fred's thoughts as far as possible. A man who goes an honest, straightforward course, right on end, as a gentleman should do for sixteen terms, is observed by far more eyes than he has any idea of; and, one day or another, he may receive his reward with interest: but at college it is too soon for a man to be intriguing about connection; he will become sordid and selfish, and bring away a *heart-complaint* from the pursuit. However little his particular design may be penetrated, it will be plain enough he is a snivelling sort of character, whom there's no getting to the bottom of, and unlike other men; and that is the worst character in the world for getting any thing, present or to come. No—no—no—you can't mean this, Mr. Paxton; though, beyond all question, the society of well-bred men is most desirable. (You cannot mix your friends. You must take the world as you find it, and keep one side or the other of the line of social demarcation.) Besides, men of birth, we all know, have most advantages in the way of refinement; so far there is reason as well as policy in choosing their society. I should say, therefore, as regards society, give the preference to Oxford; the tone of manners is higher, and the style better, on the whole. The mere circumstance that education at Cambridge is cheaper than at Oxford must cause it to be generally less select. Wealth and respectability are very generally found together. The most expensive as-

semblies are honoured with the best company. On this subject, however, most men have opportunities to judge for themselves; though I cannot forbear mentioning, that one summer's evening James Clarke of Emmanuel was walking with me through the Christchurch meadow; and as some hundreds of men passed us, for it was a racing night, he repeatedly observed how very much better the Oxford men dressed than the Cantabs. On this point, the fact that the town of Cambridge is not so entirely merged in the university as Oxford, has often been assigned as a reason for that inferiority of style which I prefer to impute to the less affluent circumstances of the students."

"But be this as it may, whether it be Oxford or Cambridge, and whether it be this or that college at either, which is generally superior in point of what we understand by style and tone of manners, such university and such college, other things being equal, is decidedly entitled to a preference. It is a mistake to say that one college is as good as another, and that the common distinctions of colleges, more or less genteel, are founded in prejudice. Youths, it must be remembered, enter college at from eighteen to twenty years of age. At this period their style and tone are rather forming than formed, and are sure to take the complexion of those around them: we have, therefore, in each successive set of fresh men, a very malleable material: and, as the generations of undergraduates change only by degrees, we have also a

standing pattern, or stock, ever remaining in each college. Who then can be surprised to hear that a college transmits its peculiarities, better or worse, from generation to generation? Such, indeed, is the case. Every Oxford man can make a pretty good guess, from the general appearance of any half dozen men together, whether they belong to a higher or a lower order of colleges; indeed, I would almost name the exact college from the style of the man.

“ You remember hearing me speak of Edward Masters, of a very excellent Cheshire family. Well, the first time he went up to Oxford I was on the coach. I had often observed him before. His father and mother were persons of the greatest elegance and refinement, and the very milk of human kindness; and Edward Masters always seemed to me like nothing else but the old gentleman and lady's own child. I thought, of course, he was going to Christchurch; and, from his very appearance and manners, he would readily join the first society in the college. Instead of this, he went to — College, and fell among that slovenly, lounging set to which such men as Milsom or Wynyat belonged; and, in two years, Edward Masters could not speak without ‘slang’ and cant terms; and when he went home, both in his dress and gait he resembled that class of men who frequent the Pig and Whistle at our race time. It is true he took a second class. Still, I am quite of his uncle's opinion, that, had Edward come away with no more learning than he took with him, he

should greatly have preferred it, provided he brought back the same quiet unaffected manners too." — "If I had as many sons," said Corbett, "as old Priam, I would have them brought up as gentlemen first, and scholars afterwards; and therefore I consider the character of the under-graduates even more important than the character of the tutors; for they have more to do with the formation of the future man, not only as to manners, but also as to mind." Here Corbett showed his usual judgment. One tutor may impart rather more Greek and Latin, but this is only a means to an end; that end being accuracy of reading, pure taste, and a habit of reflection — three things which men learn very much from each other. — "Besides," said John, "when I insist on making, or rather keeping, Fred a gentleman, you must consider, Mr. Paxton, I mean no ill compliment to his good sense and feeling; I would only impress upon you how entirely his future character depends on the society he falls into at this critical period of his life. There is a strong family likeness among nineteen out of twenty of the members of the same college. But remember, to your comfort, in this respect health is contagious as well as disease; and the improvement visible after a single term at a good college is often remarkable. It may seem trifling to some—but not to you, Mr. Paxton—to talk of style and gentlemanly manners; but a man's respect, and consequently his influence, in society, depends much on first impressions. This is nowhere more observ-

able than among the clergy. Whenever I hear of men not being popular in their parish, though nothing can be said against their character, I am apt to suspect they are not altogether gentlemen; that their genealogical tree is a mere stump, or from the causes mentioned, somewhat blighted and stunted in its growth.

“The right, and, for a parent, the only safe view, to encourage in his son, as regards a university, is this: — it is a place of Liberal Education; so that all calculations of connection or interest must be discarded as essentially *illiberal*; a university is a place where the rising generation are educated all together, after the same form and fashion. It is a society, the universality of which, composed as it is of those who represent the feelings and ideas of every county in England, enables every man to find his own level, by showing him, at his first outset in life, the common standard of taste and talent that prevails in that class of society in which he is to move; it is a grand stage for practice and rehearsal before your future audience in the momentous drama of life; above all, it is a sphere in which a man may gain (what university men possess in a high degree) a well-grounded confidence in society, and a true harmony with the members of it — and that more fully in three years than he would otherwise gain in twenty. It is true you may have as good tutors at a cheaper rate and with less interruption in the country; but tutors form as small a part of the advantages of a university

as physicians of the health of the Madeiras. That was Coleridge's meaning when he said that Gower Street was only a lecture bazaar, and that ages would be required to invest it with the charms of a university. The lectures are undoubtedly good; the lecturers may be as good as at Oxford; but how limited are the members of it; how small a part of our countrymen do they represent! Again, where are those associations of bygone days which touch a chord within the breast, inspiring reverence for the past, humility at the present, and a generous interest in the future? Away with that illiberal spirit which would make a monopoly of God's blessings by decrying and discouraging every attempt to extend them to all classes of our fellow-creatures; but, charge me with prejudice as you will, our old crumbling church, which the ivy scarce keeps together, and the square lath and plaster chapel round the corner, affect me with feelings so different, that one proves much more favourable to devotion than the other.

“As to the relative respectability of colleges, this I must be excused from deciding in print. Suffice it to say, that this is well known, and there is very little difference of opinion. Neither Corbett nor I remember that any other idea was conveyed by the terms good and bad, as applied to colleges, but the style and standing of its members. This certainly was the first consideration, the fame of the tutors the second; for they are changed from time to time, and are generally good enough at every college. The circum-

stance of a tutor having been very successful with private pupils, and frequently 'in the schools,' that is public examiner, has been known to gain a college a name, as has lately been the case at Lincoln, and at Pembroke. Trinity College (Oxford), from its respectable connection, has always stood high among the smaller colleges; and perhaps higher still from the number of its classmen and prizemen, which was owing chiefly to the judicious selection of its scholars. Still, the number of red-coats it used to send into the hunting-field (A. D. 1833) determined the choice of many. Christchurch is decidedly the first college; Corpus used to have only scholars and gentlemen commoners, New College and Magdalene the same. In All Souls there are none but fellows who have already graduated, except four Bible Clerks. Balliol, Brazen-nose, Exeter, Merton, Oriel, Trinity, and University, are all considered unexceptionable. The character of Brazen-nose has been very different at different times. In Jesus College are chiefly Welshmen, in Queen's, North-countrymen.

"It must be observed that in every college there is a variety of sets or societies of men who associate almost exclusively with their own party. Thus, every college has its reading set, its political set, its sporting set, and sometimes one called 'a rowing' or 'uproarious set,' of all of which I shall say more presently. A parent with a little discretion will often be able to obtain an introduction for his son to men of some terms' standing. Thus a friend of mine had

admission for his son to Balliol ; but ascertaining that one of his neighbours who had gained a prize at Winchester was at the head of a very eligible set at Exeter, he preferred to enter him there. The consequence was, that by this Wyckhamist's friendly aid, the youth found himself at once among studious men in their tenth or twelfth terms ; and consequently, in a position of less temptation than he could expect to attain at his first entrance into any college. This advantage will be more easily appreciated when I explain the peculiar causes of a Freshman's temptations."

"But, at last to come to a plain practical question, have the goodness to tell me how I am to procure an admittance anywhere ? Surely I cannot enter Frederic just when and where I please ?"

"A capital question," said Corbett, "and very like business ; so a word about my first adventures in *alma mater*. As soon as my father and I were off the coach, at the door of the Angel, just opposite Queen's, we stood gazing at the royal figure over the gate, which, as old Dr. Wilson had enigmatically told us, was in his day by some unruly wags crowned Empress of *China*. Of course we were soon surrounded by plenty of persons who offered to show us the colleges. We took one as a guide, and walked along (my father ever and anon eyeing a card, on which the old doctor had written the names of 'the high and low colleges' in separate columns,) till we came to Christchurch. The dean was not to be seen, nor the subdean either ; indeed, they would

have no sinecure if they were to be unceremoniously visited by strangers like ourselves. At last we were shown up to one of the tutors, who seemed to us to be holding a regular levee. We waited a minute at his door for others to come out: I felt queer, and even the governor nervous; and while I was pulling up my collar, and smoothing down my coat, all of a sudden we found ourselves, as if by magic, in the room and out again, our errand and question answered, almost unheard, by anticipation; and we, by the agency of some 'repulsive attraction,' replaced on the landing-place just as we had been a few seconds before. My poor father was almost breathless: the first words he spoke were, 'Well, I'm positive he did not even see the boy's face. I would have told him of his talents, *but—but—*' in short, as I can well understand now, the tutor had heard scores of these sort of stories before, and had learnt despatch of public business."

"And how did they serve you at the next place you went to?"

"Why, in effect the same; though the Vice-President of University was not quite so sharp a practitioner as the tutor of Christchurch. Here my father would have his say; so making a long face and a short story, he got out that his son was 'very steady,' and at once was told, 'Why, as to that, sir, they are all steady till they come here. We are full for three years, and the President will receive no more names.' At Oriel, Balliol, and Trinity—in

fact, wherever we went, it seemed as if there was notice of our coming and of what we wanted ; and before we could get the words out, we heard the same reply in almost the same number of syllables as at first. ‘All full for exactly three years!’ said my father ; ‘that’s so extraordinary!’ In short, all seemed agreed in the same story, and we almost began to despair and to think that, contrary to the benevolent impartiality of founders, and through inveterate abuses and nefarious monopoly, there was a regular conspiracy to render ‘one inside’ and ‘one out,’ beside coachman, porters, and coffee-house expenses, a most unprofitable investment of cash, and to send us back the same as we came. At last old Sheppard of Exeter, who stood my friend so often afterwards, new to office, and not having learnt, as once I told him in laughing over our adventures, the official economy of breath, let drop the word *introduction*. ‘Oh ! that explains all,’ said my father ; ‘but—quite shameful—mere trustees for the public—what business have they to pick and choose?’ So off went a letter to the parson of our parish, who knew the President ; and then our course was plain.”

“And is this the way they would have served me if I had gone up as I intended last week?”

“Perhaps sharper practice still ; for Sheppard told me he had since learnt to sieve them.”

“Sieve them ; what’s that?”

“Why old Davy, his scout, had by long expe-

rience learnt to distinguish a stranger on a fool's errand, as he called it, by the first glance, and would say, in a very confidential tone, as if he were going to be very obliging, 'Shall I just tell master what you wants, and may be you'll be admitted sooner?' Then the moment Davy had heard the old story, he would put his head into the room and say, 'Only another of 'em, sir;' and at the least nod disappear, and with much composure come back and say, 'I've seen my master, sir, and explained your message, sir, as you desired, and, please sir, master presents his compliments to you, sir, and says the College, if you please, sir, is full for three years, and he is very sorry he can't have no more names yet.' That's what he calls 'sieving them.' And in this way it is probable that, with many other men of high station both in the University and out of it, the applications of the needy, both personal and by letter, are very unceremoniously *sieved* by their clerks and secretaries. And letters which widow ladies, with large families, who, Sir Walter Scott says, are the most pertinaciously importunate persons in the world, write by dozens to East India Directors, the Horse Guards, or the Admiralty, are answered in a way no less mechanical than they are written, by a usual form requiring no other alteration than that of Sir or Madam.

"I may add, as a useful hint, that although, with the best introduction, you must have your name down commonly from one to three years in the first

Colleges. I have known candidates for a scholarship have rooms offered them immediately, because they passed a good examination. A resident Fellow can often expedite matters. The general desire of the Masters of every College is to keep their college constantly filled with men of respectability and talent; and therefore they give the preference to those of their own connection, unless in the case of one who is likely to do them unusual credit.

“Lastly, the Halls at Oxford never ranked as high as the Colleges. They are the resort of three classes of men: the first respectable; the second, questionable; the third objectionable. For they are filled, first, with men of maturer years, who do not like the restraints nor require the discipline of a College; secondly, with those who cannot get into a good College; and, thirdly, with those who have been turned out. One was called ‘Transportation Hall;’ another ‘The Refuge for the Destitute.’ But some Halls have established a higher character of late years.”

CHAP. III.

TO ENTER COLLEGE—WITH WHAT VIEWS AND IDEAS.

"COME here, Fred," said Corbett, "we have been talking to your father, and now, if you can compass a sober humour, and afford us a lucid interval a little longer than usual, we have a word or two to say to you about College."

Never had any youth a better adviser—one at least more likely to gain a fair hearing—than Frederic Paxton was blessed with in John Corbett; for he used to direct his studies, mend his fishing tackle, teach "the young idea how to *shoot*," and skate, and play at cricket. In short, Fred was well aware that the Reverend John knew all things, and had tried all things; so, when he saw that he "held fast that which was good," he felt the example of such a man a worthy one. For a man whose blood runs through his veins at not much more than a knot an hour, rather senseless than sober, and with more apathy than temperance—this kind of character seems to have nothing in common with the high spirits and buoyant energies of youth; and all his advice evaporates as the mere commonplace of one who cannot feel

what he says, and only decries what he has not the soul to enjoy. But Corbett was an adviser of another class. For instance, he liked a pint of wine as well as most men, and rumour said, at College none had a clearer head after a whole bottle of the newest and the hottest of four-year-credit Oxford port; but since, though he still liked wine, wine did not like him, it was in vain that Mr. Paxton pushed his best bottle after the second glass. Then again, no one would lend a more eager ear to the stirring adventures and "hair-breadth 'scapes" of a run with the County Subscription Pack; yet, saving a single undesigned coincidence, that John had happened to have business in the same parish in which the Meet took place, and at the same hour of the same morning, and that Tom the huntsman said at the Paxton Arms the same evening that whoever had been guilty of making Mr. Corbett a parson had to answer for one good huntsman spoiled, there had been no reason to think he had ever been seen after a fox, though he had been more than once offered a mount. He used to say, "We must take human nature as we find it; what though I could find time to serve my parish, and have some sport too, once in a way, it is not worth while to give that unstarched Methodist a chance against the Church; he would preach on 'Beware of dogs' next Sunday, as he did when Thomas Filmer was seen out with the harriers." What wonder, then, that the plain, unaffected, hearty advice of such a man as this seemed to Fred Paxton like a homely

assurance? "Believe me, I've had my day; I've tried all these things, and deeply rue the trial; I do not pretend to have been much more innocent than others of my age, but I am wiser now, and would save you from the miseries which folly brought on me."

Such was the adviser, and such the tone of the advice given by the Reverend John Corbett, curate of Whitchurch, to Frederic Paxton, son of the squire of his parish.

"Now, Fred," said John, "the first blow is half the battle — first impressions have a deal to do with future conduct, in College life especially. You know, Fred, I do not mean to prose with you, or treat you as a child. My own College course was thorny, and very perilous: it ended pretty well considering, but it might have been very, very much better; and to speak seriously and solemnly with you, though there's much in my history to laugh at, I have very little pleasure in thinking of it. When I look back on the four years which were given me to devote to the sole improvement of my own single self — no dinners even to order, no servants to control, no household goods and chattels to economise or care for — when instead of services for 'marrying, dead, or brought to bed,' to read, pensioners' certificates to sign, lost pigs to subscribe for, accidents, cuts, burns, and bad scalds to remedy, drunken quarrels to settle, and broken heads to mend, in the middle of every other page of two sermons weekly, while still I can find time to

read and improve myself,—when, instead of all this, I say, I had rooms to myself with an oak to shut intruders out, the College library for reference, and lectures on all that was good for me to read,—when there were examinations and class lists always coming or expected—literary men to converse with—the latest news, speeches, and confessions of classmen successful or disappointed, as the talk of every dinner table; not to mention the easiest way to do the hardest work, and rumoured crotchets of new examiners told by some man who had heard them from some one else, and he at a tutor's breakfast—reports which give such a timely fillip to a reading man who is beginning to knock up,—when all these stimulating influences were as the air that I breathed, and the sphere in which I moved—whom can I blame but myself, if I threw such opportunities away? Then there were those awe-inspiring, those most admonitory buildings of the place, the Schools for Examination, that seemed to lie in my direct way to or from every place. Oh! who can pass unmoved, and see that door by which so many a poor fellow-creature with white tie and bands has gone in trembling, come out sanguine, and been ready to sink again with excitement, as he waited to read his fate on the class list yet wet from the examiner's pen! Oh! those schools, and that classic spot contiguous with most unclassic name, yclept, 'the pig-market!' Who that had 'a heart in his belly bigger than a pin's head' could ever look around as he passed that square, and

not feel the place admonitory indeed? Old Orpheus' vocal oaks were nothing to those placarded, those dismal-looking doors. Oh! what a sinking, what 'a vacuum by nature most abhorred,' have I many a time felt as I crossed that court, and stood and pondered on what would be the feelings with which I should go in, come out, and wait for testamur or class paper when a few short terms had passed away! Then to 'view the countless volumes of the Bodleian, — to study the marbles, the pictures, the prints, the coins scattered through the Colleges, or collected in the public galleries—the curious relics of Tradescant and Ashmole—the modern contributions of the Duncans,—to read the hundred notices that overlay the walls of the schools, of lectures and reading by noted men on every tongue, from Sanscrit to Anglo-Saxon, and on every subject, from pastoral theology to agricultural chemistry,—is enough to overwhelm, by the embarrassment of its riches, the zeal of the most promising and ardent student. Deep and holy associations reign around him which will rivet rather than distract his thoughts: the quadrangle of Wolsey, the cloisters of Laud, the rooms of Johnson, and the walk of Addison, proclaim a severe and long-tried system, whose fruits have more than answered in richness, though different in kind from, the expectations of its founders.'* Ah! believe me, Fred, when I think of the little I have done, and the much I have

* Read Quarterly Review, No. 45, on "College Life."

left undone at such a time and clime so genial, I cannot but feel, Would that some one had only told me what I went to College for, and how ample, but yet how fleeting and how irrevocable were the opportunities before me! Would that I had been inspirited and encouraged by the example of the many who improve these opportunities, and not led away by exaggerated tales of the few who, like —— (but I need not tell names to you), are ruing by a life the madness of a year. As it was, I thought, with hundreds of others, that what was merely the exception and the frailty of university society was the rule and fashion which it was sheer effeminacy not to follow. No, no, Fred; listen to me: let me set your ideas right, and I'll do for you as I did for your friend Harry at Exeter."

It is not paying too high a compliment to Frederic Paxton to say, he was very much impressed by this hearty advice. Wild and thoughtless as young men are and ever will be, take them in a cool moment, set the right way and the wrong plainly before them, and you will find it is not true to nature to paint them as doing harm for harm's sake. Many a youthful deed of ill report springs from a generous motive.

"All I know about Oxford," interrupted Fred, "is what I have heard of wine parties, and riding home from Bullington two on one saddle, breaking glasses as soon as you have drunk out of them, and all in fact which I have picked up from a few reports

of actions for debt brought by Oxford tradesmen, and tales of College life."

"Then, Fred, you have imbibed the very notions which I am most desirous to keep out of your mind. Such publications do a positive injury to society. They fill the minds of school-boys with examples of profligacy, and give a taste for dissipation; and instead of things honourable and of good report, in which neither Oxford nor Cambridge would be found wanting on a fair comparison of good and bad together, scenes of folly and of vice are crowded together and set forth in flaming colours, as an average sample of the whole. And why? because forsooth the minds of some writers have an affinity to vice, but not to virtue, and because there are fifty readers of the lives of profligates to one admirer of such worthies as those enshrined in the pages of good old Isaac Walton. These stories have as little claim to the title of Life in Oxford as a certain Tom and Jerry history of the prize-ring, sporting taverns, and the lowest dens of drunkards, deserved to be called Life in London.

"Stand for a moment in Cheapside; see the unwearied stream of cabs, omnibuses, merchants' wag-gons, and vehicles of all kinds; picture to yourself the establishment, the business, and the commerce of which each must be the representative and the product. Look at the double stream on each side of the way of busy passers to and fro, with quick step and contracted brow, each absorbed in his own enterprises; and when you have formed some kind of

estimate of the countless thousands engaged in the honourable duties of commercial life, then ask yourself where are the brutes and the bullies, the madmen and the profligates, whom many are so far imposed on as to believe the chief actors on the vast stage of London life. No less erroneous are the impressions commonly received of our Universities. It is not to be denied that London has its thieves, its rakes, and *roués* of every grade, from the titled swindler and adulteress, to the lowest pilferer and prostitute of St. Giles's. It is not to be denied that in Oxford there are those who glory in their shame, buy that for which they cannot pay, keep company with stage-coachmen, and seem to think it the height of gentility and manliness to affect the language of the boor and the appetites of the brute. But look about you as you pass through that City of Colleges, and ask where are they, and what is the proportion they bear to the many by whom the very mention of such practices are frowned away in disgust. Doubtless, youth is the age of inexperience and folly, of strong temptations to commit error, and utter carelessness to conceal it. This is the case all the world over, and not in Oxford only. And who will deny that the same number of young men would give quite as much cause for scandal if scattered about the country, as when collected together in Colleges. For, though large societies engender a spirit of excitement which encourages slighter excesses, we must not forget that it also originates a public opinion and a senti-

ment by which the more serious failings are kept in check.

“Whenever, therefore, we hear of defying proctors or tutors, being at the mercy of dunning creditors, and using childish tricks to evade them, climbing College walls, mixing with low company, and being countenanced in intemperance of any kind, we shall do well to consider that the persons who amuse us with such stories have only picked up a tale of the extravagances of some silly fellow in an unguarded moment, and that such practices are known to the majority only to be laughed at and despised.

“Let it be granted, therefore, Fred, that you do not go to College to imitate the ‘larks,’ the ‘rows,’ ‘sprees,’ or any other popular topics of low novelists; that such things are no more the distinctive feature of Oxford than of any other town in England; and above all, that they are excesses in which you would not receive the countenance of even a tenth part of any reputable College at the time, nor of a fiftieth part a few years after date. Some members of a ‘rowing’ or ‘uproarious set’ which existed seven years ago live around me at this moment, but they have the greatest abhorrence of their former practices; and, far from making the least allowance for collegians, who follow their example, I have heard them burst out into the most impatient expressions of invective and detestation at the very mention of their names.

“But is it for Latin, Greek, or mathematics that

you should go to a university? Certainly not: this is but a part of the advantages; you might prosecute these studies at home.

“Is it to attain to the dignity of a B.A. or M.A. degree, or to compete for honours? No; the degree is but the sign of the academical character. The question, what is the essence of the academical character itself, remains as before.

“Is it to gain a fellowship, and thus pupils for the present with a living in expectancy? These are only the means and the rewards of education. Poor indeed is the conception of those who see no more in a university than a market for labour. Private tutors there always must and will be about a university; so also will there always be men who, to gain a fellowship, would barter the very brains it is designed to stimulate. Still, however prominent a place the prizes and offices of a university may hold in the sordid calculations of narrow-minded men, ‘child of reason, there are greater things than these.’

“Is it for the advantages of society, to gain a better standing and position in life—in short, to be made a gentleman? This, again, is a partial and perverted view of academical advantages.”

“Now,” says Fred, “the next thing to knowing what university education is not, is to know what it is.”

“True, that is the point; still it was necessary to smooth the way. But you must not expect me to tell you all in a short pithy definition. These things are

logically good, but practically useless. The difficulty of explaining the advantages of a university education is like making a man appreciate the flavour of a fruit he never had in his mouth, and that when it is a matter of acquired taste too. I must explain myself by common instances and popular illustrations.

“And, first of all, advantages are like all other things—greater or less by comparison; and duly to appreciate the advantages of a university education, we must compare the four years spent by one man at a university with four years spent by one of the same age elsewhere, and after setting the influence for good or for bad of the one sphere of life against the other, we must strike a fair balance between them. It will then be quite fair to presume that whatever the one exhibits more than the other, must be set down to the account of its advantages, however unconnected with the system, and however accidental or indirect these advantages may appear. For when accidental consequences are found uniform and inseparable from a system, it is usual to reckon them not a casual sequence, but the legitimate consequence and effect of that system, without demurring about the why and wherefore.

“First, then, supposing that from his eighteenth to his twenty-second year, a youth who did not go to College remained at home and entered no profession at all, what would people say? ‘There goes young So-and-so, lounging about, tired of riding, tired of walking, voting every thing a bore, complaining how

dull the place is, ever looking forward to some ball, archery meeting, or hunt, and not having much zest to enjoy those amusements when they come.' Recreations too often repeated cease to be such, and have no more charms than daily toil for daily bread, nor half the satisfaction. When the gentleman depends as much on his gun to gain an appetite for his dinner as the gamekeeper to gain a dinner for his appetite, the labourer has decidedly the more pleasure of the two; for when he looks forward to repose and grateful ease, his master dreads the return of vacuity and ennui. Besides, we have an instinct to be useful. I, for one, feel as strong inward qualms, as genuine stings of conscience, at idleness and waste of time as at falsehood or dishonesty itself; and so, I presume, does every man of healthy mind.

"Tell the labourer, as he is throwing up earth out of a pit, there are serious thoughts of altering plans and filling that pit again, and his strength flags and spirit fails. He has lost the satisfaction of utility. Tell the poor prisoners on the tread-mill that their aching limbs grind no corn, and at once they lose a secret charm that beguiles their wearying toil. This proves there is an instinctive love of utility within us, — a truth too late discovered by the idler who finds that, for want of a profession, he has no hold upon society, and is received with more coolness than cordiality wherever he goes.

"But on this point I may be brief. The season of early manhood spent in idleness involves certain ruin.

A man's character must be formed after those around him: and who are the companions to be the mould and model of the idler? Idlers like himself; the frequenters of the billiard-room; the marker, even, for many a tedious hour; the tap-frequenters of the sporting tavern; the coachman, the gamekeeper, and the groom! This is no exaggeration. Let any man recall the many instances of youths without profession, and then say what have been their pursuits, their company, and their general character.

"Secondly, let us suppose a youth without a profession. We need hardly suppose the case of the four collegiate years being spent under a tutor at home. This is rarely or never attempted; and, should it be, of what style and character is this tutor, to be the very model of the future man? Who are the other models and patterns for him to imitate, and amongst whom he may be disciplined? Sisters who flatter and humour him,—servants and companions who rarely find it their interest to oppose. Does this domestic sphere, so contracted, compare with one formed of three thousand young men of every degree of talent, worth, and station? This case may be passed by, and let us consider the noble profession of the law.

"Before a youth is educated as a barrister, every judge upon the bench would tell you to send him to a university. This, indeed, is the preparation required by Blackstone; who says, that if a man merely studies facts and cases like an attorney's clerk, in-

stead of training his mind to the investigation of principles, then principles he can never know. But put this aside. Never mind the lawyer; we are now considering what system best forms the man. For two years at least the youth we are supposing would be employed for the greater part of the day in an office. Who would be his companions? What would be his employment? With whom would he have most frequent intercourse, and what would be their influence on his character? Consider these questions well; weighing, above all things, the fact that these four years are the time in which the style, taste, refinement, and general character of men are formed, for better or for worse, and that too on the model of those more immediately around them.

“Again, think of the low clerks and common people, to whom a large part of every lawyer’s time is necessarily devoted. Think of the chicanery, the quibbling, and the shuffling with which, be he ever so honest, the sharp wit and blunt conscience of the litigious must tend to familiarise him. What shall we say of the sordid, the vindictive, and the selfish feelings with which a mind yet tender, innocent, and unsuspecting, is to be made prematurely conversant? Add to this, that the ways of the world, knowledge of human nature, shrewdness in business, wariness, and caution are certain qualifications of a very mixed and alloyed character, and rather dangerous for youth to learn; and when to this we add the spirit of emulation, contention, enterprise, and desire of victory at all

costs, so rife in the bosom of youth, who is there that would not fear that two years of influence so baneful, and intercourse so chilling, might be fatal to those sentiments of honour, sincerity, and generosity which are the pride, the grace, and ornament of manhood? So much for the manners and the man—so much for the feelings, the conscience, and the heart. But what will be the influence of this mode of life upon the mind? All previous instruction at the best of schools is stopped at the very point at which it begins to be serviceable. The classics are closed for ever. All taste for literature is nipped in the bud, and the newspaper, the novel, and the magazine, for the most part, are the sum total of all the intellectual treasures he can ever hope to call his own.

“To sum up all, recall to mind any lawyer’s office which you please. Picture to yourself the dusty parchments, tin boxes, meagre clerks, and clients on a market-day, and then say what kind of person should you expect to see one of your late school-fellows emerge from such a haunt as this, after being for two years exposed to its influence? Would he possess that elegance of manners or refinement of ideas which would render him an acquisition in polite society? Clearly not. At that early age man is ‘*cereus in vitium flecti*,’ receiving impressions like wax; while at a later age, when his habits are formed, instead of the wax, we may represent him by the seal, stamping its own distinctive character with no perceptible change from the contact.

“If such is the disadvantage of a premature initiation into the life of the lawyer, what shall we say of the surgeon? Worse still. What of entering the army? There we have also deficient education of the mind, though some advantages, like those of the university in kind, but inferior in degree: the Mess and Parade are less refining than the College-hall and Lecture-room; and though the discipline is in some respects superior, yet, as regards the education of the mind and feelings, the army is not equal to a university, least of all for youth. In the army all the cares of life commence at once; military life is not free from that selfishness which seeking a fortune promotes, whereas at College there is little envy or jealousy about promotion or pelf. Our competitors are not antagonists; the contention is to improve, not our fortunes, but ourselves — to increase our knowledge rather than our pay. Besides, at College we are brought less in contact with those old in the ways of what is called ‘the world,’ to wit, ‘the flesh and the devil;’ and what is so contaminating as the company of an *old* sinner?

“These remarks, Fred, are quite enough, I hope, to make you understand that *the formation of character* is the chief object of a university, and that study and lectures are means, but not the only means, to that end.

“Now, then, let me give you a hasty sketch of the purity of the sphere and numerous influences to which, by the bounty of founders and the mellowing agency

of revolving years, youths of tender minds and plastic habits are committed, as it were, to a genial clime, to allow their constitutions, mental and moral, to gain strength, tone, and vigour, before they encounter the corrosive cares and ruder shocks of busy life,—before they encounter those gales of adversity which have so often made shipwreck of simple truth and unguarded honesty,—before the daily quest of daily bread, *malesuada fames et turpis egestas*, the evil suggestions of want and the shame of poverty, ever peering in the distance, have absorbed and engrossed us with the cares of the body, and made us forget the untold riches of the mind and the uncounted treasures of one immortal soul.

“Why,” says Fred, “you seem to look upon us as not full grown; as if our marrow were not fully set nor our strength matured. Just as some go to Italy for the benefit of the air while they are what their mothers call ‘growing boys,’ for fear a sedentary occupation at too early an age should hurt them, so we are to enter a university for the strengthening and maturing of our characters.”

“That is the very idea I intended to convey; the doctors in the one case correspond with the tutors in the other, and society and College lectures correspond with the air and exercise: then, our nerves are not tried and tempers fretted by money-making cares and the contentions of business, while our minds are amused and refined by the pure scenery around us, no less in the grey cloisters and verdant gardens of

Oxford than in the unclouded beauties of Italy. With many a sea-side patient, it is not the air, the diet, or the bathing, that is the chief source of health, but the tranquillity of the temper, the repose and serenity of mind, with other secret influences unknown at home, part independent of any of these causes, and part the result of all. Whether we seek to recruit our bodies or our minds, we must not deny the efficiency of little causes because we can scarcely identify them in the greatness of their effects. This is to stifle science in the very cradle—to throw many a healing balm away, and to disdain to be cured till we are as wise as our physician.

“‘The real virtue of Collegiate studies,’ says an elegant writer, ‘is still as little known by the generality as it was a hundred years ago. Not one in fifty, even of those who have most profited by them, could give the true reasons of their excellence. University studies are but a small part of Collegiate education. Professors or lecturers may form the scholar, they cannot make the man.’ . . . ‘It is on this formation of character—a higher aim, surely, than any mere scientific acquirements, that our universities and public schools must take their stand. The best of all knowledge—self-knowledge—is the staple they impart. A man educated in them rarely mistakes his own position or feels uneasy in it. The value of this knowledge is an old truth. It is false to say that the world gives this, and therefore it is a confusion of ideas and an incorrect statement to

talk of the advantage of College as giving a knowledge of the world.'

"No, no, Fred, College is not the world; the best part of College is that it is a seclusion from the world; a gradual and tender initiation and most salutary antidote and preparation for the world. Before you commit yourself to any trying climate, you would do well to train your body and brace your nerves against any supposed malaria. Such a baneful climate is the world at large; such a place of training is a university; such an antidote to the worst infections of our carnal nature is the intellectual and spiritual education which a university is pre-eminently calculated to afford.

"Let it be granted, therefore, that you go to College for the maturing and formation of character after the best of models—the model of the Christian gentleman. Painters visit Italy to form a correct taste of the beauties of art; Englishmen enter, or should enter, their universities to form a correct taste of the proprieties of social intercourse. } 'Manners make the man,' says the copy; in real truth, it is the man that makes the manners, for take care of the inward man and the outward style and manners will take care of themselves; a true gentlemanly style being but the index and exponent of a gentle heart."

"This formation of character, on which Corbett particularly dwells, is effected partly in the lecture-

room, partly by society—‘by the tumultuous conflict of discordant minds, by the quiet converse of kindred ones;’ and, were I to add, by the peculiar purity of the social sphere, I doubt not I should say the truth; but should I not seem wantonly to challenge the sneers of every empty-pated individual who had ever listened to a Freshman’s stories of Oxford *men*? Yet I will be bold enough to vindicate the purity of Oxford society, the comparative purity at least.”

“What! do you remember nothing of the bonfires in quad—the drunken wine parties—extravagance of sons breaking parents’ hearts, and all the rest which we have heard?”

“True. I do remember all these things, and—which is more than can be said by most of those who are loudest in their invectives against the vice of College—I know not only the prevalence of some vices but the rarity of others; and when I strike a balance between the vice I witnessed at Oxford and what I have witnessed in general society since, I find so heavy a balance on the side of the latter, that the one seems folly and the other crime. Occasional intemperance, now a vanishing quantity, arising more frequently from good-fellowship than love of wine, and spending money through ignorance of its value, these are a fair average description of College vices; for the selfish sot and the swindling debtor are not common. Still be these vices what they may, I would ‘nothing extenuate,’ but, as on the other hand

I would 'set down nought in malice,' I must observe that I have seen more of the dark side of human nature in the world than I ever anticipated at College, and I do not scruple to appeal to any man, who has fairly drawn a comparison between four years at Oxford and four years since, to say whether he can ever hope again to find, in any large society at least, so pure a social sphere as he enjoyed in his College days."

But other remarks bearing on these topics will be found elsewhere. On this and other points some hints may be gleaned from the next chapter.

CHAP. IV.

A DAY OF ACADEMICAL LIFE — FIRST, THE COLLEGE
CHAPEL.

ON the Monday following the last conversation, I paid John Corbett another visit. "You'll be scarcely able to get into the room," said Mrs. Duck-and-Chickens, for so John used to denominate the better half of the farmer, whose house had from time immemorial the prescriptive right to board and lodge all the curates of Whitchurch.

"This is coal and blanket day, sir, this is, and I might say soap and water day too for me; they do make such a mess about my stairs and carpet."

However, I got up-stairs edgeways, and sure enough John had a levy indeed. In the space of about sixteen feet by twelve, there were the representatives of all the provident and saving propensities of the whole parish of Whitchurch; and, seeing that this was a hot day in August, and so many chill-catching and dyspeptic old dames were actually paying up monthly instalments, and investing the purchase-money of much tea and snuff in the dog-days, for a dividend of coals and blankets in the winter, should it please God, that spite of their bad insides, rheumatics, and more maladies than the

Union doctor knows of, winter should once more come, I could not help thinking that poor thoughtless human nature was beginning to turn over a new leaf, and look a little more to the main chance.

"I want a gentleman usher badly enough," said John, with a smile, when he looked up and saw me standing as patiently as if I wanted coals and blankets too. "But wait awhile. And you, stand back, Mrs. Frumpy, I am so hot; don't you hear?" said he, at the pitch of his voice.

"Hear, sir?" responded Hannah Adams, "bless ye, no, she don't—I b'lieve she 'an't a heard this eight year, not nothing as nobody says to her; her colds stuffs up her head like."

"Well, but *you* can hear, Mrs. Hannah, can't you?"

"La bless ye, yes, sur."

"Then I've a word or two to say to you—how many of you lived in the same house last winter?"

"Why, there was old Thomas and Susan—and Teddy Eddards."

"There were five of you altogether?"

"Yes, sure, sur."

"And you all had coals?"

"Did us, sur?"

"Did you? yes—you know you did. Now mark my words—I've the greatest mind that you should be turned out of the club. In that one house of two rooms, there were five hundred of coals burnt among

you every week, when you know the benefit is only allowed to one person in the same house."

"John's rheumatics was wery bad, please sur, all the frost."

"Don't answer me—it is most sinful. Why, besides the waste, you might have burnt your house down. No wonder you look so dry, and your legs so bad; why, they must have had as much smoking as any ham or flitch of bacon in the whole parish!"

Such was the employment of the Whitchurch curate (pardon his sense of the ridiculous), the first Monday in every month, a day on which I chanced o enter.

After waiting till almost suffocated, I walked about the village till John, followed and importuned by more last words from the last in the room, came gasping out —

"I'm very short of oxygen on blanket-Mondays, always: let's take a turn or two down by the brook, and see if the trout are rising. The mill is at work and it's late in the season and the water rather low; but I like to go and look at the stream if I cannot catch any. Give me the fresh air, and a breeze just rippling the surface — oh! how grateful to the smell the varied tints of foliage nowhere in such perfection as about a trout-stream, Nature's own green shade for wearied eyes, and then the ripple so soothing to the ears — and, for variety, the joyous excitement of a sudden splash under the bushes, where there's just room for the line as I stand reaching out my rod by

the very end of the butt; above all, to hear the same splash once more, and feel my rod bend and spring and bend again! Oh! how delightful! Don't tell me there are no joys in life. I do agree with Archdeacon Paley, that the man who never felt the spring of a fine trout or salmon the first three minutes must never talk of perfect happiness. And if there is one thing more than another to make this enjoyable, it is to be stewed up for two hours on a blanket-Monday with those female specimens of morbid anatomy you have just had the honour of being introduced to.

"Do you know," he continued, "the year before I was ordained I was employed on some business of a most perilous nature for five months in town: 'twere too long to tell, and too painful to think of. It seemed ordained by Providence — call me superstitious if you please, but so it ever must seem to me — to place me in a position in which by raising my hopes of a sudden fortune one day, and showing me an abyss of ruin the next, I should be kept in so fevered a state of mental agony as to know once for all what the bitterest dregs of the cup of misery really were. At the beginning of this period my mind was filled with schemes of happiness: before, however, it was half over, I learned I was only not happy before because I knew it not. How often did I think, 'Oh! when shall I ever feast my eyes on green fields with a quiet mind, enjoying the pure air and generous gifts of Heaven? Oh, that for only one week I could throw off this burden from my heart,

and wander far from the haunts of men, miles up my favourite vale and go a fishing!’ You will hardly believe that my consolation was to wander about the streets, to fix my eyes on some one of the most wretched objects, and say, ‘Thank God, I have more of the elements of happiness than that man has.’ My good fellow, whenever you are miserable—tush!—whenever you think yourself such—for one walk round this parish would soon show you that, by comparison, miserable you scarcely can be—look down, not up; measure yourself by those below you, and not by those above, or who only seem above. Still, miserable I was; not only comparatively, but positively miserable. It was not my own ruin only I apprehended, I felt myself responsible for others. At last, that responsibility in some degree fell off: I had only myself to care for. In a moment I felt light as air. Still there I was in London, with barely money to keep myself in bread and meat one month; and from recent losses I had caused my friends, oh! how unwillingly! I felt ‘I had rather coin my heart and drop my blood for drachmas’ than reveal my necessities or take another penny from them; so three mornings most diligently did I run over the *Times* advertisements to see how I could be barely lodged and boarded till I had collected a little money as a capital, and could once more emerge from obscurity and seclusion in my proper character. Most fully then did I feel how true to nature were the words,

“ ‘ My robe, and my integrity to heaven,
Are all I now dare call my own.’ ”

“ Misery makes us know strange bedfellows. Certainly the destitute know most of each other. I was young, and had kind friends; their kindness alone made me—(and here his voice faltered)—desirous to hide my condition from them. But among my competitors for bare board and lodging, I found one man, near sixty years of age, who had actually been a gentleman commoner of Christchurch—poor fellow!—reduced to the very husks of life, probably from having been in his younger days a prodigal, and levelled himself with the swine. Well, there was an advertisement on the fourth day for a university man to take charge of pupils during the occasional absence of the master, who proved to be a sort of clerical Mr. Squeers. One part of the advertisement mentioned a beautiful part of the county of Kent. Here I applied; but before I approached the door of this Dotheboys Hall, I turned aside into a field in which the hay was smelling sweet, and as I listened to the creaking wheels of the waggon groaning under its load, and feasted my eyes on the green hedge-rows and fertile valleys that lay around me, a sense of joyousness came over my mind, and I said, almost aloud, ‘ However wretched I may have been, life has pleasures yet. I have wronged no man — am dishonoured by no man: I have a pure conscience within, and Nature’s charms so richly shed without.’ ”

At that moment I quite trembled with anxiety lest I should not obtain the poor preferment which, in a single moment, I had solicited. Yet what did it all amount to? The scene promised me no hunting, shooting, fishing, riding, society, or any of those recreations and blessings which formed features so prominent in every picture of happiness which, before these wholesome trials, my imagination had bodied forth; but the scene did promise a daily view of Nature's beauties, a calm retreat, and peace of mind; so, too glad was I to shut my eyes and ears to the mean appearance of the school, and all the beggarly notions of the master, and readily to engage myself to do such work and receive such a salary as, at this moment, I am ashamed to own.

“At that crisis of my fate, my estimate of the requisites for happiness was brought down very low, to Nature's gifts and those gifts alone. I can at least, methought, enjoy a calm retreat—labour is nothing without anxiety; I can walk in green fields, breathe the fresh air of heaven, hear the shrill and airy melody of the lark unseen, as I brush with hasty steps the dew away, and when the sun is up I can lie on the green grass, with my face to the deep blue sky and enjoy a quiet mind and perfect rest. On my way to this place near the India House, I met our old friend Gifford. I shook him by the hand with forced cheerfulness, and said, ‘Should anything chance to come in your way, remember, I am not engaged;’—and—in five days his appointment gave

me a comfortable maintenance, a ready title for orders, and good society—the stepping-stone to what I now enjoy. I have never allowed myself to be unhappy or discontented since. Whenever I begin to feel out of spirits about anything, I always say the cause must be from *within*, not from without; how much better is my present state than my dark lodgings and sleepless pillow in the Strand; what more can I want? Why, here's the trout-stream, and the very vale, I used to wish for. I can literally lie in the deep green grass, or go a fishing.

“It would do Fred Paxton a world of good to see what I have seen; I should rather say, to feel what I have felt; for you must not be a mere looker on, but serve a real apprenticeship to misery, to understand and profit by it in the way of experience. Indeed, nothing could show the blessing of a university education more than my case. Fortune seemed to have done her worst for me; still, I retained friends, and a power to be useful. The opportunity offered: my habits and capacities were ready formed, and in a week ‘Richard was himself again.’ But how many do we know for whom nothing can be done! There is George Wilson, who though a good scholar at Eton, was plucked for his little-go; all through carelessness, for two days’ work would have saved him. His father died, leaving but little property, and that in railway shares, which sold at a heavy discount. George had not yet taken a degree, nor would any one lend him money on the hope of it. Had he passed, to procure

him Ordination would have been a grievous sin ; for no one can recommend him even for any situation requiring a steady man and a gentleman. The best that can be said of him is, that he can be a gentleman if he pleases it ; so not one penny can he earn. He and his wife—for he has brought a young lady into misery too—have not much more than a 100*l.* a year to live upon. So here is a man barely vegetating in poverty and obscurity, who, had he not thrown away his time and character at the university, would have held an honourable position in society. Ah ! little do men think that out of all the scamps who will drink their wine, take a seat in their tandems, and countenance them in every kind of folly, there is not one but, when College days are passed, will find it very much against his interest to acknowledge their acquaintance. Only last week I met Hutton of Oriel, and asked him if he had seen Wilkinson of Skimmery (St. Mary Hall), remarking that he was badly off, and would be glad of something to do. ‘As to that,’ said Hutton, ‘I would willingly help him ; but there are four or five of the Bahiol reading set in our neighbourhood, and if I mix myself up with men like Wilkinson, it will soon come out that I belonged to their party ; then, my rustication will be remembered, and all preferment for me is out of the question.’ In short, in numerous instances I have seen this, that Oxford is a very large stage, and a very public one. What you do there is not done in a corner. Your good deeds, and your

evil deeds alike, are trumpet-tongued, and will go before you years after date into every part of England.

"To recur to our last subject, John; what we called at College 'turning out a good style of man'—in other words, the formation of character and the several parts of the university system tending to it—how shall we proceed?"

"College chapel—chapel—man, that is the first thing. I could say a word or two about that. Still, we must be rather cautious not to seem to overdraw. If our book were to be read only by men who, after having attended chapel twelve terms had time to feel its influence as we have, I should not hesitate; but we must remember that about our first term we might ourselves have joined in the cry, 'Where is the good of being forced to prayers? it only makes men hate religion.' But let me ask, what sort of characters should we all have proved without chapel? How could we, to say no more, have even benefited by each other's example? A man with a proper sense of religion can hardly fail to find the good seed from term to term taking deeper root in him; and I believe that even the most thoughtless, as he attends chapel day after day, will insensibly own, by a more subdued tone of manner, the efficacy of what in his ignorance he denies. But here's Fred Paxton coming up.

"How are you Fred? Sit down, you may join in—we are not talking about fishing, but the old story.

I am going to try if I cannot make an example of some of the trout this afternoon when I have taken fresh air enough into me to eat my dinner. That old trout that took your fly has been jumping under the big stone at the corner. We were talking of college chapel, Fred; you have heard some fine stories about that doubtless.

“Really,” he continued, turning to me, “there is nothing my mind recurs to more frequently; depend upon it, there are certain hallowed associations which sink deeply, and lie hid, the Lord knows how long, in the hearts of the worst characters in a College; and, years after, it may be, something is ordained to touch the chord thus ready tuned, and strike a note of harmony divine. In my own case, I remember, at first I went to chapel for the same reason that I went to lecture, because it was the law. But after a while I became used to go; my mind grew more and more in unison with the occasion, till it became a relief. I do not pretend to say I prayed all the time — would that I had! — still, I had many a serious moment and impressive thought, as my mind wandered away with now one text and then another. Sometimes I would think how many a man has stood here day after day for twelve terms, listening to the same words: with what hopes of College honours — what fears of the consequences of time wasted and money squandered — with what plans of future life, how to make a fortune, or how to spend one. How changed are my ideas since the first morning I en-

tered this chapel! how changed are half the men around me!—the old familiar faces, after growing gradually more and more subdued and thoughtful, have disappeared one by one, and their places filled by others. What must be the reflections of the tutor, who is now reading, perhaps, to the eighth or ninth ephemeral generation?—he has grown grey amidst these College walls. Old John (the servant of the Common Room) says it must be hard upon the tenth time his master had seen this chapel fill and empty with an entire new set of under-graduates. Very likely; I have myself seen half a generation already, and how short the time seems—only like yesterday that I entered, for the first time, half-nervous, and hesitating where to sit without intruding. But will not my other terms pass as quickly? Yes; and then I shall be the subject of the same reflections that I am making now. And is it not so with the whole of life? All the world is keeping terms, and should be preparing for a Final Examination; and how many put off that preparation too!—Am I among the number? Our days are but a span: we too shall be succeeded by others; our place taken, our name forgotten, and they will look forward as we do, and as little heed who were here before them. Then there would steal over me a sense of depression, till my feelings found vent in the very words over our church-door,—‘How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the House of God, and this is the Gate of Heaven.’

“These feelings were not peculiar to me, Fred. You must not expect to hear men talk of these things; but when you go to College, just cast your eye about, and observe from time to time the more and more sober brows, the subdued and meditative looks I tell you of. In every College there are many men who practise religion without preaching it. The failing of the best is rather to change the subject, and to avoid any occasion for alluding to their own devotions. Now, though a man should not make a show of piety—for we shall no more talk about our religion than about our honesty, if both are habitual—still, to go out of our way to keep it back is wrong, and is rather like making a show of the contrary.’

“But who are those I hear laughed at, and called Saints?” asked Fred.

“That word, once common, has now almost lost its ironical meaning. It applies, if at all, now, to certain persons who are always endeavouring, out of place and out of season, to preach to and lecture others. I never knew religion laughed at, as such, while I was at Exeter. I never knew the slightest remark on any man who read the lessons from his Bible, and followed the prayers at chapel from beginning to end. Far from it: these men are respected. Of course, any thing may once in a way give occasion for quizzing, when a dozen men are together in a thoughtless merry mood. But all I ever saw really laughed at was, not religion, but the pretence of it; the impertinence and hypocrisy of those who, without

any sense of humility, charitable benevolence, or lovingkindness, used to go on in a canting, irritating way, till every one was disgusted, not with the religion, but with the men. Of this I am quite sure, if a man cannot endure the little persecution for righteousness' sake he meets with at Oxford, he will make a sorry martyr anywhere. If I were to go up to a certain Captain, who you know never comes to church, and without the slightest introduction, preface, or apology, were to exclaim against the enormity of his conduct, he would only swear at me till I was out of hearing; but I'll venture to say, that before I have been here a month longer, I'll find an opportunity to say something to him, by taking him at the right time, and in the right manner."

"Then I have been greatly deceived, for I heard of tying gowns together in College chapel, and of the pace the service was got through; of one man who would give another, by a minute watch, as far as the creed, and overtake him by the end of the Morning Prayers."

"The last part of that story was told, I remember, not of College, but of a fox-hunting parson in a village in Leicestershire. Yet I dare say you would not allow the inference that therefore our church prayers were so trifled with universally. As to tying gowns, or similar tricks so done, that not five men in the whole chapel could see, I do not deny that three or four times in as many years, and among the men of a low and childish set, I have known it happen. These

things are not generally countenanced. A College is divided into separate sets; the men are not all acquainted with each other; therefore the mere manners of a gentleman would forbid one man to behave ill in chapel in the sight of another. I remember one man who was obliged to leave a College, and another who was rusticated, principally through the prejudice that ill conduct in chapel created against them."

Here was a pause; and after a few remarks, not much to the present purpose, John went on:—

"Talking of serious and devotional feeling in College chapel, never shall I forget the deep and solemn silence of evening prayers the day poor Surtees* of our College, and that fine fellow Graham of Trinity, were drowned by the upsetting of Mother Hall's sailing-boat. It was the 29th of November: I know the day well, for the next was a Saint's day, so we were all in chapel. You remember it, do you not?"

"I remember it well enough. It happened before I left Trinity, and I made the same observation at chapel that you did. My memory is rather accurate in these things, and I'll tell you how it happened; for there were some truths stranger than fiction connected with that story. A tale of death is a theme old and trite for the most part, but death in a College has features peculiarly its own. I was at a breakfast party in Trinity the same morning. Graham was

* In this story (only) some real names are given.

there. He said he had sent down his scout's boy to engage a sailing-boat, as there was a good wind for going both up and down, and asked who would join? I was very fond of sculling, but not being a good swimmer, I never would risk a sail; for the boats used to be swamped nearly every day in the October term. Well, poor Surtees and Fortescue volunteered. Two other Trinity men, Lear and Tyler, with a piscatorial friend of Magdalene, made up a second crew to start about the same time.

"The weather was very squally; and Edwards, I think it was, asked Graham if he could swim. 'No, my boy—wish I could,' was the reply; long remembered and much talked of afterwards. Just then an invitation was brought to Graham to dine with the vice-president. The breakfast party broke up, and all the men went to lecture. Between one and two the crews met at Hall's boat-house. Graham had a fine dreadnought jacket; but not content with this, he put on Billy Walter's thick north-wester over it, lighted his cigar, and began to get into his boat. The other crew then started; they carried but little sail. Graham, as usual, soon came after them, crowding all the canvass possible. He was very much used to every kind of boat on the Southampton Water, but in the Isis there's no sea-room. A hundred yards below the Cherwell he shot ahead, and cried out to Lear, 'A pretty deal you know about a boat, I don't think, farmer.' 'Ah! old boy,' was the reply, 'but I can swim, and that's more than you can.' This was

said much below the Cherwell. Almost before the sound of those words had died away, Graham's boat had neared the willows, where came one tremendous gust, and his sail was swept flat on the water. All three jumped out. 'At the same moment,' said Tyler, 'we were all but swamped, and had to take care of ourselves; but in a few seconds I looked out. The three men had disappeared, though I thought I saw one head above water. The hull was down, and we eagerly looked, but looked in vain to see if any man was clinging to the mast; as we shot past we stood ready to spring overboard should we see a trace of either of them, but the water was muddy, and we were borne along at a frightful pace, and ran aground on the tow-path side of the river. I leaped ashore, and saw Fortescue, the only one swimming, and close to the bank; he spread his arms over the land, for the water was nearly level with it. We pulled him up, too weak to stand; and never shall I forget the horror-stricken tone and look with which he gasped out, "They're drowned." We ran up the bank, wading where it was flooded, calling for help, and Stephen Davis was at hand with drags wonderfully soon; but, oh! it seemed like hours to me: they had a surgeon at Hall's, but all too late.' At the very hour which he had that morning engaged to spend with Mr. Short, an inquest was being held upon his body!

"They who know the habits and brotherly intimacies of College life, and how naturally sanguine

youth is in health and strength and length of days, without a thought that the thread of the strongest, midst all its buoyant energy, can be snapped in a moment: they only can know the shock, the consternation, and the sorrow that by that time had touched the heart of many an old school-fellow of one or both of the untimely dead in every college in Oxford. Many first heard of it in the strangest ways. Johnson burst into Hall's for a light for his cigar, and the first words he heard were from Hutchins, 'Don't crowd the room, sir, we want as much fresh air as possible,' while nearly at the same moment Harrison, whom Graham had in training for the racing-boat, coming leisurely into the yard, saw some one look hard at him, stop, and faintly say, 'They have done trying to revive poor Graham.' Then Phillipson, who had messed with him at Winchester, had grown up together with him half-year after half-year, and gone with him every vacation on Southampton Water, but most urgently warned him against sailing at Oxford—he heard the sad tale as he was turning into Seckham's stables with a great coat over his pink, in full spirits from a hunt. He all but dropped off his horse. The very mention of Graham's name, coupled with a sailing-boat, brought the truth home to his heart like one blow. Moore, I remember, ran off to tell Mr. Short, who felt more than common interest in Graham, and when he entered his room, had scarcely power to speak. Just about this time the men were coming

into College from their walks or rides, two or three together; few reached their rooms without stopping to listen at what caused the several little clusters of men crowding round one of the tutors, it might be, or some one else with whom they were not usually familiar. The first expression of every one was that of consternation, even to incredulity. 'What, Graham!' said Welston, 'it can't be. Why he was at Thucydides' lecture with me scarce three hours ago.' 'He breakfasted with me only this morning,' said Hart. 'I heard him order luncheon from the Buttery at one o'clock,' said Burney. In short, every one appeared to have seen him so lately as to hope there had been no time for the work of death. Then again, his known health, strength, and courage, all conspired to contradict the report. None could believe so fine a spirit could be so easily quenched: so every one was asking, 'Is there no hope? Has Tuckwell been sent for? Can't *he* recover him?' 'What! Graham, that was picked for the University race? Are you sure it is not Graham of Wadham? Why he is the best man on the river. Only yesterday Hall was saying the deal of canvass he could carry.' 'He is the strongest fellow I ever knew,' said many. I could not but observe, we could not, at once, leave off saying he *is*; not he *was*. It is not without a struggle of the mind, as well as a revulsion of the heart, that the recent impressions of an every-day companion in the vigour of life give way to the full conviction that he is passed away—for

ever gone — to be spoken of as one who *was*, and to be told among the dead.

“At dinner that day there was but a mere sprinkling of men in the hall; some were too shocked to leave their rooms, but remained two or three together, collecting every minute circumstance of what they had heard of the accident, with divers predictions before, or points of coincidence since. A little before seven, Moody, who had been a witness, came back to tell us of the verdict of the jury; and just then Tom Widdingham returned from shooting. You know, Tom and Towser, as he used to call poor Graham, were like brothers: he came stamping in, quite joyous, having bagged a pheasant, as he said, for a cosy supper—every one knew with whom—but *in the midst of life we are in death*. He first gleaned the loss of his friend from an o’er-true tale of a coroner’s inquest on his body.

“‘More gentlemen ordered out suppers last night,’ observed the Manciple, next morning, ‘than any day this term.’ True; but they were eaten in sadness and sorrow, in small and melancholy groups. For we feel on these awful occasions we do not like to remain alone; besides hours had passed before we found an appetite. But at prayers that evening—it was that I was coming to. With what a different tone did the chapel bell seem to sound! I was sitting with Richards and Clark, and we were all three startled by it. ‘We must all go,’ said Clark; ‘it’s surplice prayers—to-morrow’s a Saint’s day—no lec-

ture.' There could scarce have been, whether or not. How silently did all come down the staircases into the chapel quad. that evening ! but, though seemingly silent, every man was talking in under-tone to some one : no one seemed quite alone, or if so, turning back to join those behind. And in the chapel, what death-like gloom and depression prevailed. I always sat next Bowdler ; he was a Wykhamist, you know, and introduced Graham to all his set. This same man once remarked to me, 'I have been reading Volney's Works lately : they have almost shaken my faith.' But, shaken or not, his faith was firm enough that 29th November's chapel prayers : for it seemed to me I never saw a man pray so heart and soul before. Well, I thought, if all this has been asleep in you so long, and College chapel prayers at last so welcome, what may we not hope of the rest ? One thing was certain ; religious impressions seemed deep enough in all. Each could see his neighbour face to face ; see the movement of the lips, and hear the whisper of his voice, and that, too, far more fervently than his custom was. If men did not come out and talk of what they felt, it was because they really felt. This was a most impressive lesson, and a College Evening Service was the occasion of it."

"Stay," said Fred, "is that all ? How did his friends hear ? Let us know the end of it."

"Yes," said Corbett ; "out with all of it. I knew him well. I have pulled No. 3 (oar) to his No. 5 in the University boat many a time till I was ready

to drop, while he, scarcely turning a hair, would say, 'Why, what's the matter, my boy? is it bellows to mend?' He was buried at the church opposite St. John's, I remember."

"Strange enough, though an express was sent off to his home, his father first read the news in the *Times*, and, posting off, arrived ready to drop with protracted agony of grief, fear, hope, and suspense, at Hutchinson's Rooms, where he threw himself down, just saying faintly but affectionately, 'I can bear it: is it all true?' Hutchinson's looks told more than his words. He pressed the old man's hand; then turned his head away, and hiding his face in the bottom of his cupboard, was just breaking off the neck of a bottle of sherry in his agitation and haste to stifle his own sobs and those of the poor father at the same time, when he heard, 'No, no; I can't drink it. It would choke me just now. Take me to see my boy: I shall never rest till I have looked upon him dead.'

"Still, on went the routine of College life: for two days we talked only of his death. Then we heard reports of his relations, and what old friends were to attend his funeral. In every lecture chapel and hall, there was the place where poor Graham used to be: rumours were spread of a meeting of the Heads of houses to regulate sailing, while some talked of the loss to the racing-boat of which Graham was the support. Much information passed through the scouts, who reminded me very much of some of the

truthful characters in Walter Scott's more tragical sketches."

"Harry is his bed-maker, isn't he?"

"Yes. He's always in for the luck of it."

"How many coats did they say?"

"Oh, ever so many; and trowsers too. It's a good customer lost to Joy (the tailor). Crippts (the pastry-cook) does not like to send in his bill for Mr. Short to see. He will have it, for sending such suppers into college."

"I'll be bound we shall none of us see the clothes he was drowned in; they about the boats will look sharp enough after them."

"There will be plenty of things for Harry without that. There's all his glass and such like, and that he sold him out of Mr. Walker's rooms; so now he'll have it back again to sell to some one else. It's most 20*l.* clothes and all will turn to."

"Ay! and better too. But Harry's sorry he's gone for all that; 'twould have come to more if he'd have lived out all his terms. He was a nice gentleman, and lived like a gentleman; and every body's very sorry. There isn't the like of him about the water anywhere."

CHAP. V.

A DAY AT COLLEGE. — THE SOCIAL BREAKFAST. — PREPARING LECTURE. — THE LECTURE ROOM.

"Now," said Corbett, as I was taking a cup of coffee with him a few evenings after, "so far so good — we have begun to describe a day at College, we have been to morning chapel, and recorded all its chastening influences; though I am afraid we have but feebly expressed the feelings of awe and reverence which even the most thoughtless would feel at returning to his College chapel a few years after he had taken his degree.

"On coming out of chapel we used to meet the servant with our letters; the majority directed in female hands. The mothers and sisters were the chief correspondents. The governor's letters were on great occasions, containing money or grave remarks. Here and there might be a man with a lady love; if so I pitied him, for *dolly moping*, as we used to call sentimentalising, is fatal to all reading.

"Where are you going to spend this vacation?" the warden used to ask; "at home is it? Are there any women in your house?"

“ ‘My mother and sisters, sir.’

“ ‘Oh! then you won’t read much, I am sure. It is impossible to read in a house that has women in it—quite impossible—good morning, a pleasant vacation to you.’

“ This opinion is very sagacious. There was Shirley who came up with so high a character from Shrewsbury, and, like some other very promising men of Dr. Butler’s day, was rather disappointed at his degree; his downfall was foretold by a very experienced tutor: ‘He is always escorting about some ladies,’ said he: ‘I had rather see him get drunk occasionally, a great deal. It is not half so dissipating—till he gets ladies out of his head, he never will get Aristotle in.’ Sir Charles Wetherell too seemed of the same opinion, for his questions in committee to an Oxford tradesman on the supposed advantage of a railway ran thus:—

“ ‘Then you think it an advantage that friends of the under-graduates should visit Oxford very frequently.’

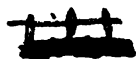
“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘That is fathers? and mothers? and aunts? and sisters? that would be an improvement, you think?’

“ The members in the committee thought otherwise. Indeed happy is it that Oxford is a university, and little else, that there be nothing to check the intellectual discipline, nothing to break the spell and mar those associations so favourable to study, which

constitute the great charm and genius of the place. Let the university terms, which take up half the year, be entirely devoted to the formation of the intellectual and the social character, and the vacations will afford time for the culture of the affections. And that the exercise of these be not entirely suspended, what is more wholesome or more humanising than, just as we come out of chapel, with all the freshness, composure, and buoyancy which morning chapel inspires, to find those winged words of soft and tender feelings which flow alone from female hearts, with hopes and fears alternate, charitable presumptions, and ardent wishes, the burden of the song."

"I remember," said Corbett, "nothing more delightful in life than when on a fine, fresh morning I used to break the seal of a letter, telling me of some kind inquiries, who was at such a ball, and who mentioned me, and what invitations awaited me in the vacation. To enjoy happiness for the present with a glimpse of more, always greater far in the distance, gives a joyous thrill, and swells out the breast as it were with good-nature towards all the world. Just then some one of genial kindred soul would say, 'Send your commons to my rooms this morning,' when perhaps after one run round the park, especially if a frosty morning, we would enter one of those snuggeries called College rooms, find the kettle hissing a salute—one would boil the eggs, while another ground and simmered the coffee; making tea we called *being lady*; there was even a



~~shorter term~~ than that for it: I never felt freedom and liberty as I have felt it at these social breakfasts, especially when lecture was at eleven. At home it is not every man who has a study quite to himself, not one at least of which he can lock the door to prevent that confusion worse confounded, called 'putting things to rights for you;' least of all can any man make his own breakfast with his own familiar friend, as careless and sanguine a spirit as himself, and no good mamma to hope this or fear that all the while, and no governor to cool down the frolicsome ardour of one's words. No, a College breakfast was the first occasion I ever felt quite free, with every thought out of leading strings, to say what I pleased, and treat many a pent-up idea with air and exercise. At these social breakfasts, each man pairs after his kind. The member of the racing-boat with some other aspirant for aquatic fame, and then they talk of Serle's eight-oars as compared with King's; of the difference between a long and strong pull, and a salt-water jerk; and what wonders the Baliol boat would have done, 'if the stroke oar's sister had not died,' after bumping three boats in three successive nights last races. Others talked of the best hunters, tandems, or the best eight-shilling-worth, for a constitutional across country, anticipating the sport he shall have next vacation at home, and what he shall not fail to look at as he goes through town on his way. James Holland and I used to talk a little of all sorts, except one of us had brought

a newspaper; then each of us used to say what he would do if he were Sir R. Peel, no half measures (what young blood would?). 'No — no,' said Jem, 'I'd go the pig, the whole animal.' 'But what a floorer such a declaration was to the prophetic powers of the chairman of the Union (Debating Society),' and so forth. Breakfast removed — that is, ye neat and tidy housewives, empty cups, plates and eggshells being crowded on the tray, and the cloth turned over it, and all lifted off the table at once, if the scout was not in the way; out used to come Thucydides or Aristotle's rhetoric, but no sooner had Jem and I begun to construe over the lecture, than he would fly off at a tangent, and humorously imitate any peculiarity of the lecturer: 'This you must observe, Mr. Corbett, does not mean that Pericles said *these very words*: look at the Greek, and discriminate the pronoun, Mr. Corbett; but the full force of the original is *such words as these*, that is, Thucydides means to say — and all this is wonderfully implied in the insertion of two letters only — this is not what Pericles said (he was probably in too great a fluster to say anything), but what Pericles was a very likely man to have said, if he had only thought of it.'

"'Now, John,' he used to say, 'this history is all very fine in Thucydidean Greek. It all happened "a long way off and a long time ago," and every thing descriptive of human nature does so improve by keeping; but I do think that that town

and gown row we used to hear of, when J. Hillsborough had his back against Carfax church, hitting right and left, and that mad-cap Watford was giving the enemy a warm reception in the rear with a hot fire-shovel, till they flinched almost inside-out — this really would have been a far better subject for history. The very territory of Greece seems all so small. Look at the map — see how small a part is Attica — why, a Lord Mayor's barge might row round two sides of it in a day, and the parochial authorities, with the aid of a little malt and hops, would walk the bounds of the whole parish in the same time.'

"As soon as we had got through seven or eight chapters, with such commentaries and illustrations as these, it was generally time for Lecture; but now for the Lecture-room:—we will talk about that, though, at the Hall to-morrow."

The reader will excuse unities of time and place—shift the scene to Paxton Hall — ladies withdrawn — Mr. Paxton and son, Corbett and self — topic of conversation

The College Lecture Room.

"It is quite true, Mr. Paxton," said Corbett, "that there are good tutors nearer home than the universities! though we have to thank the univer-

sities for them. There is Hayward of Oriel, with whom you might arrange if you pleased. You could not have a better man. He was College Tutor for four years, and had the credit of many first-class men too. Still there is a wide difference between reading with Hayward in his class-room at Oriel, and reading with him alone in Witterton Rectory. So, also, there are plenty of excellent French teachers in London; still you would learn French twice as well from the same masters when aided by all the interesting associations which a residence in Paris affords. You may be taught classics in the country, to fill your head, but it is in Oxford that you will learn them in a way most improving to your mind; for there they are invested with a peculiar interest, and excite an original spirit of inquiry unknown in private study. In the one case you draw from a running fountain, in the other from a stagnant pool.

“When first I went to Oxford I thought I knew some parts of one or two books so well, that I need never look at them again. One of these was Sophocles. I was immediately put into a Sophocles lecture; and after the very first day I was perfectly convinced that I knew but the mere forms and shadow of the poetry, there seemed an expression and a spirit unknown before. I went into lecture the first two or three times with Harry Wilton, who, you know afterwards took high honours. He soon told me to observe Lydon, the Ireland scholar, as

well as Parsons and Whitbread, one high up at Eton the other at Winchester. There was also one of Dr. Arnold's best men. Each of these had a different forte and peculiar style. One construed elegantly, another was famed as a sound and critical scholar. Now I had heard of the best public schoolmen in the country; but I had no idea what they could do. In course of time I became acquainted with two of them, and we used often to breakfast together. Lydon once told me, 'You see they talk a great deal about my scholarship, but I could very easily put you in the way of attaining nearly as much, except verses, perhaps; that requires early habit.' Then he told me how he had read; from what he derived most benefit; and how many things which he had toiled over were quite out of the way, and of no use at all. Accuracy, he said, was the great thing. 'If you evade a difficulty to-day, you will be sure to encounter it with additional perplexity to-morrow. Clear your ground as you advance; never hurry on, or leave an enemy in the rear; difficulties of all kinds are much more limited than they seem. Attack one till you beat it thoroughly, and you will soon find a whole troop have vanished with it. Get a key to about a dozen, and you may open all.'

"Advice so encouraging and instructive set me reading with a better heart. Besides, the general remarks of these men on literary subjects made me feel at home, and gave me some idea of the true

standard both of taste and scholarship. Very often while in Whitbread's rooms I would take up a book lying on the table, and, if he was busy, he would say, 'There, Master John, is something to keep you quiet. Sit down there: open page 20, and take a note of the contents.' On one occasion, in particular, I remember finding a clear ~~elucidation~~ of points which I thought I never should understand, and a few days after I gave such an answer to a question in lecture as quite astonished the tutor. These happy hits were continually occurring."

"Really," said Mr. Paxton, "this must have been a very great advantage to you."

"Great, indeed; but, such as it was, College lecture was the occasion of it all. Still, many men are so silly that, because these indirect advantages of a College lecture seem greater than those which are the direct object of it, they speak lightly of public lectures, and complain that reading men have not an equivalent for the interruption caused to private study. I grant that the foundation of all well-digested knowledge must be laid, that the key-stone of the perfect work must be inserted and cemented, by each man for himself, in the unbroken solitude of College rooms: but it is the emulation of the Lecture-room which prompts and animates the performance it is there the plan is laid down, irrelevant matter discarded, and the standard and measure of the whole kept constantly in view. There is no place like a College lecture-room for taking conceit and pre-

sumption out of man. He is sure to find his equal there. If superior in one point, he will meet his rival in another. Welby was an instance of this: — if there was a fine Chorus to be construed, or some witty turn in Aristophanes to paraphrase, Welby was the man to hit it off at once; there was that fire in his eye, and restless vivacity in his brow, you could see he was a sharp fellow before he spoke. Without being forward or intrusive, he was ambitious in a modest way, and always ready to reply whenever a question went a begging; for the best men, who were presumed to know, would rarely answer general questions unless the tutor called expressly on them. But sometimes when no one could answer, and even Welby had winked his eyes and worked his brow, and then tried to look as much as possible as if it was immaterial, and a dead pause followed, then John Harford, who surprised the Baliol men so much at the Fellowship Examination, would raise his eyes slowly from his book, and drawl out as leisurely as possible something exactly to the point, and then stoop his sleepy-looking head once more towards his knees, and keep the same position perhaps during every lecture for a week, till a similar difficulty occurred, and then he would come forth again. ‘Harford is a slow sort of fellow, but somehow he is always right,’ was the remark. And so Joey (the tutor) said, while some men were breakfasting with him, ‘Harford is rather slow, but then he is *very* sure.’ It was from Harry Harford that I first learnt that irresistible momentum

of character which consists, though you say never so little, in being always right."

"But," said Fred, "I have surely heard of some men making all sorts of fun at lecture; of others being deplorably ignorant, not to mention most ridiculous blunders."

"In other words, Fred, all I have been saying is rather too dry for you, and you want a little variety. The plain, every-day routine of lecture, as of daily life, no man cares to hear; but if I tell of folly and vice, it is ten times more exciting than sound sense and honesty, and finds other greedy ears to 'devour up my discourse.' The cases of fun and nonsense of which you have heard are very few and far between. Besides, there is many a man, who, while he raises a momentary laugh at his wit, gains lasting contempt for his impudence or dishonour, of which the following is an instance:—

"One morning, just as a class was seated in lecture, there entered a man in a long white great-coat down to his heels, with a large coloured wrapper about his mouth, which lent a ghastly hue to a very haggard and rakish set of features, and said in a faint tone of voice, 'I would request to be excused lecture for one or two days, my health is indifferent—I don't well know what is the matter with me; I have a bad cold, and am generally indisposed.' The tutor said, 'Indeed, Mr. Wade, you are indisposed, you must take care of yourself—great care of yourself. Don't think about lecture, Mr. Wade, lie by, pray, and take

care of yourself. I would recommend something warm before you go to bed, Mr. Wade.' 'Thank you, sir, I'll take your advice,' was the feeble, languid reply. At the same moment, having the door in his hand which hid him partly from the tutor's sight, he pulled aside his coat, disclosing to some of the men a red coat and top-boots. The extent of his indisposition was an indisposition to lecture; and as to the *something hot* before he went to bed, little persuasion was ever needed on that score. This story was told me, and I believe it: the like I never witnessed, so it is not common; and, with the exception of some thoughtless schoolboy, every man who heard it, when the laugh was over, would only excuse the impostor as a knave by condemning him as a fool. And this reminds me that an old schoolfellow of mine, in my first term, was expelled from University College, for obtaining leave of absence by a lie; and no one pitied him.

"From this you will learn the degree of reservation with which to receive all Oxford stories. Whenever a man tells me anything very comic, I always feel his object is to cause a hearty laugh, and that he has the strongest temptation to exaggerate, seeking the ridiculous at the expense of truth. Nothing is more rare than to hear a plain story of a thing precisely in the way it happened."

"This, Corbett," said Mr. Paxton, "is very wholesome advice for Frederic—very much so indeed. But I am not at all clear about what a lecture is,

how it is delivered, how many lectures you are required to attend, and whether you can enter any lecture you please; so just tell Frederic what to expect. You college men use terms which we laymen do not understand, so begin from the beginning. —But first of all take another glass—don't be afraid; this port would not hurt a baby: I have set you at dry work, so indulge in one glass more."

"First of all then, Fred, when you enter college, supposing everything happens with you as it did with me, you will be sent for by the college-tutor as he is making out his lecture lists. In our college the tutors seemed to make a three-fold division. The first consisted of the best scholars and men of long standing, who were supposed to be reading for honours; the second, of men who would easily pass, and might ultimately aim at honours; the third, of men who would read as little as possible, the dull and the badly taught, who might always without offence be reminded of the possibility of a pluck. Many men will tell you they never heard these distinctions, or of one lecture being higher than another: still the distinction did exist, not nominally perhaps, for that would be invidious, but really.

"Our highest class was formed of the scholars and the most promising men in the college. The subjects were generally either the Ethics or Rhetoric of Aristotle, and Thucydides or Æschylus—sometimes only the speeches of the former, and the Choruses and more difficult dialogues of the latter. This was

called 'the fast ten o'clock coach.' Every thing is (or used to be) called a 'coach' at Oxford: a lecture-class, or a club of men meeting to take wine, luncheon, or breakfast alternately, were severally called a 'wine, luncheon, or breakfast coach;' so a private tutor was called a 'private coach;' and one, like Hilton of Worcester, very famed for getting his men safe through, was termed 'a Patent Safety.' In this 'fast ten o'clock coach' aforesaid we had some wheelers and some leaders—that is, some men with quick showy action, and some of more sound, strong, substantial going. To continue the metaphor; there was also one man who, being very idle and careless, was generally said to put the drag on lest we should go too fast. In this class I remember many men who have done very well for themselves since. We had Mason and Cooley, men who have already a very promising position at the bar; Hatchard, Miles, Brillington, Thompson, the two Wilmers, and several more, who have some of them livings, and the rest a comfortable standing in society, entirely through their own talents and exertions. Two out of the number are spoken of as men of first-rate attainments, and really I feel much satisfaction in the confidence that I can tell pretty nearly the standard to which one of these first-rate men you hear of can attain. 'One thing at a time, and that well,' was their rule and constant practice. It used to surprise me, at first, to think that the best scholars I knew should aim at so little; their reading seemed too confined for their reputation.

But '*ex uno omnia*:' they so learned one thing as virtually to exhaust all of the same class; and when once they set out in quest of multifarious knowledge, the rapidity with which they progressed soon made up for lost time, and with this advantage, that they had laid a sound foundation, while others raised a tottering edifice on the sand.

"This first-rate lecture you would think was composed of very brilliant men. True. Many of them had brilliant qualities; but the lecture-room was not the sphere in which they cared to shine. Often they had not prepared the lecture; it did not chance to fall in with their reading. This was bad management; but men who read to any purpose are fond of making a rush at one thing almost day and night till they have turned a given corner. At such times the subject of a lecture will be rather neglected, that is to say, read cursorily; or sometimes men will trust to their memory if they have read the same book before.

"'Did you observe Whitbread?' said Lydon to me one day after lecture, 'he took his *Æschylus* "at a shot;" still there was only one word he stopped at. He says he thinks it good practice occasionally to try himself extempore; but that does better with prose than poetry. He has been reading morning, noon, and night since Monday (it was then a Saturday), and has got up three books of *Thucydides* so perfectly I could not floor him in a single part. He is to try the same with me on Thursday, in three books of

Herodotus. Suppose if we three try, by the last day of term, who can throw most light on the Sicilian Expedition. Whitbread can take the critical, I the historical part, and you general information from modern writers.’”

“Bless me,” said Mr. Paxton, “what an excellent plan : what advantage to all parties is this again !”

“Excellent indeed!—a joint-stock company of wit, with a fixed day for dividends. But observe ; university honours and college lectures gave the zest and the occasion for it all, though these free discursive pastimes of college-life have a ‘soul of goodness’ in them greater than any lectures, and not the less improving because we know not of it.

“If you want to know the forms and plan of a lecture, it is this ; we enter the room and take our seats at the given hour. Then we translate in turn each a part——”

“Come, come, Corbett, be a little graphic. Sketch the whole scene : remember Aristotle’s instructions for setting a scene clearly before the mind’s eye.”

“Well, if you will have it so, I’ll give you a picture—an impression fresh from the tablets of my brain—of the interior of Joey’s lecture-room : first, when the fast ‘ten o’clock coach’ is starting ; secondly, at eleven, the hour of the ‘slow accommodation.’

“But first I must describe the Rev. Joseph Wilson. I once sent his handwriting—only the superscription of a letter—to a lady who was famed for discovering the character of a person from the pecu-

liar way in which he formed his capital letters. The answer was —

“ ‘ The subject of this is a staunch Tory ; shrewd — by no means credulous — of strong prejudices — very sincere — a warm friend where he takes a liking — has many great admirers of his character, though not universally popular.’ Add to this, that he hated dissembling so as to be almost too keen in hunting it out ; — kind-hearted, though at times conscientiously bitter and severe — lenient to the faults of the head, though most unforgiving to those of the heart, and with great knowledge of human nature : put all these features together, drawing them a little hard and rigid, to portray the lineaments of one who never smiled his gravity away at the amiable follies of womankind and the prattle of her little ones, and you will have an idea of our friend Joey, and understand what seemed a problem to many, why a great many wild men were his favourites, and some seemingly steady men his abhorrence.

“ The clock strikes ten — a dozen men, some from the College garden, some from one staircase, some from another, with Rhetoric in hand, run up to Joey’s room. All are seated, and one begins to construe. The steps of two more of the class are heard, who enter. ‘ You are very late, gentlemen ; I can’t allow this ; I shall close my door another morning after the first five minutes, and then set impositions. Mr. Whitbread, if I remember, you missed lecture yesterday.’

“ ‘Yes, sir, I—I let the time go by.’

“ ‘Let the time go by! there is a reason, to be sure,’ smiling. ‘You know I am not fond of interfering with studious men. But we shall fall out—we shan’t be friends: this happens too often.’ Then, after a pause—‘Well, read on, if you please.’ Whereupon Whitbread, with a most cheerful though respectful tone, would construe away as well as possible.

“ ‘Ah! well, you do pretty well when you do favour us with your company certainly, Mr. Whitbread.—What is the difference between the force of this word in composition and the other out of composition?’ As this question is not put to any one in particular, no one exerts himself to answer it. ‘What! two, four, six, eight—a dozen and a half promising young men, and one Ireland scholar, and ever so many first classes, I hope,—and does no one know this?’ Then the Ireland scholar, perhaps, being put on his mettle, would strain at an answer. ‘Quite right. I thought I must get an answer to that.—Mr. Watts, now *do* attend, pray;’ speaking to one of the cleverest though most absent hair-brained fellows imaginable.

“ Watts wakes from his reverie, and seems all attention. Three or four men read a part each; a dozen questions or so are asked and answered; and, as I never shall forget seeing, Joey turns round and catches Watts again all in the clouds, with the last page not turned over, and by chance not cut open.

'Now, Mr. Watts, if you please, I'll trouble you.' 'Where is it?' asked Watts in a whisper, which every one could hear. 'Ah! where is it indeed, I thought I should catch you presently.' And, while to complete the reproof, Joey is looking for a paper knife to hand him, poor Watts in his confusion gets his finger between the leaves and tears the page in half. 'Now really, Mr. Watts, how very ridiculous you do make yourself by all your idle ways.'

"Of course these interruptions were not common. I only mean to hit off the variety of character and incident, and the degree of playfulness, without any lessening of authority, which used occasionally to relieve the daily stages of the 'fast ten o'clock.' With all of these men Joey was a favourite. He could be very sharp at times; but we used to say, 'His words are the worst of him; there is nothing more to follow.' No tutor ever managed men with a lighter hand. He checked at once. Others were silent, till no sentence short of rustication could be in any way consistent with discipline.

"Next I must describe the company of the 'eleven o'clock,' and the driver too; for though it is Joey still, he is now quite a different character.

"The 'Eleven o'clock slow Accommodation' was otherwise called 'the Heavy Euripides.' This was composed of about sixteen men: one half could do very little, if they would; the other half would do as little, if they could. Here were the *fast* men, the

hunting men, the unintellectual sons of still less intellectual fathers, the uproarious men, those who knocked in late, had noisy parties, — and, in a word, those who, because they were the idlest, were therefore the most mischievous and troublesome men in the whole College. I remember annoying these men very much one day by talking of the Awkward Squad; and once, when several of them were about to try their 'Little Go,' Joey said they were so likely to be plucked for parsing, that they must bring their grammars into lecture, that he might put them a little into the way. This was deemed a great degradation by all but the parties concerned. Shortly after, their names were found bracketed on the lecture board — I believe this was Watt's fun — with the words, 'The gentlemen what takes in grammars.' With this sketch of the *dramatis personæ* we will draw up the curtain, and let the performance commence.

"The Reverend Joseph is seen looking very serious a few minutes before eleven: a pale dissipated-looking man enters, saying, 'The scout — I mean your servant, said you wanted to see me, sir.' 'Yes, Mr. Blackly, I suppose you know what it is about.' Blackly looks at his toes, half opens his mouth, but says nothing. 'I have three lists before me, Mr. Blackly: one is my lecture list; another the chapel list; and the third the porter's list; and, to use one of your own expressions, you have your "name in the weigh-bill" three times over. How

long is it since your father talked to you in this very room—and what did you give us to understand? I have sent for you in time just to warn you: you have committed—that is, you have been as yet found out in—no one great offence, but you are still idle in college, and keep very late hours out. Now these three things—idleness, late hours, and, as a necessary consequence, plenty of bad heady mulled port wine at supper,—if these three do not one night put you down in the proctor's book I shall be surprised,—and then you will leave this college for ever.'

" 'I have been eight times to chapel this week, sir.'

" 'Yes, but only once at morning prayers,—a sure sign of dissipated habits, to say no worse of it.'

" 'Joey was not a man to cast pearls before swine.—

" 'I will say this,—there has latterly been a great improvement in your conduct generally: and your deportment when you are in chapel is very different from that of certain friends of yours on whom—just give them that hint—I have my eye. The reason I send for you is, that I am afraid I see a relapse—so take warning. Give my compliments to your father when you write to him, and (smiling) say I hope to send you home with a good ticket, if my conscience can afford one.'

"As the clock strikes eleven one or two breakfast parties disperse after a hasty glass of cherry-brandy, some last words about a boat or riding excursion after lecture, and not uncommonly the scout returns

from an errand, and says as glibly as if he were professor of Greek literature, 'Mr. So-and-so's compliments, sir, and says the lecture begins at the 440th line of the Hecuba of Euripides just after the short sentences of dialogue.' The greater part have prepared about 150 lines of Euripides by help of a translation, which, by aid of long practice, a quick ear, and ready memory, is as well known to the Reverend Joseph as the Greek text itself. I remember one day hearing a man bring out a long wordy paraphrase two lines too soon. 'Stop a minute,' said Joey, at the same time helping the blunderer to construe the two lines intervening, and then, 'Now for these fine words,' said he, 'quite right—that's the place for them.' Such sharp and somewhat humorous reproofs Joey could utter, without the slightest effort. Questions in parsing, schoolboy scoldings, warnings of a pluck in the distance, and many other hard sayings, which would have been very unpleasant to men of proper pride or feeling, were not uncommonly applied to the members of this class—and most properly and deservedly too. No tutor of experience or common sense will ever treat you as a man—mind this, Fred—if you are led away by a certain set—the very refuse of your college—to act like a schoolboy. Neither will you ever sustain the slightest indignity from a tutor so long as you evince the self-respect of a man of honour.

"One day I remember Joey mistook his man; this

was Harry Adams, whose elder brother had been one of the most troublesome men in the college. Harry contented himself with the quiet remonstrance of a look till after lecture, when he stepped back, and said, 'I think you mistake me, sir. I am quite above offering any slight or disrespect to you, and perhaps after this assurance you will treat me accordingly.' I believe that Joey admired him for his good sense and feeling. These cases I mention to show that those who speak of the free censorious manner of tutors tell tales against themselves.

"In this 'Heavy Euripides' there were always five or six who were mere schoolboys. As they grew older and wiser, they were treated with rather more deference."

"Then," said Mr. Paxton, "it seems true that there were many deplorably ignorant at college, though these were generally in a class by themselves."

"Certainly; Fred will tell you of many of his friends who used to have their exercises done for them, and were always idle at school. In general society, too, you see many men very silly. Sensible persons form a very small part of every community, and not of the universities alone. This awkward squad class comprised about fifteen out of a hundred; and I should say that nearly all the excesses, whether of waste of time or waste of money, which I remember while at Oxford, did not attach to more than 15 per cent.

“So far I have only given an account of a single tutor, and he the most pleasing specimen. He was nearly fifty years of age. Perhaps from thirty to thirty-five was the usual age of college tutors, though it is not uncommon for the services of a fellow of a college to be in requisition within two years of the time he takes his degree—at the age of twenty-four or twenty-five. These men cannot take things so easily as the Reverend Joseph. A young man can only maintain discipline by being very punctilious, polite, and gentlemanlike. ‘Treat your men,’ said a late tutor of Christchurch to me, ‘like men of sense and feeling, and like gentlemen, as most of them are, and they will never take advantage of you, or give you trouble.’”

So much about tutors and lectures. More will occur incidentally as I tell what I remember of other topics.

CHAP. VI.

COLLEGE ETIQUETTE.—VISITING PARTIES.—FRIENDSHIP.—
GENERAL SOCIETY.

“So far,” said Corbett, a few evenings after, “I have given you a sketch of a Day at College, and all its influences on the character, as respects Morning Chapel, the Friendly Breakfast, and the College Lecture-room. The different orders and habits of the studious I will defer for the present, and proceed to initiate Fred into General Etiquette, Customs, and mode of Living, and Visiting at College.

“To look back over college days, as I have often said, makes a man for a moment melancholy. It is a real life in miniature. It has its dawn, its noonday, and its night; its youth, its manhood, and its age; first, proud self-confidence, with warm and sanguine hopes of days too many to count, of strength, vigour and resolution, too rife to fail; then a more subdued and tempered season with schemes more moderate for greater safety, the first dawn of suspicion and mistrust; and last, the autumn and the harvest, when the work of spring is done, and when the wise may exult as they reap, but the foolish must sigh for the

days when they were too thoughtless to till and to sow.

“ You may have heard a great deal said about Freshmen. The years passed at college are generally those from eighteen to twenty-two. At this time of life a single year makes a great difference in the character ; consequently, to say nothing of the bore of being asked the same old questions, and finding your companion under the same ridiculous misconception as numbers have been before him, about things the most obvious and familiar, a freshman is scarcely a fit companion for a man of several terms’ standing. There is a want of sympathy, and they do not amalgamate. Freshmen, therefore, are under the disadvantage of being thrown very much together. It is otherwise in the army. In a regiment, seniors and juniors mix, and childish excesses meet with a more timely check. Most of the follies I have heard mentioned in the country have been only the tricks of freshmen, that is, of youths under twenty, if not nineteen, years of age, aided and abetted perhaps by a few men of long standing, who from their depraved tastes and habits find no countenance among men of their own age, and are obliged to fill up their circle from each relay of freshmen, who naturally feel complimented by the preference.

“ John Edmonds was a regular specimen of a freshman’s patron. His redeeming qualification was good-nature. He was a fine, prepossessing-looking man, with fair natural talent, and being also one of the

scholars, a set generally respected both for their talents and strict propriety of conduct, what wonder if Johnny's company was deemed a great acquisition by every one who happened *not* to know him. The set over which he presided was the refuse of the college. I do not mean to say they were all very bad. Some of my best friends of the present day were of the number. Still, suffice it to say, there were none worse. This set continually required recruiting, because the best—always for some very excellent reason of course, for Johnny was so ‘good a fellow’ no man had the heart to offend him—were from time to time making their escape.

“Now, Fred, I have no doubt that all colleges are pretty much the same—for similar causes produce similar effects—so I warn you to beware of the freshmen's set. The welfare, present and future, of many a one of my contemporaries seemed to turn on that point: and naturally so; for at first you enter, knowing nothing of what college is, you will be disposed to form your ideas and conduct by what you see around you. This I desire you to do. You can (with some obvious reservation of course) scarcely do better; only take a general and not a partial view. For, while at this moment I think of all the men I saw at college as a body, the example and the standard which comes before my mind is a good and safe one, yet what I saw during my first term in Johnny Edmond's set affords me no very pleasing reminiscence. Not a few of this party were deluded

into a belief that riot and licentiousness were true liberty and manliness; that all studious and quiet men were *slow*, all men of proper self-respect *exclusives*, and all men of courtesy and good breeding *spoonies*. Consider the erroneous impression such silly fellows create. Deep drinking, midnight uproar, and disturbance of all quiet and rational men, is what they practised, and what they rejoiced to boast. • A party of ladies, who came one day to visit me at college, after seeing one of this set, and listening to all his stories, observed that they were very much surprised to hear what college life was. 'Why,' said a gentleman of the party, about thirty years of age, 'I have long regretted I never had the advantage of an academical education; but if what I now hear is true, I had rather be out of this place than in it.' Now what was the truth — this party, of which alone he had heard, for quiet, orderly men have nothing so exciting to tell, was the very pest of the whole college. One of them had just before had his head cut open with a boot-jack thrown after him as he ran away from the rage of one peaceably disposed man, whose door he had attacked after a late supper party; and it served him right. But now I think of it, I must tell you of the able and ingenious tactics of old Sober Colley, as I used to call a very excellent, neighbourly fellow in the rooms above me, and with whom I used to boil kettles alternate mornings in the dogdays: and as to tea, sugar, grocery, candles, and every thing either of us

had, which the other was out of, we lived, as we used to say, like the early Britons, with those comforts in common which more *civilised*, but less *civil*, people keep private.

“Well, one night I was coming in rather late, and saw nearly a dozen of the set aforesaid standing about as if they were hatching some plot or other, and one of them had a coal pecker in his hand. A pecker, I must explain, is a heavy-pointed hammer for splitting large coals; an instrument often put into requisition to force open an oak (an outer door), when the key of the spring latch happens to be left inside and the scout has gone away. The pecker, I thought, looked like mischief, and in corroboration of this view of the case, I heard one of them say, ‘We’ll have a try at old Colley’s oak.’ Away I ran to tell old Colley, who had just done reading, and was making tea for about the third time that long night. ‘Will they attack my oak, indeed!’ says Colley; ‘then be quick—stop!—here’s the coal-scuttle half full of small coals; I’ll take this and post myself in the enemy’s rear on the landing-place just above. Ah! and there’s the brown George outside the door for you,’ pointing to a large earthen pitcher as full as high as my knee. ‘Quick, quick, or we shall be too late!’ To post ourselves on the landing-place above, where by putting out the lamp we were sufficiently concealed, and balancing, he the coal-scuttle and I the brown George on the banisters, like two rifles on a rest till the enemy had passed, was not the work of a minute, and

no sooner done than we heard the whole party coming softly up stairs. In my hurry and agitation, I as nearly as possible let the brown George tumble over the banisters, seeing which, 'By jingo, hold fast!' whispered Colley, 'or you'll spifflicate some of them outright.' Meanwhile, they were just passing under, when a coal no bigger than a pea shook off the edge of the scuttle, and one of them, rather startled, as it was the dead of night, said, 'Ah! what's that?' — 'Nothing, nothing,' the next man said; 'what's to be afraid of? he is in bed and asleep;' so on they went. 'Wait till I give the word,' whispered Colley with his breath so close to my ear that it made me flinch again. — 'Now, now's the time!' and he sent the coal flying into the air, rattling over their heads and shoulders, and sounding upon the stairs like the upsetting of a coal-cart; at the same time I turned over the contents of the brown George, sousing almost as many as had been peppered with the coals. Down stairs they went, each on the heels of the other, in the greatest consternation, not knowing what might come next. They heard no one, and saw no one; and feeling this dire retribution the first moment they began the attack on Colley, whom they supposed utterly unprepared, and having only the light of one lamp, and that some yards' distance, they might well have thought the roof was falling on their heads. The next day we heard one of them had said he was so astonished he was not sure what had covered him till he came to the light, and then he found himself

as black as a coal-heaver, and as wet as if he had been under a pump.

“Of course it is not a common occurrence to be so molested, only Colley had once been in this freshman's set, and excited hostility by drawing out. Such tricks are of course pretty much confined to their own party. Indeed, such a liberty could not have been retaliated in this very undignified way had we been utter strangers. The penalty of belonging or having ever belonged to a ‘rowing set’ is exposure to rough play, and such practical jokes and remarks as place a man of spirit in a very awkward dilemma. Whenever, therefore, Fred, you see such conduct as is repulsive to your own good sense and high feelings, do not be so deceived as to consider this the way of the world, good fellowship or independence of character, but take it as a proof you have got among a bad set, and withdraw as soon as possible. Certainly all young men are apt to be somewhat thoughtless occasionally, and when the wine is in the wit is out; but it is the general habit by which you will determine.

“However, on this head, no advice can avail much. Beware of an inclination to *cut* men. Nothing can justify this but an offence to yourself personally, or such conduct as renders a man's company disgraceful. I remember Lesly had deservedly a very uncomfortable time in college. He requested to be introduced to a sporting set, and finding himself too slow for them he wished to back out. The plan he

adopted was to pretend he had taken offence at some, and was above the society of others, and cut them, or passed them by. The consequence was that all his acquaintance considered him a heartless, conceited fellow, and he was very generally despised.

“Of course there is a way of withdrawing from a set you do not like, without giving the least offence. In short, if you are considerate, kind, courteous, a gentleman not only in outward style but innate in-offensiveness, you will not make enemies; if you have not these qualifications no advice can be of any service.”

“Well,” said Mr. Paxton, “this seems very wise counsel; but how is Fred to have the benefit of any better society? While a freshman, it seems he is condemned to the freshman’s set, and this a bad one.”

“Pardon me, he need join no large set at first. Let him resolve to keep aloof for his first, and perhaps his second term, contented with some two or three companions only; he will then feel his way, and see what set to aim at. So long as he keeps out of bad society, he need only wait a chance opportunity, such as an introduction by a tutor or by some old schoolfellow of another college, and he will be readily received. The fact of a freshman’s keeping to himself will attract attention. But if once you are seen with a bad set, you will ever after have a strong prejudice to contend against.

“We must distinguish between visiting acquaint-

ance and speaking, or merely passing acquaintance. My excellent friend Burton and I were mere speaking acquaintance for two years, till chance threw us more together, and showed how admirably we were suited to each other. Then, again, it was five years after I left college that I met with Sir Edward Howard; he had been only a passing acquaintance, for I could not afford to join the expensive society which he kept at Christchurch. Still, when I was near his seat in Derbyshire, expecting to know no one, we identified each other, and were far more intimate than any recent introduction would have made us. Suppose he had remembered me among a bad set: he would have believed and reported of me, as I did lately of Bandall, and my university introduction would have excluded me from all the society and advantages to which it then gained me admittance.

- "Foot of Oriel, again, used to be on speaking terms with all his college, yet there never was a man more truly exclusive. This very extensive acquaintance requires a peculiarly sociable disposition, and less reserve than is natural to most men. Its advantage is very great, for it enables you to know who and what men are; and often you find an amiable heart under a rough exterior; besides, the more society you have, the more collision and consequent development of mind and improvement of character.

"I would advise you to know and converse with

men of all sorts, as far as you innocently can. I would not confine myself to those most evidently studious and religious. Life is not spent only among such persons; so neither should the preparation for life. *The whole need not the physician*; we must *let our light shine* among all classes.

“Men of uncultivated minds and limited advantages,—men of mere sporting and dissipated tastes and habits,—men of no knowledge of books, but much observation on passing events,—men of natural good hearts, and men of rooted principles,—all these various natures, blending in unequal quantities, form no small part of general society; and their ideas, sentiments, follies, failings, and prejudices, bad as well as good, enter materially into what is called public opinion, human nature, or the ways of the world, and form the social atmosphere we are doomed to breathe. How foolish, then, is it to be exclusive! Choose most carefully your bosom friends; but as to speaking acquaintance, be sure you neither avoid nor show yourself cool to any but the flagrantly vicious. As to the proud, cold-hearted, and stiff-necked generation who parade about as if no one were good enough to speak to them, set them down for what they are—mere upstarts, affecting a style and society which is not natural to them.

“In all society, men worth knowing are very guarded and reserved, but most of all at college. Nowhere is etiquette more strict before an introduction, nor intimacy so brotherly afterwards. To

get rid of an unworthy acquaintance at college is almost as difficult as on board ship. If you have a coolness towards a man you face him at chapel, sit next him in lecture and hall, and perhaps meet him on the staircase, or at every turn as you walk up and down the garden, and not unlikely once or twice a day some one will call out to you quite unconsciously, 'Just come here, and hear what this man says,' and so bring you in spite of yourself into close quarters."

"How do they settle their quarrels at Oxford?"

"Oh, I am sure I can scarcely tell you. I remember once seeing two men at a wine party who were known to be cool to each other, and some one said, 'Why, John, do not you see there's a highly respectable gentleman opposite wants to take a glass of wine with you?' And so they laughed it off. If you are offended with a man, you must keep out of his way, and do as men of sense do in the country. As to duels, we always did without them at Oxford, in spite of hot blood and rash heads. The only case at all authenticated I ever heard, happened many years ago. Blows had been exchanged, and, as half the world thought in those days, fight they must. One had never fired before, the other was a practised shot. My friend Broughton, now a steady and exemplary clergyman in a neighbouring county, who was two or three years older than either, tried in vain to reconcile them, and at last volunteered to be the second of one, purposely, as he assured me, that

no balls should be put in the pistols. Port Meadow, at five o'clock in the morning, was the scene of action. But, in spite of all Broughton could do, the pistols were loaded with ball; 'for,' said Broughton, 'the other second was crying like a child, and I carried on the farce with so bad a grace, that they threatened to load for themselves, and fight without seconds at all. That will never do, thought I, one will be killed, and the rest of us hanged; for it felt to me exactly like murder, and such it would have been. Most ready to drop, I measured out fifteen of the longest paces I could stretch. Neither was to fire till I had given the word; so, I cried, "Make ready! present!" both in as quick, loud, and startling a tone as possible (I had heard this trick when dining at the mess table of the —th regiment, in Dublin); then, pausing to give Pemble's hand time to shake, I shouted "Fire!" The moment the shots had passed, the two silly fellows rushed into each other's arms—they were cousins!—and the first words I heard were "Hurrah! true blood!—now for the Craven scholarship!" for they belonged to the Craven family, with the privilege of founder's kin, of which they were both exceedingly proud. One of the parties was sent away from college, but allowed to take his degree, probably on some other pretence, though really on suspicion of this duel, for could the fact have been proved we should all have been expelled.'

"This story I tell you exactly as I heard it: per-

haps on the whole there is not more inconsistency and absurdity, nor less of wickedness, than in other duels. Neither had any wish to hurt the other — each bent on wiping out the stain that the other had cast upon him, and this they were guilty of attempting at the hazard of life. Here was a deliberate preference of the praise of men to the praise of God, which Mr. Wilberforce truly says constitutes the great wickedness of all duelling.”

“But what utter absurdity does all this seem!” said Fred.

“Absurd or not, your father, who remembers the spirit that is now happily passed away, will tell you this is true to human nature. But I have one case more for your amusement, which lately happened, as I heard last week from my young friend Delvain, of Sandhurst College. One childish coxcomb, who had been soundly thrashed for some impudence, wrote a formal challenge to his aggressor. This the friends of the party challenged considered so truly absurd, that they agreed on the best possible means of bringing ‘the man of honour’ to his senses. A hostile meeting was fixed near the place where they used to bathe. The two seconds agreed to put no balls in the pistols, and that the party challenged should be at the expense of a sixpenny pot of currant jelly to stain his waistcoat and shirt, and that at the moment of firing he should fall down as if wounded, and behave as much like a dead man as possible. The valorous youth was allowed to suffer all the horrors

of suspense for one long day, and one night's dreams of sudden death or amputation, being expelled or being hanged, before he came up to the scratch, — and then, when he saw his late companion fall, his coat fly open, his gasping and putting his hand to his heart, and, above all, the clotted currant jelly, he dropped on the ground in a perfect agony of horror, and, after a time, got out, 'What would he do or suffer to see the dead man alive again!' Whereupon up jumped the slain, and applying a finger of scorn, to a nose of contempt, he helped to drag the unhappy mourner down to the water's edge, where, having ducked him to cool his courage, they left him the laughing-stock of his college, and, like the Fair Penitent, to 'think of what was past, and sigh alone.' This story I believe to be substantially true, though I think the party mentioned cannot claim the credit of originality. But how many a duellist would have been rejoiced to find the dead alive, the blood currant jelly, and the remorse of a life exchanged for the ridicule of an hour!

"As duelling is not quite (1857, now *quite*) extinct, hear one word more. About three years since there died at Bristol an old man of about fourscore years, known to all around him for his benevolence and exemplary life. When about twenty years of age he had killed an adversary in a duel: sixty years of repentance and active benevolence had not relieved his conscience of remorse. He told my younger brother he had carried through life a broken heart. In his latest

years, a message that the poor penitent had an attack of illness never failed to remind his medical attendant that the anniversary of the dreadful day had come round. The same surgeon had an opportunity of watching the gradual sinking into the grave of the well-known Mr. Best; and the warning which this awful experience caused him to give my brother, I give to you:—*‘A man who once has blood upon his hands will never enjoy one peaceful moment more.’*

“However, I have been digressing too much. To keep more to our present subject, let me enumerate the several modes of College Visiting.

“I have already mentioned the quiet, social, and most rational ‘sending one’s commons to another’s rooms;’ which means clubbing the breakfast commons or rations usually supplied from the buttery. And it may be observed, the buttery commons of all the in-college guests, collected by the servant of the host, form the substantial part of college entertainments; more or less of beef-steaks, kidneys, anchovy toast, or muffins at breakfast, and game, wine and punch at supper parties, being provided by the host alone. This sending of commons, and making one tea-pot serve for two or three, is above all others the most friendly and reasonable kind of visiting. For every man who is used to a family circle feels dull when he has to make his own breakfast, almost for the first time, in solitude. Besides, what collegian, who has any good stuff in him, does

not feel, about the hour of breakfast, a generous glow, an inward struggle of pent-up energies yearning for the sympathy of a kindred soul? Ask any old university man, and he will tell you, that never before or since did any thing beguile three-quarters of an hour like one of these social breakfasts. Oh! Lydon, Whitbread, Bretton, and John Fisher, were you here, my boys, you could tell how large a part of our books were got up while eggs were boiling, coffee simmering, or a hearty breakfast subsiding and digesting, before and after,—ay, and sometimes during these truly classic meals.

“Next to this was the ‘breakfast coach,’ which was formed of about ten partners, to be worked by each one week in turn. Now, ten is too large a number. This was of two carnivorous a nature. There was nothing intellectual in its constitution. This I say eschew; it degenerates into extravagance and dissipation. Large parties at best are only good for variety.

“The breakfast party used generally to be given on a day when there was no lecture. On any other morning there is little real sociability or comfort. Every man is hurried, and as soon as the mouths of the guests are free to talk, the room is half empty. But, where no lectures interfere, a college breakfast party has its advantages. It is a comfortable and inexpensive way of keeping up a large society; for to invite large numbers at once to a wine party or

supper sometimes endangers a very noisy kind of conviviality.

“A college breakfast party ‘proper’ used to be as follows:—suppose a no-lecture morning, and a party of about fifteen invited. The scout has been told two hours before, ‘breakfast for fifteen this morning, with four out-college men; there is a list of the eleven in-college men.’ By this he understands he is to ask for their commons for his master’s room; also that at nine precisely the confectioner will send *quantum suff.* of muffins, toast, coffee, chocolate, and for meat, beef-steaks and kidneys are indispensable, sometimes a hare, or pheasant, a cold sucking-pig, bacon, potted meats, broiled ham, &c., according to the taste and hospitality of the party. No scout ever complains of trouble of this sort: he has all the leavings. As to cups and saucers, and spoons, the host may very probably, if near the end of his time, not possess enough, counting cracked, chipped, and all, to supply a quarter of the party. Still these articles make their appearance, no one knows how. The scout borrows ‘of other gentlemen,’ as he would tell you, to whom ‘he has to lend sometimes;’ in real truth the scouts lend each other, ‘the gentlemen’ neither know nor care any thing about the matter.

“The party assemble; every one has something to say as he enters the room—some reference to the past, or comment on the present state of things, or persons around. For every thing which happens in any quarter of the university, from the expulsion

of an undergraduate to the installation of a chancellor, from the winning of a steeple-chase, pigeon-match, or boat-race, to the honours of a prize poem, the Ireland or a double-first class, all these matters soon spread ; and, for the most part, oral tradition is more accurate, because more direct, at college than elsewhere. Some one out of a party of fifteen can generally report from the best authority, having heard all the adventures, facts, or circumstances, of what happens among the men, from the party immediately concerned. If it is anything concerning the Dons (the short generic for all university authorities), some one has heard it at a tutor's breakfast, or from such a one whose brother or cousin being a Master (of arts), is admitted to the high table and common room. If any state trial, momentous division, political movement, or civil promotion, or if there is anything expected in the literary world, why then there is a Sugden, Denman, or a Peel, in one college, a Scott, Wilberforce, Lockhart, and, perhaps, a nephew of Southey, Moore, or Rogers in another, or at least some man who has either himself spent a vacation in the vicinity of some Abbotsford or Brentwood, or is intimately acquainted with some one who has. And then how grateful is the importance of being the purveyor of these state secrets or Parnassian mysteries ! Should they chance to be incorrect, why who can help it on such authority ? and with what a zest do we hear these things from the fountain-head ! With what an interest do we read the very same

speech of Thucydides, or analyse the same portion of history in which we have heard at breakfast that the best man of the day has been examined the day before?

“Let me ask you, ye wide-awake and omniscient metropolitans! when you see Lord Brougham’s plaids and Duobus or the Duke of Wellington’s ingeniously contrived Stanhope, cab, and phaeton, all in one, in the act of going to the House the very night on which, touching a most obscure question, the one cast a startling flash to dazzle, the other a clear and steady light to see by, say, has not this little incident made you feel far more interest in the debate, as you read it from a damp and clammy *Times* next morning, than if in the wilds of Cornwall almost tempted to ask, ‘Which is Brougham, and which the Duke of Wellington?’ you dozed over an old paper creased like a beggar’s petition, reading matters which happened ‘a long way off and a long time ago.’ And again I say, collegians! what is the mere gossip of your vacations compared with the stirring novelties of a university breakfast or wine party?—the one is limited almost to the bounds of a single parish, the other is enriched with the tributary streams of daily history from every quarter of the British empire. Ay, and what is your vacation society too? Tell me where but in one of the universities can you, on any stated morning, meet ten or fifteen young men together, accustomed only to the best society, and with minds untainted by the selfishness, the jealousies,

the contentions, and animosities which the daily struggle for daily bread, the galling compromises of an independent spirit, and all the contumely which the deserving from the unworthy takes, indelibly impress upon the heart; blunting the edge of true nobility, and marring the delicate sensibility of the man? No, no, believe me, few men are blessed with the chastening influences of this society after academic days. True, there is folly as well as wisdom in a college, schoolboys as well as men, dishonour as well as honour; in short, human nature is seen both in its weakness and in its strength; but evil exists not in the same proportion here as in general society, because the members of a university are of a more favoured class; they are brought up with more advantages and fewer temptations, and I am sure every old university-man will allow that nowhere, as during college days, are the minds of the innocent so unpolluted by suspicion, and at no period have the vicious so many dark propensities undeveloped, and hidden both from themselves and others. Nowhere in this habitable world will the buoyant spirits and tumultuous passions of youth fail to be an irresistible temptation to many; but once place the hoary-headed sensualist in the scale against the most profligate collegian, and you will soon allow Edmund Burke's oft-quoted position, 'that vice loses half its evil when it loses all its grossness.' Never shall I forget the sense of disgust I once saw created among not the most *particular* set in college, when at a supper

party a visitor, old enough to be the father of any one present, showed what sad truths wine could bring to light.

“ But enough of college parties. Of the wine and supper party, I shall say enough incidentally as I describe other scenes.”

CHAP. VII.

CHOICE OF ROOMS.—COLLEGE HOUSEKEEPING.—DOMESTIC
LIFE IN COLLEGE.

“PERHAPS the most complete and sudden transformation in nature is that of a youth after two months at Oxford, the metamorphosis of the freshman’s term. ‘You have a fine set of freshmen in your college this term, sir,’ said a noted Oxford tailor—‘that is to say, they will be after a bit: I am going among them to-morrow; and when I have put them a little to rights, you wouldn’t know them again—I’m sure you wouldn’t, sir.’ And really it did make all the difference. At first entrance, freshmen are all dressed rather differently from each other, and quite differently from all the rest of the college. The time to see them to best advantage, we used to say, was the first morning of term, shivering before the chapel-door; for nearly all are impressed with a notion that, should any accident prevent their entering an appearance the first morning, they will be sent home as too late.

“See there goes one with his governor. He has just been examined for matriculation; see how fast

the son is talking, and the anxious parent listening. 'What book was it?—where did he tell you to begin?—well, of course you could construe it—did he seem pleased?—what did he say?'—and so forth. See, he has just now passed the beadle—he thinks it is the Vice-Chancellor, or a proctor at least. The scouts are eyeing him as if he were so much addition to their perquisites. Did he but perceive the glance which passed between old Tom, who has seen at least a dozen generations of freshmen, and the gownsman with whom Tom was speaking. 'Never mind, my boy, don't trouble yourself; you *do* look fresh—you can't help it; and, as a secret, should you leave the governor behind, put on (as many have done before you) one of the oldest and shabbiest caps and gowns you can find, and affect all the ease of manners possible; there is not one tradesman in the High Street who would not see you were a freshman the moment you entered his shop.' 'Well, I never,' said old Tom, 'did see anything at all like this—why, the freshmen of this term wants to be as hard down upon one as them of sixteen terms' standing is in general—this won't never do;' therefore, suiting the action to the word, he tries (so he did with me at least) to inform them about 'what other gentlemen does.'

" 'An inventory of your things and glasses did you say, sir?—please, sir, that isn't never done o' colleges—quite different, sir.' 'Put the bones of this here chicken by for your breakfast, did you say, sir?

—none of the gentlemen don't do that o' colleges, sir.' 'Your room not clean, sir!—none of the gentlemen don't like to have their rooms put about more nor this is, sir.' 'What! wouldn't you like to buy these things of me, sir?—all the gentlemen furnishes themselves with sich like, sir.'

"And what is the usual effect of all this impudence and extortion?—for extortion it is, though of a kind by no means peculiar to college servants. That the raw, inexperienced youth, through, it may be, a generous aversion to being thought mean or unmanly, believes every thing is the 'custom of the college'; and by too easy compliance contributes to render that the rule which at first was only the exception.

"For my own part, I had been put on my guard, and to the first plea of custom or perquisites I gave an answer which I would suggest to others on all occasions:—'Either this is your due, or it is not: if it is, I shall be unjust if I refuse you; if it is not, you are unjust in asking. I will consult the college authorities once for all, and in either case you shall have your deserts.' This reply will stop an abuse at once. *Lord Tenterden's* reply to an absurd argument on custom is very striking: 'Custom indeed you talk of; what custom is it that a man shall not be paid for his labour? Why, we shall have highwaymen pleading the custom of Hounslow Heath next.'

"Still, be not hard-hearted—perquisites under

proper restrictions, and fees and gratuities of all kinds, whether to scouts or other servants, tend to a very nice and equitable adjustment of the wages to the labour. The error of giving too much is only folly; too little, crime.

“ ‘Summons you, indeed, sir!’ said a cabman one winter’s night to a man entering a mansion in Portland Place; ‘I shall not summons you—I tell you it’s my due—keep your sixpence—it’s a loaf less among my five children.’

“ This might be false; but what if it was true? .

“ Of college scouts almost every one has a very great horror. Every papa and mamma thinks they are a species of harpy peculiar to the university. The truth is, they are like other servants under similar circumstances. Very great care is taken in choosing them; still, none but sensible and prudent masters ever are blessed with good and trustworthy servants for a continuance; and even among the best housekeepers, when caution ends abuse begins. This is the way all the world over. ‘Pray, ma’am, have you any old servants in your house?’ asked an experienced Bow Street officer while investigating a robbery. ‘Oh! we don’t at all suspect the servants.’ ‘Ah! that’s where it is, you see, ma’am.’ So numerous are the opportunities out of ‘*many a little making muckle*,’ for which servants are so apt to believe ‘we should be the better, and no one else the worse,’ that an old servant, whether in a college or out of one, who lives and dies no richer than his

wages would make him, deserves the admiration of Aristides himself.

“Unquestionably silly schoolboys, who have not more self-respect than to allow their scouts to be privy to practices against all discipline and decency, must expect to find their scouts their masters; while others who habitually spoil and waste as much as they consume or enjoy, must contribute pretty largely to swell the list of perquisites.

“On this point Corbett urges me to dwell, because undergraduates are prone to be led away by example, far more than older persons would believe, when told that ‘scouts are used to this kind of thing, and their ears accustomed to all sorts of conversation.’ Certainly Oxford servants are so accustomed; but among less than a tenth part of every college, and these correspond with, and perhaps will one day join, the ‘men about town.’ The rest have far too strict ideas of propriety.”

“But what would my congregation think,” said Corbett, “should they hear so low a tone of morality as this? Never mind! primary and the highest motives alone I preach from the pulpit; still there is a time for enforcing secondary motives too, and outward decency as well as inward purity. Some persons forget that to observe the form and semblance of virtue is so far good that it implies a constant recognition of a right principle.”

“Men who complain of their scouts generally expose themselves. No undergraduate is imposed upon

by his scout at college who would not be equally liable to imposition with a tiger in the Albany.

“Every set of rooms is provided with an Oak or outer door, with a spring lock, of which the master has one latch-key, and the scout another. My scout had grown old in iniquity—he was, I believe, the only bad one in college. He was afterwards discharged, and subsequently imprisoned for robbery. Still, he never robbed me. I always ‘sporting my oak’ whenever I went out; and if ever I found any article removed from its usual place, I inquired for it; and thus showed I knew where everything was last placed. Whereas Charlton, who lived in the same staircase, lost, by degrees, nearly all his books, and many articles of clothes. And why? He used to leave his rooms without ‘sporting his oak;’ so, of course, he could not hold his scout responsible for what any errand-boy had equal facility of committing. This not ‘sporting of oaks,’ of which the scouts used constantly to remind us as being most unfair and injurious to their characters, was frequently the cause of extensive plunder. I remember one man lost a bunch of gold seals; another 38*l.*; another 15*l.*; another 20*l.* On one occasion, the lock of a desk was forced open.

“One truly distressing case occurred of a robbery committed by an undergraduate. The offender I had often seen and marked as a specimen of a shameless and unprincipled spendthrift; and where is the difference in point of honesty between a man

who deliberately walks into a shop to eat and drink, to consume, put on, or otherwise apply to his own morbid appetite and most covetous, ungodly self, the tradesman's goods, knowing he never can pay, and the man who takes the same goods by open plunder? Is it too much, then, to say, I knew the man was capable of stealing?—Nay, I have known others too, before and since, in every town in which I have lived, also capable of the guilt, however averse to the peculiar form and style of this particular robbery I am about to relate.

“One Thursday morning, Hensham of Queen's was sitting in his rooms, when Lawson came lounging in, talked of the leap he had taken the day before—he was a most desperate rider—begged a cigar, and, early as it was, a little cold brandy-and-water; ‘soda-water if you have it, I am so *seedy*, Hensham, drunk—blind drunk, last night;’ at the same time he pressed him to partake of ‘a spread’ he was going to give that evening, and volunteered to construe the lecture, for Lawson was one of those of whom men used to say ‘He is a queer fellow—not so bad as he seems—his own enemy, but a regular *brick*—stands a good glass of wine on all occasions; is ever ready and obliging to go halves in a tandem, or join in whatever amusement any one else proposes, and a capital scholar withal.’

“Lawson held a Mitchell's Exhibition. Whether they did construe the lecture or not, I forget: at all events, they talked of money having been lost in the

college. 'I only hope I shall not lose my 28*l.*,' said Hensham. 'I have 20*l.* to pay for battels, and just 8*l.* more to carry me through the term. No one will find that in a hurry. Here it is, in this basket of clothes from the wash. Who will think of looking here?'

"In the evening of that day the money was gone. The last thing that would come into anybody's head was, that an undergraduate would take it. So, one friend suggested that perhaps Hensham mentioned it in the hearing of some tradesman's boy, listening at the door; another said, 'Who should take it but the scout?' while one or two wisely remarked, 'Surely he would not dare to steal notes which might be traced—above all, as they were put so carefully away,' and surmised that Hensham must have moved the notes somewhere else.

"Hedges, a very respectable college-servant, was his scout. He had grown old in the service, respected and respectable; and probably out of the many thousand hours which made up the sixty years at which I should rate his life at that trying period, a large part had been spent about the Buttery, Hall, and passages of Queen's.

"Well, old Hedges was sorely vexed when he heard of the loss, and looked everywhere: he shook all the shirts, and turned each pair of drawers and stockings inside out; and was at last, and only at last, convinced the money was gone. 'That searching is all a blind,' said some; but those who saw

and watched him felt more pity than reproach. Guilt may counterfeit innocence for awhile, but providentially it is not so often that innocence looks like guilt. The old man could not rest. All the rooms in that staircase were under his charge; and, worst of all, it was known that Hensham used to sport his oak whenever he went out to walk. Now, though gentlemen are inclined to suspect none but servants of robbery, servants do not limit their suspicions to each other. Every fault and foible of Lawson and every piece of extravagance were well known to Hedges: to what experienced servant would they not be known? It is a great mistake to suppose a man is any sharper for being born a gentleman. Servants, and the lower orders generally, are nearly as discerning in the detection of guilt as those above them, with this advantage, that they arrive at the same conclusions often by a most original and minute series of observations. Hedges was not an ordinary servant; he was a very old and experienced servant; and knowing the many *duns* who besieged Lawson's door every morning, and also that his mother had been in Oxford only the week before, and had been seen crossing the quad. in tears, I shall not be pretending to know too much if I say that doubtless he put all these things together, and then let us see how the account would stand. Here is a gentleman who had every opportunity of stealing the money; the only person likely to know where it was; one whose extravagance would leave him little money of

his own, while his dissipation would require a supply from some one else. Then while these causes would tempt him to dishonesty, the number and the daily clamour of his creditors showed that he had no real principle to restrain him, and very little prudence to supply its place. What wonder, then, that Hedges should make up his mind that Lawson positively was the thief?

“But the next point was how to prove it; for this alone poor Hedges saw could profit him. On inquiry, he learns that, on the day of the robbery, Lawson rode over to Woodstock with a friend: that friend witnesseth that when there, Lawson left him for a short time alone at an inn, and that when he came back, as he was paying for luncheon, he pulled a handful of sovereigns out of his pocket which this friend had not seen before, and therefore concluded he had just changed a note.

“No sooner had Hedges received this intelligence, than he invested eight shillings in the hire of a hack, and rode to Woodstock — found the waiter who had changed the notes, and brought both the notes and the waiter back to Oxford. The notes were identified by the numbers as Hensham's property, and Lawson was identified as the person who had presented them for change!

“Lawson was immediately confined to his room, and strictly watched, till some of the college authorities were ready to take him as a prisoner to his mother's home. She, poor woman, was a widow,

and, by hard savings, had contrived, with aid of an Exhibition, to put her son to college. Only a week before, a sad tale of debts and dissipation had hurried her away to Oxford, where she paid some of her son's debts, and a little consoled by promises of amendment, she had gone back with a heavy heart into the country. The next tidings she was doomed to hear was, that her son had been expelled as a thief, and was then in custody like a felon at her own door!

"Some years after, one of Lawson's friends told me that the mother lost her reason, and ultimately died in a madhouse!

.

"*What are college rooms?*—Careful mammas and inquisitive sisters will be gratified with hearing how a hundred separate establishments, and as many self-taught housekeepers, exist under one roof.

"To form an idea of a college, picture to yourself one or two small squares, such as you see in towns, without any street doors, but with open and public staircases like an inn of court. On the ground floor, as well as on each landing-place, are one or two double doors with names painted over, and often with a kind of corn-bin near them for coals. Suppose we knock at one of these: we will not choose one with the outer door closed, for that is a proof that WILTON, HATFIELD, or whatever his name may be, is engaged or not at home. Above all, do not give a single knock, or you will alarm the gentleman with fear of

a dun. 'But let us try that open door—stay—there is Mason the scout (he remembers me) sweeping out the room.

“ ‘Step in, sir, if you wants to see these rooms. There isn't many rooms that has a study or second sitting-room, so Mr. Wilton most in general goes into Mr. Hatfield's, opposite, while I am clearing up after breakfast, and sometimes he walks in the garden till I have done.’ ‘This is Mr. Wilton's last term in college, I count, sir.’ ‘Yes, sir; he's been here eleven terms; he moves into lodgings next October: here's my closet for glasses and tea-cups and such like; the bedroom window-seat is boarded up for a wine-bin. Outside's the regular coal-bin, that Mr. Wilton and Mr. Hatfield has between them, sir, and that there window-seat lifts up just handy for a gentleman to fill his own skuttle sometimes. There is another closet for cheese-toaster, a bit of a gridiron, kettle, or a coffee-pot, or so; and then there's cupboards for wine and spirits, tea, sugar, and groceries. You might be in time, if you was to bespeak these rooms now, sir. We pay *thirds* here, sir; that would be, sir, about 40*l.* for the furniture of these rooms. Mr. Wilton, I believe, paid 60*l.* Ah! sir, the fairest way is where the gentleman that goes out has the furniture valued to the gentleman as comes in; for you see, sir, about their last terms the gentlemen lends their rooms to each other for large parties, because they are paid just as much for the furniture,

however badly the carpet is *smoked* upon. A pretty airy bedroom, sir—room to stand to dress here, sir: some of our rooms has only a bed in a closet to pull up and down. Furniture varies, sir, from about 20*l.* in the garrets, to 70*l.* or 80*l.* where there are three rooms with good carpets. Some gentlemen is so particular—they are most all, sir, at first. Afterwards they seem to think, the worse the furniture the less chance of spoiling; but some pays so much for easy chairs, and some for pictures; then when they go away it's a great loss.'

"In choice of rooms, take these hints:—if the carpet is old you will always be covered with dust, so refuse the carpet, and order a new one. Look at the ceiling, and guess from the colour whether the fire smokes. Consider draughts, and see that the windows are in good order. Inquire whether it is a *rowing* or a quiet staircase. If a tutor's rooms are near, you will have a ready excuse for stopping all rough play and noise among your friends. A garret is too high to mount, and usually inconvenient. The ground-floor, or any rooms too much in the thoroughfare, are very objectionable, being the resort of loungers, while going to or from lecture. It is in vain to sport your oak when your friends can look through the window; for you will find that the frolicsome and light-hearted soon become too intimate to stand on ceremony. The best situation is in or very near a tutor's staircase; for here you have

usually quiet neighbours ; and all tutors know how to make allowance for any little disturbance which may arise, as we will call it, accidentally, from the excitement of a *pass party* or *bump supper*, which, in plain English, means a little joviality to celebrate passing an examination, or bumping in a boat-race. However, let it not be supposed that the number is small of those who keep a quiet and orderly house from the day they enter college to the day they leave. Lastly, consider whom you have overhead ; for should he have the organ of music, and be always fiddling ; the bump of pugnacity, and hold bread and cheese and porter meetings, with boxing-gloves, single-stick, or some kinds of gymnastics, about luncheon-time every day ; or, again, should he be one of the Peripatetic school, and be always pacing about his room ; or declamatory, and given to spouting : in all these cases a neighbour may be very obnoxious, without being legally indictable for a nuisance.

“ Still, when you have once chosen rooms, use every endeavour to live on good terms with all your neighbours. Never mind how different they may be from yourself in taste or character ; there is some good to be found in most men. The wildest men are quietly disposed sometimes, just as many madmen have some lucid intervals ; so, try to be on friendly terms, and to find a resource of some kind with all you meet, especially with those who live in the same staircase.

“In my staircase were men of two sets, both inferior to that in which I moved. I was acquainted with all. I told them in so many words that I could not increase my acquaintance; that they had their set and I mine; that our habits did not agree, though at the same time I wished well to all.

“If I was in Jenkinson’s rooms, for instance,—as I often was while my rooms were being cleaned, my fire was burning up, or when he had a cup of tea and I had no water to make one for myself,—sometimes three or four of his uproarious set would come in: not knowing me, they would often say, ‘I see you are engaged, Jenkinson;’ still, I took care they should always be asked to remain; then I never scrupled to join casually in conversation, until at last I had a talking or passing acquaintance with nearly all, and three of them I found to be men who, when away from their companions, were very excellent and rational characters. But so completely is this world a sphere of temptation, that our very virtues betray us. An excess of generosity, and a certain easy compliance with the ways of others rather than spoil their sport or mar their merriment, this is the cause of a deal of folly as the first step, and of no little wickedness as the last.

“With several of these men, whom I believed fit for better things, I used to talk and advise, especially over a quiet breakfast-table. And, if a man has any good genial stuff within him, any milk of human kindness swelling in his breast, any soft and silken

ties, which mothers weave and sisters strengthen, and all the chaste associations of a parent's roof yet further wind around the heart, linking the cradle with the grave—if these are not all severed and burst asunder, the morning is the season in which they put forth all their strength: the excitement of the noonday, and the riot of the night, week after week, may try them hard, and seem to part them; still, on the daily drama of life, sleep timely lets fall the curtain, and all the virtues the profligate would have murdered, reviving with the morning sun, send a thrill through the breast, and instinctively whisper, 'It is not too late to be wise.'

"In these pliant hours I used to talk to poor John Elliott—he died three months after he took his degree—till he would say, 'My dear fellow, I *am* a fool—I know it—every morning I feel as disgusted with myself as you could wish to make me; and say, "What am I doing? spending my money in pleasure, as I call it, and not one minute have I enjoyed." I do really believe that you, with your fusty books, were more happy yesterday than I was riding across country all day, and supping with the club all night; and I am sure I am ten times more miserable the next morning. But then here's the difference between you and me—you are always in good spirits when alone, just as I used to be, while I am wretched with the *blues*. So, you see, I know I am a fool, but I can't help it.'

“Oh! it’s a thrice-told tale. But it is long ere the paths of virtue are paths of pleasantness to those who, prodigal of pleasure, have been reduced to the very husks of life, and levelled themselves with the swine.”

CHAP. VIII.

COLLEGE DISCIPLINE. — RUSTICATION, IMPOSITIONS, AND OTHER PUNISHMENTS. — DEANS, PROCTORS, COMMON ROOMS AND POLICE OF PREVENTION.

“‘FETCH me some plum-pudding, Edward,’ said Jenkinson to his scout one day at dinner.

“‘Whose name, please sir?’ asked Edward, scarcely able to repress a smile.

“‘Why, let us see—oh! Grooby here, on the right, was punished to the extent of my beer, so Williamson, the gentleman on the left, of course must suffer for my pudding.’

“Edward soon brought the commons of pudding, and said, ‘Please, sir, the butler thinks he had better tell you your name has been crossed so many days, that if you don’t send in your imposition soon, you will lose the term.’

“‘Hang that Wilmot! hasn’t he sent home my imposition yet?’

“‘No, sir: I spoke to him this morning as he was shaving Mr. Holt, up the chapel staircase, and he said you should have it this evening. But you know, sir, you never let me tell you a single word about your impositions; and I am often afraid you will lose your term; for they barbers has so much to do, and

they will try to write so much more than they can get through themselves, instead of putting papers out, that it is no good my speaking to them.'

" 'Well, Edwards, you must blow him up. Say that he must promise the poor wretch who does my work a bottle of wine once a term — besides his eighteen-pence a hundred lines: it's dry work, I am sure, so I must pay for it. Tell him, too, that if he is not punctual after all this magnanimity on my part, I'll cut his connection, and employ — the hatter.'

"All this dialogue needs explanation. Mr Jenkinson was the wild young man mentioned in the last chapter. Every time he missed either chapel or lecture, the tutor's or dean's servant would come round with a paper like the following, with his master's compliments: —

" 'MR. JENKINSON *will write out the Morning Psalms of the 18th.*

" 'Also *the Evening Psalms of the 21st, and have his name crossed till these impositions are delivered into the Buttery.*

" 'MR. JENKINSON *will translate the lecture which he missed for Mr. Evelyn.*'

"So bad was the hand which poor Jenkinson wrote — he is dead, I observed; I always pitied him, and would by no means hold up his example to imitation, as, indeed, the sequel will show—that the many im-

sitions which he incurred would have kept him hard at work all day long, so he *barbarised* them, that is, handed them over to the college barber, who had always some poor scholars in his pay. This practice of barberising is not uncommon among a certain class of men. Of course all tutors are aware of it, having been previously undergraduates themselves. Some scrutinise the handwriting and prevent it; though others find that their object is attained even though the task be thus turned into a fine. For of course mere copying from the text of any book, or from an English translation, cannot improve the offender, unless his wits are in his fingers' ends.

"Still, the very sight of these servants made Jenkinson nervous—and whom do they not? What offender can be sure the message may not be one which was shortly after delivered to Jenkinson, a summons before the Common Room, or Council of Dons, sitting in judgment on his misdeeds, with a whole file of imposition papers, and lists of things done and left undone strewed on the table before them?

"Who can say, before he reads the very ominous-looking paper—as like as can be in size and shape to a writ—and always invested with a certain fatal and inexorable cogency and *dira necessitas*—who can say it may not be what our college porter used to call 'a walking ticket,' or sentence of rustication? Such a one I once saw; as nearly as I can remember, it ran thus:—

“ ‘ March — 1834.

“ ‘ MR. JENKINSON *will leave the university before*
12 o'clock A. M. to-morrow, and not return
till next term.

“ ‘ Common Room,
—— College.’

“ Well, therefore, might so old an offender as Mr. Jenkinson feel nervous at the very knock of these unwelcome messengers; so, for his greater peace of mind, he arranged as follows:—‘I told both the servants that they should have a bottle of wine once a term if they would always show the ticket—not to me, nor let me ever see their ugly faces—and to no one but my scout. Then Edward takes it directly to Wilmot (the barber), and Wilmot has the imposition done and hands it back to Edward, who sends it into the buttery, removing the cross off my name; and so from no one of them do I hear a single word about my character till the end of term, when I read all my offences on Wilmot’s bill.’

“ This refinement on idleness I never knew carried quite so far before or since. How it prospered will be judged from this:—the last drop makes the cup run over; and before Jenkinson was aware of the bitter draught prepared for him, an accumulation of minor offences added to one (rather accidental and generally venial) noisy party in his room caused his rustication. Besides, Mr. Jenkinson, sharp as he

thought himself, did not consider this — that the servants were much more disposed to side with the tutors, their permanent masters, than with undergraduates, who remain but three years at all events, even supposing no mishap shorten their college days. It is not improbable that the whole of this arrangement might have been known to the very dons it was designed to defeat; and even a copy of Wilmot's bill might have been put in before the Common Room as evidence against the accused.

“The effect of crossing the name in the buttery is this:—to keep a term requires residence in the university for a certain number of days within a space of time known by the calendar, and the books of the buttery afford the conventional proof of residence; it being presumed that if neither bread, butter, pastry, beer, or even toast and water (which is charged one farthing) are entered on the buttery books in a given name, the party could not have been resident that day. Hence the phrase of ‘eating one's way into the church or to a doctor's degree.’ Suppose, for example, residence for twenty-one days is required between the first of May and the twenty-fourth inclusive; then there will be but three days to spare, and should a name be crossed for more than three days in that term, the other twenty days would not count, and the term would be irrecoverably lost. Having our names crossed in the buttery, therefore, suspends collegiate existence while the cross remains, besides putting an embargo on

pudding, beer, bread and cheese, milk and butter; for these articles come out of the buttry. Meat and vegetables come out of the kitchen, where the names are very rarely crossed except for non-payment of battel bills. Consequently, men who have their names crossed come into the hall and battel for buttry supplies in a friend's name. This is also done for butter, milk, and bread at breakfast; though these are more commonly procured (not very economically, of course,) from the confectioner.

“Batteling in a friend's name therefore implies eating and drinking at his expense.

“To lend a name is the term for the obligor, and to borrow a name, or battel in a name, is the term for the obligee. This practice is very properly discouraged by the college authorities. I remember that at one time, in order to make up a supper for some out-college friends, it was very common to send to the buttry a list of the names of eight or ten of your acquaintance who did not usually eat supper, and thus take out their commons as if they were among the number of your guests. Absurd as it may seem, I have often heard such a conversation as this:—

““ Edward, why have you not brought more supper? this will not do for eight men?”

““ Please, sir, three out of the eight names were gone before I got to the buttry. Mr Jones didn't go into hall to-day, and he always has his supper for himself the days when he reads on all dinner-

time. Then Mr. Wilson has the other two names for his supper, sir.'

"This mutual accommodation put an end to all economy. Men used to say, 'Order out your supper whether you want it or not, for some one else will have it if you do not.' In this way many a man's expenses were unnecessarily increased five or six shillings a week.

"This will explain being crossed, and batteling in a friend's name.

"Impositions are of various lengths. For missing chapel, about 100 lines to copy; for missing a lecture, the lecture to translate. This is the measure for an occasional offence. Habitual offenders are treated with a 'sliding-scale.'

"For coming in late at night repeatedly, or for any offence nearly deserving rustication, I have known a whole book of Thucydides given to translate, or the Ethics of Aristotle to analyse, when the offender has been a good scholar, while others, who could only do mechanical work, have had a book of Euclid to write out.

"Long impositions are very rarely *barberised*. When college tutors intend to be severe, which is very seldom, they are not to be trifled with. Any appeal or plea for mercy against a sentence once passed would be deemed not only unmanly and humiliating, but utterly useless; the reply is, 'Sir, the Common Room has passed your sentence, and the Common Room alone can reverse it.' Of course, to call the

venerable Provost from his study, and all the tutors from their several classes, and to induce them to forget the consistent man's motto, *quod dixi, dixi*, 'whether right or wrong, stick to it,' and to hold another Common Room, all on account of some known pestilent fellow whom Mr. Sharpshins the censor has perhaps been already complimented for having 'caught at last'—this would be about as easy as for a convicted felon to bring back the judge and jury, and have the assizes over again.

"At Cambridge impositions are not always in writing, but sometimes two or three hundred lines to repeat by heart. This is ruin to the barber. I have been credibly informed that ——— of ——— College, Cambridge, who was famed for the power of his memory, compounded for an offence of omission, which he could not make up his mind to leave off, and in the way of penance, without penitence, stipulated to repeat four hundred lines of Homer weekly. This he continued through the Iliad. Probably the tutor thought this task more improving than the one omitted.

"Knocking in late, or coming into college after eleven or twelve o'clock, is punished frequently with being 'confined to gates,' or being forbidden to 'knock in,' or come in after nine o'clock for a week or more, sometimes all the term. At this hour the university bell, Tom, sounds a hundred and one, after which the gate of every college, is closed for the night: and all names are entered in the porter's book. In

some colleges a fine is imposed for entering past a certain hour : this will explain the meaning of a ' gate bill.'

"Oh ! the misery of being confined to gates. However seldom it may be that the poor prisoner has occasion to go out of college, he is sure to desire it when confined to gates. His best friend invites him to a supper party, or he is offered a seat in a tandem to go to Henley and return late, or he wants to spend a quiet evening at the Mitre with some friends from the country, or it happens in the summer, and Tom always sounds before he can return from the boat-races ; above all, if he stops (and who does not ?) to hear the bump talked over by the crews as they come reeking and trembling out of the barge and the boat-house. However, my tutor once observed, ' We are aware of the inconvenience of the punishment, and do not intend that you should like it.'

"Many attempts are made to evade confinement to gates. Can porters be bribed ? Very seldom. Their places are too valuable.

" ' I shall find a bottle of wine on your table, did you say, sir ?' said the porter of — College to Vincent. ' A porter's place is worth more than that. Not be found out, indeed, you think ! You see, sir, your bedmaker (scout) must know if you are out of college ; and if by his information I get out of my lodge, he may get in. Then a tutor may meet you out of college, or you may be up to

some "lark," and get into a proctor's hands. The porter of —— College lately lost his place because the friend of a gentleman whom he had favoured happened to be made fellow and dean of the college, all within two years, and then he remembered the old trick, and was down upon him in a very short time. Why, sir, there's a hundred ways of a porter being found out, if he does not do what is right.'

"One of the windows of Wadham College admitted an escape by the garden; the bars of the window near the gate of Exeter College were also loosened, and made to take in and out; a party escaped from a window of University College on the top of a coach driven on the pavement. Magdalene, St. John's, Trinity, and Worcester, have gardens which are always difficult to fortify. But what is the consequence? the college servants, the policemen, the University tradesmen, and every one connected with the place, all have more or less an inducement to give information. The pleasure of telling something worth knowing, and the desire to be conspicuous, are motives enough for most men.

"'Mr. Phillips,' said the wife of a surgeon to a college tutor, while he was waiting to cut in at a rubber, 'I have a secret to tell you. My maid has a sister who lives near the corner of your garden, and she tells me that she has seen three young men—and she said she could easily find out their names—getting over the walls more than once.' Without any more information, two of these cunning fellows were rusticated

for two terms. This lady's motive was mere self-importance. Her husband had also resolved to inform, because, as he said, 'Common sense tells me that when these practices go on, no good can come either to the young men themselves, or to the college in general.'

"If there are so many chances of being reported, even by persons who have so little occasion to interfere, how can any one reasonably hope to escape all the dangers from college servants, policemen, and proctors, and all the spies who desire to gain their favour? It is not so much pure hostility to guilt, as a desire to be thought a sharp fellow, that makes the officer so keen in the detection of offenders.

"I remember an instance, in which two men, who had been in the habit of bribing a porter to make false entries, returned late from Ascot races, and the porter, without informing them of his intention to spare them in that instance, once more omitted to enter their names. The next morning the tutor sent for them, and accused them of having climbed over the walls. This they denied. 'Then,' said the tutor, 'by your denial you bring a heavy charge against the porter, for I ascertained you were not in college at the hour in which he commenced to enter names, and yet you slept in college the same night; you must either have come in over the walls or through the gate, for at nine o'clock you were absent.' They found themselves in this dilemma—either to

remain under the imputation of a lie, or to bring the porter into trouble. That a tutor should cause every room to be searched to prove that they were really absent, was an act of scrutiny for which they were wholly unprepared. Their own personal friends knew how the case stood, but many concluded they were guilty of telling a lie. And what right had they to complain? For, had they not previously been guilty of allowing the porter to record a lie for them, this could never have happened.

“Let it not, however, be supposed that so dishonest an action as that of bribing a servant to be false to his master can be generally countenanced at a university. In every college there is a set of men who are far too high-minded to receive such practices with anything but the most unqualified disgust.

“There are some youths, I am aware, who, without being capable of all the turpitude which such an act would seem to imply, are led away by an idea that bribing porters is a recognised college trick, that it is all fair to cheat a Don, and that things may be done at college which could not be justified in the country. There cannot be a more lamentable nor more dangerous mistake. It is true that in Oxford, as in every other society, there will never be wanting some to keep those of lax principles in countenance. But I sincerely hope that these lines may be a timely warning to Freshmen, and that they will be convinced that present disgrace as well as future self-reproach will be their fate, if they mistake the mere

casuistry of the profligate for the cool sanction of men of honour.

“College servants, like all other servants, live surrounded by great temptations. The downward path to dishonesty is so easy, and so nicely graduated, from the last extension of fair perquisites to the first species of petty larceny; from picking to stealing, and from what is termed *cribbing* to the most bare-faced robbery; that, if we consider the state of poverty which all who live from hand to mouth have constantly either to suffer or to fear, as also the profusion and the waste which too often suggest the thought,

“ ‘He that is robb’d, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he’s not robb’d at all;’

and if we also reflect on the disadvantages under which servants are brought up, surely we ought not only to treat their failings with the utmost indulgence, but also to be most careful that they do not detect the slightest recognition of falsehood or dishonesty in the example of those who are set in authority over them. And what must a college servant think, when, from the number of those who, what with all the culture and the care of parents and of tutors, must seem like the very lords of creation, they find one who can condescend to look him in the face, and ask him to connive at a gentleman’s vices by betraying a servant’s trust? Can this be the practice, the recognised practice at college? Believe it not. I grant that at college mere folly is received

with more than ordinary indulgence, from the consideration of youth; for it is fair to presume that as we grow older we may grow wiser; but lying, directly or indirectly, is a vice which men more often grow into than out of. So, at college, as elsewhere, those who are found encroaching on the province of truth are marked men for life; and in this assertion I have a case in point, which, as I can so relate it that the guilty party may not at this distance of time be recognised, I will here introduce.

“One night, while supping with a friend, I was introduced to Edward Sackam of —— College. He was at the time confined to gates; and therefore about eleven o’clock, wishing to get into college, and not daring to knock in, for then the porter’s book would show that he had disobeyed a college order, he requested some of his friends to help him over the garden wall. No sooner had he landed on the other side than, as he said, he observed something at a little distance which looked at first like a tree; but observing it move bodily forward, he at once suspected it was some spy upon his movements, and in a few moments he found himself playing hide-and-seek among the bushes with the porter, for he it was who had been set to watch the only undefended corner of the college wall. At last he thought he had tired his artful dodger out, when in reality he had only satisfied him of his identity, and escaped to his own rooms, where he fancied he was quite safe, the night seeming too dark to allow any one to recognise him.

The next morning, however, he received notice to hold himself ready to appear before the Common Room at eleven o'clock.

“Fear usually makes persons communicative; so, very naturally, Sackam began to question the servant who brought the message; but John, though usually so loquacious, only increased his master's alarm by appearing all at once most significantly and emphatically silent; and at last, being more imperatively questioned, he let out, ‘Why, you see, sir, I am as sorry as any one; but our places, you see, sir, is much to us. Then there are some of the gentlemen in the Common Room that is going to sit, who were undergraduates themselves quite lately, and were all quite talkative to us, as you might be, sir, only a few terms ago, and were glad to have us not see or hear, or tell of, what the tutors might like to ask us about, you understand, sir; no more than you would now, sir, if we are asked about this business of yours, sir. Then they, sir, now that they are come to be tutors themselves, sir, is more sharp than any one about the Common Rooms, which are held, you know, sir, about servants as well as about their masters, sir; and, for the least thing that is, sir, I might be ordered outside the gates in a day, sir, and then, before I could look about to ask on again, there would be a matter of fifty new faces seen about the staircases to get into my place before I was well out of it. Then you see, sir, this is not like other service; a college servant once discharged can never expect to get employed

again, sir; besides, if we stop long, we get raised to ringing the bell, sir, and to be Common Room man, sir; and all this, sir, wants a pretty deal of care, sir. So, sir, though I *feels for you*, sir, the less I say to you, sir, the less I shall have to answer for myself.'

"Part of this conversation was talked over before my scout, who let drop that a change of masters caused a new and profitable conveyance of goods and chattels, and that when a gentleman was rusticated, his scout's interest naturally ceased for a season, and sometimes they never saw him again. 'For some of their fathers, sir, are offended, or else think their sons have had enough of it, and try the army for them, or put them to something, so that we hear no more of them when once they are rusticated. I have been here some years, sir, and seen many of the old gentlemen about this very set of rooms, sir; that is, when their sons have got too much in debt, or sent away, or the like of that, sir, and they are then generally pretty glad to talk to one of us, for they know we must see a pretty deal of what goes on, sir.'

"But to return, Edward Sackam, seeing little to be done with his scout, applied to several of his friends, and, without appearing aware of the extent to which they would feel insulted, he asked them to help him out of the scrape by bearing testimony to a lie. Finding that they indignantly refused, he urged it was only 'taking in the Dons,' and he thought no one was very particular about that, any *more*

than telling a lie to a master at school! My readers must by this time see that our young gentleman had received a very promising education; the true Spartan morality of an age happily passing away: but mark the end.

“He had already told a lie to the Dons, by protesting against the justice of his sentence. His father just then came to Oxford, and, by a very natural transition, the lie which he had told only to a Don he stuck to when questioned by his father. The father, without evincing any incredulity, allowed an hour to pass away, and then took him a quiet walk round the town, and suddenly stopped, and put the question of guilt or innocence to him again, solemnly adjuring him to tell the truth.

“To suppose that a man will not swear to a lie he has once deliberately told is to suppose he will resist a greater temptation after yielding to a less. So this ‘conventional lie to a Don,’ which he had told his friends, was only like pleading not guilty to an indictment, soon became a piece of deliberate ungodly perjury to his own father!

“Mr. Sackam, on the faith of his son’s assurance, thinking that the college authorities had come to too hasty a conclusion, began to remonstrate, alleging that after his son’s declaration he considered they must be mistaken. Whereupon those gentlemen laid the whole evidence before him; which shows so plainly how much more strictly undergraduates are watched than they have any idea of, that it deserves

particular attention. The tutors showed Mr. Sackam that, from a correspondence with the proctors, they had ascertained that his son's late hours, for which they had confined him to gates, were only to be accounted for on a supposition not very pleasing to a parent to hear;—that the proctors, through their attendants commonly called Bull-dogs, and above all through the activity and espionage of the marshal, received much certain information of the profligate habits even of many who never actually fell into their hands;—that through these channels they knew that Edward Sackam was a likely man to be very impatient of the restraint to which he had been sentenced;—that on the evening in question he was seen going out of college at six o'clock, and that the porter was then instructed to close the gate, though before the usual hour, and to observe when he came in again;—that the porter declared he had not re-passed by the gate at all;—that a servant was set to watch the garden, who reported that about eleven o'clock he saw some one in size and figure like Mr. Sackam jump down off the wall, and, after dodging with him some minutes, he escaped up the staircase in which Mr. Sackam 'lay';—that shortly after he ascertained that Mr. Sackam was at home, though only a short time previously he had been out;—that he had been seen to go out of college in a pair of boots, the only pair, as proved by the shoe-black, he had in wear, and that these the next morning were found covered with fresh garden mould, and corre-

sponded in form with the footmarks under the garden wall.

“ This evidence was so truly overpowering, that it convinced even the offender himself that the conclusion was irresistible, and that he might just as well confess at once.

“ After all this the sentence of rustication was changed into expulsion, though he afterwards took his degree at — Hall. When I said that he was expelled, I do not mean that there was any formal or public expulsion. Indeed, this is a punishment of which I have never heard an instance. The offender is usually allowed to ‘ take his name off the books,’ and thus save the college authorities the most painful part of their duty. A man who leaves one college can never hope to be admitted into another: he is obliged to go to a hall if he continues at Oxford: and this is no slight punishment. For, a large part of the members of such halls as will condescend to receive him, are men who have either shared the same fate as himself, or for other causes are not the most desirable associates. Indeed, even a dissipated man like Sackam soon finds the society very little to his liking. He soon discovers that, after his *transportation*, he is in a far less favoured land, and generally resolves not to speak to a single man in the hall.

“ Let me not be understood to speak disrespectfully of halls generally. In Cambridge the halls stand on the same footing as the colleges, but at Oxford they did not, in my time, hold by any means so high

a place in general estimation. Certainly those halls which admit the outcasts of other colleges, and of those alone I am now speaking, used to be precisely what one would expect to find them; indeed, I had rather that a son of mine should forego a university education altogether, than that he should have so sorry a counterfeit of academical advantages as a 'transportation hall' used to afford. If improvement of character is the object, seek it at a respectable college. If all you want is a mere testamur, or two letters after your name, certainly when turned out of a college, you may carry on the farce at a hall, till you obtain this scrap of paper or empty honour; which, as an experienced college tutor and examiner remarked, 'Considered by itself, independently of the influences under which it is obtained, guarantees no single qualification, but *is often a mere ticket to impose on society at large.*'

"I have now said enough to show that there is a sufficient account kept of the conduct of collegians by the mere daily reports of the Lecture Room, the Chapel, and the Porter's Lodge. Supposing, for instance, any suspicion of irregularity attached, we will say, to David Jones of Jesus College, presuming that college to be governed on the usual system, the investigation would be conducted thus:—

"While taking wine in the Common Room, or club room, to which all the college authorities repair after dinner, Mr. Williams, the tutor, would perhaps remark, 'David Jones has missed my lecture two

Wednesdays following.' 'Indeed!' would say Mr. Powell, the dean; 'I will look at my lists.' Then the next evening he would report that he had perhaps discovered, that, on the same Wednesdays, David Jones missed chapel, as also that he was absent from hall. On this, Mr. Evans, another tutor, might add, that the supper lists showed that Mr. David Jones had become acquainted of late with a very noisy and hard-drinking set of men, while from the porter's list it appeared, that on the days in question he knocked in very late, and on both nights about the same hour. If Mr. Morgan should then bear testimony that Mr. Jones had ceased to prepare for his lectures also, and that he seemed generally reckless and unsettled, the question naturally would arise, what does Mr. Jones do with himself on Wednesdays, and what is the reason of the change in his conduct generally? The scout, perhaps, would next be questioned, and say he had seen him with a new gun, had heard him ask about the keep of pointers, and that he observed many more 'duns' about Mr. Jones's door than there used to be. Then one of the tutors would remember that Mr. Jones's father had observed he could ill afford the heavy cost of college education; and the inference would be, that David Jones had lately got among a set which did him little good, and that he was going 'much faster' than either his present possessions or future expectations could warrant. Mr. David Jones would then be sent for; and making his appearance

in a fashionable coat, fancy stock, waiscoat and trousers imported expressly for the term, would declare he did not know he had been particularly irregular; that he had only missed so many lectures, and that, had it not been for such and such reasons, he should not have missed them; that he never came in later than twelve o'clock (the penal hour). And so would he go on volubly recounting the very much he had done, and excusing the very little he had left undone. To all this the reply would be—'No! Mr. Jones; but what occasion can you have to be often out as late as half-past eleven? Is this favourable to study, Mr. Jones? Then you must lie in bed in the mornings, for we observe you never come to morning chapel, as you used, Mr. Jones. Besides, you seem to be very much in company, to have noisy parties in your room, and to be generally an altered man, Mr. Jones.'

"If this did not bring Mr. Jones to book, at Collections (an examination at the end of every term), an attempt would be made to 'floor' him, and convict him of idleness; then the President, who on such occasions sits in state to commend the good and censure the flagitious—though on ordinary occasions he delegates much of the executive power to the vice-president and tutors—the President, I say, called in some colleges Warden, Dean, Principal, or Master, would kindly and affectionately remonstrate with him, and say how unwilling he would be to inflict the usual punishment of those

who did not satisfy the examiners at Collections, by taking away his term; that terms were not kept nowadays by mere eating buttery commons, but by giving proofs at Collections of some mental development and intellectual improvement during each term; that he trusted that Mr. Jones's good feelings (of which he had little), and his good sense (of which he had less), would cause him to think seriously of the past and to do better for the future.

“But supposing a proctor should send to inquire the character of Mr. Jones, saying, that he had been found one Wednesday night in a part of the town far removed from the respectable shops, colleges, and other haunts of the virtuous, then poor Mr. David Jones, having already been summoned before the proctor, would hear some such a sentence as this: ‘I would have passed over your offence, Mr. Jones; but I have reason to believe that it is not the first time you have been where the marshal found you. You will, therefore, be rusticated for a term. You have little idea, doubtless, of the chances against you, when you offend in this manner. There are plenty of spies on *immorality* (this observation was made verbatim to one of my contemporaries); indeed I should like young men to know that: to say nothing of the wickedness of their conduct, they cannot enter the house of one of those persons you were visiting, without a next-door neighbour, through jealousy, sending information to us. This is the way that proctors hear in many cases, from degraded cha-

racters, of the very class we are bound to punish ; and the informer of to-day may be informed against, and sent to gaol, to-morrow."

"The proctors act as university magistrates: they are appointed from each college in rotation, and remain in office one year. They nominate four pro-proctors to assist them. Their chief duty, in which they are known to undergraduates, is to preserve order, and keep the town free from improper characters. When they go out in the evening, they are usually attended by two servants, called by the gownsmen Bull-dogs, who step politely up to any person seen under suspicious circumstances, and inform him that the proctor wishes to speak to him ; when, should he not give a satisfactory answer, he is asked his name and college, and desired to call on the proctor the next morning. There are certain localities over Magdalene Bridge, on one end of the town, and near the Clarendon press on the other, called St. Clement's and Jericho, which, like Barnwell in Cambridge, are considered strong presumptive evidence against any gownsmen who is found there after dark.

"The marshal, a chief officer, is usually in attendance on one of the proctors: the one I remember was a sharp little man, and said to be a very fast runner ; for there are instances in which the challenge to stop, *siste per fidem*, has been answered by *curre per Jovem*. I have heard that this mode of escape is more often tried by the Cantabs than by the Oxonians ; pro-

bably it is not considered so great an aggravation of the original offence.

“It is also the proctor's duty to take care that the cap and gown are worn in the university. Few proctors interfere except in the High Street, and public places. If you say you are going for a walk, or if it appears likely, from the time and place, you are allowed to pass; otherwise, you may be sent back to college to put on your academics.

“The most amusing story of proctorising is told of a very distinguished university character in his younger days. He had been frequently annoyed at being sent back to put on his academics; which of late years has only signified cap and gown, the rest of the academical dress being allowed to pass away with the fashion of the times. At length this refractory youth dressed himself in knee breeches and buckles, and complied as exactly as possible in every particular likely to seem most absurd to modern eyes. Thus disguised, he soon put himself in the proctor's way, who began:—

“‘Sir! how dare you persist in appearing without academics, and in this figure too?’

“‘Pardon me, sir,’ was the reply: ‘I believe that you are the party at fault; I have carefully dressed myself according to the statute, and I fear your dress is much more modern.’

“‘Then, ridiculous as you have been at the pains of making yourself, I have only to say, you are without a very distinguishing part of the academical

dress still; you have no bands,' said the proctor triumphantly.

" 'Bands, indeed, sir! I must submit that, according to the statute, bands may be worn, not at the neck only, but about any part of the person; accordingly, I am perfectly at liberty,' he said, turning up the skirts of his coat, and showing a pair of bands ridiculously flapping about the small of his back, 'to wear my bands as I please, so I wear them *here*.'

"As to common stories of annoying proctors, to estimate them in their true character, we should consider if we ever heard of gentlemen in the country publicly annoying or venting their discontent on an unpopular magistrate. Nothing but the mere folly and weakness of schoolboys can be suggested as even a probable explanation of scenes so startling to sober reason as gathering a mob about a proctor, and similar extravagances. These scenes in reality rarely happen, yet they are so often mentioned as to appear far more common than they are. Certainly the only proper and manly line of conduct as regards proctors is this: to be very slow in believing that they can have any other desire than that of discharging their duty firmly, mildly, and impartially. But, at the same time that I express the greatest contempt for those who forget that they owe a duty to every proctor as a man in authority and a gentleman, I cannot pity either tutors or proctors who are generally unpopular; for, from what I have both seen and heard, I am convinced there can be no class of men so

easy to manage as the members of our universities, and that, too, in the most satisfactory way, by conscientious and uncompromising firmness, tempered with urbanity, mildness, and discretion.

“And here it may not be out of place to say something of the town and gown rows which used to be not uncommon in Oxford, and perhaps are scarcely yet extinct in Cambridge.

“At Oxford there has happily been little really deserving the name of a town and gown row for these last twenty years. But Matthew Paris records riots caused by the jealousy of the citizens of Oxford against the students as early as A. D. 1240; at which date the students had the worst of the fray, and were obliged to retire from the city, and, on one occasion, to take refuge in Northampton, and on another at Stamford. This is the more remarkable, from the fact that the numbers of the students at that early period were probably much greater than at present; for though we cannot believe the account that in Henry III.'s reign there were 30,000 students at Oxford, it cannot be doubted that the numbers were very large, and that there were many foreigners from Paris and other parts of the Continent. In the time of the founder of Merton the numbers were estimated at 15,000.

“On the day of St. Scholastica the Virgin, Feb. 10, 1354, an affray, commenced on the part of the citizens, caused the loss of many lives. The Bishop of Lincoln, in whose diocese the university then was,

placed the townsmen under an interdict ; from which they were only released on condition that the commonalty of Oxford should celebrate an anniversary in St. Mary's Church for the souls of the clerks and others killed in the conflict ; and that the mayor for the time being and threescore of the chief burghers should appear in St. Mary's at mass, and offer at the great altar one penny each. To the performance of this penance they were bound under a bond to the university. After the Reformation this penance was changed into an annual attendance at Divine service at St. Mary's, where on the 10th of February, even up to to the year 1825, on which the citizens of Oxford were released by convocation, they used to make an offering just after the Litany, which for that purpose was read from the altar.

“For a really stirring account of town and gown rows of later days, I must refer my readers to some Cambridge men in preference to Oxonians. The following, which I lately heard from a party present and nearly concerned, may, I trust, claim credit.

“Just before one fifth of November, at which season only a few years since, and it may be at the present time, a town and gown row was annually expected, certain improperly conducted young men of Trinity College consulted how they might find a fit antagonist for a noted champion of the town. At length it was agreed to send for one Peter Crawley, than whom there have been few more scientific and accomplished boxers from the days of Castor and

Pollux down to the era of young Dutch Sam. Peter Crawley was entertained in Trinity; and on the fifth of November evening, after time enough had been allowed to make the *snobs* (so mortals call them) flatter themselves that the gownsmen were afraid to come forth, out sallied Peter Crawley in cap and gown at the head of the Trinity men.

“First of all, the one party stood on one side of the arena, and the other party on the other side; and, which proves undeniably how true all Homer’s battles are to real life, speeches were made on both sides; ay, not only speeches, but Homeric speeches too; for our poet’s *ἔπεα πτερόεντα*, *winged words*, inelegantly rendered *chaff*, have never been half as well illustrated by any commentator as they were on the occasion I am to describe. For there were no long prosy speeches, with a beginning, middle, and end to them, all about the examples of our grandfathers, the interest of ourselves, and the good opinion of prosperity; but by *winged words* I understand short, pithy, pointed sentences like the following, which we can almost fancy we see as they fly like winged arrows shot and returned from opposing ranks:—

“‘You—are a-feard’ (afraid), cried one party.

“When full time had been allowed for this missile to fall harmless from their callous breasts, it was hurled back with—

“‘You are another.’ (Retort courteous.)

“Then again the assailants tried a second shot,

aimed directly and personally at Peter Crawley himself—but all in vain—it did not stagger him in the least.

“ ‘I’ll obfuscate your luminaries, Master Trinity.’

“ ‘Who cares for a sanguineous plebeian,’ replied the counterfeit collegian.

“So far it was mere skirmishing at a distance; but presently the champion of the town, finding himself in Mr. Peter Crawley’s hands, very quickly cried, ‘Enough,’ or implied as much by retreating among his own party. Then the fight became general for a few minutes, when suddenly a cry was raised, ‘To the rescue!’ and behold, at a little distance, the proctor, Mr. M——, late Bishop of H——, was seen with his gown torn, and so buffeted and rushed against as to be in considerable personal danger. This was quickly seen by my friend Currant, who being himself none of the weakest, and being closely followed by his man-of-arms, brought up timely succour. Quickly they were by the embryo prelate’s side; and as Crawley was now upon his mettle, and found his prowess could be exerted with much advantage, he put it forth to some purpose; and as the rescued dignitary saw his assailants fall right and left before Peter Crawley’s potent arms, doubtless he felt like the Duke of Wellington when joined by Blucher at Waterloo; and as soon as his much-poked ribs, recovering from their forcible compression, gave him breath to speak, turning anxiously to Currant he said, ‘A wonderfully fine young man

with his fists that—who is he, pray? I wish particularly to know.’

“Whether Peter Crawley has since applied to his Lordship for church patronage in return for the good and useful service that day done, I have not yet heard; but if he has not, either from diffidence and true magnanimity, or from a belief that the qualifications he then displayed were of one kind and his Lordship’s preferment of another, all bishops, I am sure, will allow that the said Peter Crawley has evinced a degree of consideration and modesty rarely found among gentlemen of another class.”

CHAP. IX.

A TALE OF RUSTICATION.

I HAVE already introduced Mr. Jenkinson, and shown how all his cunning evasions of the minor evils of college discipline ended in his being suddenly overtaken by the greater, rustication. We will now go with him, and indeed first go before him, home; and see all the train of consequences to himself, and friends, which this rustication involved.

Henry Jenkinson was the eldest son of the Rev. H. Jenkinson, rector of Ilton, who had also another son named Charles, nearly old enough for college—and two daughters. Harry was a fine, high-spirited young man, the very model of the good-hearted fellow whom everybody laughs with and some laugh at, and a general favourite both at college and in his father's parish. Whatever was going on in Ilton, or the adjoining village of Woolley, for one parish was too confined a sphere for our hero's fame, whether it was a wasp's nest to be blown up, a rabbit-warren to be netted, rats to be caught, or a pig to be killed, some one was sure to notify the same to Master Harry, if in vacation, or to regret his absence if in term-time. The rector used to laugh and chuckle at the attention

his son received, while, in common with his wife and daughters, he used to enjoy his boy's animated description when the fun was over.

But "envy follows merit like its shade." Mr. Staveley, the neighbouring squire, had a son, too, whom Harry used to call a regular slow coach, while the only other youth in the parish, Mr. Wilton, junior, who was brought up in the office of his father, the rich attorney and Clerk of the Peace, tried in vain to cut the dash, and affect the style, of Harry Jenkinson. True, he rode a fine thorough-bred chestnut horse, and that his own; while Harry had only an occasional ride on a neighbour's; for grey Bess, which the rector vowed was as good a horse as ever was crossed, Harry had latterly appeared ashamed of, and used to say that it had certain antibilious paces which did not agree with his constitution. Still, whatever opinion either young John Staveley or Mr. Wilton, junior, might have had of themselves, and whatever opinion their fathers (who were like other fathers) might entertain of them, it was quite clear that Harry Jenkinson, especially since his first term at Oxford, was a cut above both of them; as, indeed, their respective selves and families were not a little annoyed to find to be the prevailing opinion.

"Have you seen the rector to-day, Mr. Wilton?" the squire would sometimes say to the man of business.

"If I have not seen him I have seen Master

Harry about, *as usual*. What a pity it is, isn't it, Mr. Staveley, that a fine young man like that should be made such a fool of? I like the youth as much as any one—and that's being indulgent too; for you know I am in the way of hearing and seeing more than some people. But his father is so silly; he really thinks no one can be like his Harry. Then his sisters are gathering all the young ladies in Ilton around him; and if they do not contrive to ruin the boy between them all, they go the right way, that is very plain."

"You and I are of one mind as to that; we take more care of our sons, you know, Mr. Wilton, eh? How are the tithes? pretty high, I suppose; they ought to be at least, to support all that dash. But the longest rope has an end; and I should not be surprised if one day —— but you understand, Mr. Wilton."

Such was the state of things out of doors in Ilton parish; now let us have a peep inside the rectory.

"Those boys that are kept so tight, my dear," said the rector, one morning, "are the very ones to break loose when they are once away from home. The apron-string, as I say, when drawn too tight, only gives a more elastic impulse in the contrary direction. Now our Harry is above his years. You do not see one youth in fifty as manly as he is. He is at the very head of all the best society in the college. There is something so stylish about him—

then he is so frank and open-hearted, that every one must like him. He is a dear boy; I do not know what I should do without him. I shall have him home again in about five weeks. I was going to observe yesterday that he seems to me to be rather shy of Wilton and Staveley now."

"Yes, papa," said Emma: "he says, 'You see they may do down here—all very fine fellows in Ilton, but neither the one nor the other would be in my set if they went up to Oriel. Such stinted ideas the fellows have—don't know life—indeed how should they?'"

"And I can tell you," said the eldest, "they are so jealous of Harry, you can't think; and not one of the Wiltons or Staveleys either can bear to hear his name mentioned. I found out that from Mrs. Humfrey, when she stayed gossiping so long last week.

"I only hope he is but steady," said the father. "If his companions will leave him alone, I know he will do very well. But the worst of it is, he is so easily led away. If he had but written up that account book I tried so hard to press upon him, I should have been some pounds richer, but ——"

"Now, my dear," said his wife, "do not begin that subject again, pray. That always makes you so angry; we feel quite uncomfortable. The money's paid at last, and his 75*l.* a quarter is to defray everything for the future. Society—good society, at least—we have been always told costs so much money to keep up, and — —"

“Well, to be sure he does spend his money among gentlemen, that is one satisfaction,” said the father.

“Why as to that,” said his sister, “Harry would not know any *snoobs*, as he calls them, for the world.”

In the course of the morning, among the letters delivered at Ilton Rectory, the daughters eagerly picked out two with the Oxford post-mark. “One is for me,” said the eldest; “the other is for —— not you, Emma; I see this is for papa, and what a seal! Oh! give me that seal, papa, for my collection;” and hastily with trembling hand the business seal of Oriel college was cut off, and thrown across the table.

“Painful duty—midnight uproar—support of discipline—example—parental admonition—rustication—retirement in the bosom of his family—college authorities—hope of improvement—studies for the future.”

These were the salient points—the catchwords of this very portentous epistle.

“Midnight uproar! Harry ordered to come home, to-day. Rustication! what is rustication, I wonder? A punishment of some sort, that’s very plain,” said he, and flung the letter down violently on the table.

Mr. Jenkinson had been educated many years before at Dublin, and did not understand this modern Oxford term.

The sisters knew full well. They had heard their brother talk of rustication; yet they were afraid to

encounter the burst of anger which they knew would be vented on the first person who let all the ill news break forth at once.

"Oh! papa," said the sister, producing her letter, "it is all about a mere nothing. Harry says he is coming home by the Regent to-night: he has done nothing to be ashamed of, only 'having a large wine party, and topping up with supper,' his friends got tipsy, and 'made a row,' which is visited on him because it happened in his rooms."

Mr. Jenkinson was proud, conceited, stingy, and very passionate.

Not seeing that the bad news cost anything, he at first thought of taking his son's part; but after a moment's reflection, the idea of his son being uncere- moniously sent home, like a servant discharged at a minute's notice, and all without his parental authority being consulted as to whether he approved of it or not—this was an indignity and a disgrace which stung his pride to the quick.

The poor wife soon entered the room, quite alarmed at the loudness of her husband's voice; and what with the suddenness of the news, their ignorance of the punishment, or what fearful consequences it might involve, Ilton Rectory was the scene of very tumultuous and painful feelings all that morning.

The more Mr. Jenkinson read over his very start- ling letter, the less he liked the style of it, and the more heartily did he hate the writer. At last, to

ease his mind, he sallied out of doors to consult his neighbours, and the first person he encountered was the squire.

“Do I know what rustication means?” said Mr. Staveley, inwardly chuckling at the opportunity of paying off Mr. Jenkinson for setting up his own son to the depreciation of those of every one else in the parish:—“Yes, to be sure I do; I’ll explain it to you directly. Pray, how much money was this present Oxford term to cost you.”

“Seventy-five pounds,” said the father.

“Ah, well! then you will have to pay this sum over again. But I’ll tell you what to do. Here’s our friend Wilton—a shrewd man of business, not to be taken in by the youngsters:—if there’s anything wrong at college, the first thing to do is to find out what money the boy owes, and the truth is not to be got at without some little cross-examination. Of course, there are stray bills enough—that is natural; but Wilton is just the man for you. He has been up to Oxford on this kind of errand before: it was on account of Captain Whalley’s son, who played the fool so at Brazenose. Wilton told me all about it yesterday; and, but you’ll hardly believe it, before he started he asked that young scamp how much money he must provide. ‘Why,’ said he, ‘I think I might owe near about 300*l.* ;’ whereupon Wilton expected 700*l.*, and that is allowing pretty well for oversights; and what do you think, after all, was the sum required? ‘Why,’ said Wilton, ‘in the captain’s

box in my office I can show you receipts for 1375*l.* 14*s.*, which I drew for that boy's extravagances.'"

Poor Mr. Jenkinson, I pity you; but you should have known better, indeed you should. A man should never seek to relieve his mind by telling his neighbours of his misfortunes.

By the evening of that day every man, woman, and child in and around Ilton parish had added one new word to their vocabulary, and that word—Rustication.

It is not difficult to imagine the sort of reception which awaited Jenkinson of Oriel that evening at Ilton Rectory. And how different from the evening before at college; for Jenkinson on hearing his sentence, did not retire sad and sorrowful to his rooms to brood over his disgrace. The first thing he did was to hire a horse, and, accompanied by some of his friends, to ride across country; and after galloping himself into pretty good spirits (for his maxim was, "never say die"), he dined at the Roebuck, and then adjourned to join a wine party, at which he was the hero of the evening. So for that day, probably, the excitement of company, aided by Eggflip, Bishop, and tobacco smoke, displaced thought till the time of the party breaking up, when fatigue (for nothing exhausts so much as a sustained struggle between a proud spirit and inward annoyance), we may suppose, quickly brought another sedative in the way of sleep; but when he awoke the next morning (and there is

quite enough to account for his waking somewhat early), surely he must have felt within him a brood of craving thoughts which seemed awake before him, and expecting the moment when memory should rise, refreshed and rife, to minister to their gnawing appetites. Jenkinson was a lad of spirit, but being also flesh and blood, like other men, he had no more power over those inward qualms and hollow sensations than he would have over a sick headache.

However, all this was for awhile dispelled by breakfast; for once more a party was made in compliment of Jenkinson, that his friends might have an opportunity of wishing him good-by. And what did they all talk of? Not of the miseries of rustication, we may be sure. Probably they congratulated Jenkinson as a lucky fellow in getting away from college before pheasant-shooting was over. As for parental displeasure, domestic ties, and family restraints, though there is no one of course but is conscious of their power, yet, at college, every man seems to think they bind no one but himself; so that many speak in an off-hand way about what they do at home, as if no one could presume to contradict or control them, and as if they were completely masters of their fathers' establishments.

After breakfast, Jenkinson was escorted by the whole party, forming about three strings of five men each, walking arm in arm, to the Angel. Of course the box seat was reserved for him; and as the coach started, his friends gave him three cheers, in which

the coachman, porters, waiters, and horse-keepers, who perfectly understood it all, made bold moderately to join.

Such is the way that naughty rusticated young men leave college, and there is no great harm in that.

We will not pretend to follow him every stage from Oxford to Ilton, but we will presume that the nearer he approached home the more cigars he smoked, and the more brandy and water he drank while changing horses; for there were no railways in those days. Neither will we pretend to say in what state he found his father. Most probably his mother met him at the door, and then his sisters crept out into the passage, perhaps his father did not come out to meet him at all, but remained sitting with his feet on the fender, and the back of his chair to the door. We may also suppose there was a secret contest between them as to who should broach the one all-engrossing subject first. Homer describes a gentleman who, when a stranger called upon him, entertained him for nine whole days, and did not speak a word about business until the tenth. He also specifies that they had plenty, but no variety—good ox beef, and abundance of it day after day, and fresh killed; they did not hang their meat it appears, though it was salted for the sailors. I am afraid that the Rev. H. Jenkinson and his son talked of the matter in hand a little sooner; but as this kind of detail would require a species of invention, without a due admix-

ture of instructive or authentic facts, I must pass over a day or two in this history.

“ If my father will be so absurd, and likes to persevere in being so silent and grumpy, it is not my fault. He can write to Latham (the tutor) if he pleases, and I have no doubt Latham will repeat the same words with which he parted from me, ‘ That he did not mean to accuse me of any thing disgraceful, but college discipline required more examples to be made at one time than another.’ ” When Latham said this, he was somewhat softened by an observation made by Jenkinson, to the effect that all he had to say about the sentence of the Common Room was, that he wished it had been such as to fall more directly on himself, and not to grieve and alarm his friends.

These traits of good feeling are not lost on college tutors.

“ But it is no use talking, Harry, you do not understand matters. Will all this spare your father’s pocket? What has become of all his boasting about ‘ his boy at Oriel?’ and how is he to stand the sneers of Messrs. Staveley, Wilton, and Co.? Besides, what an example to your younger brother. And what will all the parish say? Some declare already that rustication is only a new-fangled term for expulsion. And who is there but from his youth up has associated expulsion with stealing, or something nearly as bad?”

“ Why, expulsion in my day,” said one old gentle-

man, "used to mean, being flogged and turned out; so that a lad could not enter any profession, but was considered as disgraced and ruined for life."

Soon the parishioners began to inquire who would come and officiate for poor Mr. Jenkinson next Sunday. No one could imagine that their pastor would venture to show his face for some weeks after so vital a stab to the respectability of his family.

While the younger brother was executing some errands in the village, Mr. Soames, who sells stationery, patent drugs, gunpowder, grits, starch, treacle, black-lead, and something of all sorts, and a churchwarden besides, sounded Master Charles as to whether the report was true, that he was to have the family living, "as people say that, after this unlucky business, Mr. Harry is disqualified for holy orders, though one would hope it is not so bad as all that."

"These everlasting blunders, and the intolerable impertinence of such a scrubby set of people as these of Ilton above all places in the world, who seem determined that they will mind everybody's business but their own, are really enough to drive one mad," said Harry. "It is not that I care two pins about rustication. What should any man of spirit care for the Common Room twaddle of a parcel of old fusty mouldy Dons, who have been shut up year after year in college rooms till they think all the world is to bow to them? Why, every one in the college knows that they were up to as much fun as any of us in

their day? ay, and it's that which makes them all so sharp. I know well enough what the remark was when our dean was proctor — 'An old poacher makes the best gamekeeper,' they said. And one of the bulldogs told me that the way men were ferreted out to Jericho and St. Clement's was wonderful to those who did not remember his master in days gone by. No one thinks anything of rustication in Oxford, not in the least; it is only a parcel of old women down in the country that make such a fuss about it."

Such were the daily and almost hourly outpourings with which the offender endeavoured to quiet his own conscience and the remarks of all around him.

"O Harry! Harry! be patient, and submit to your fate. You cannot have the punishment without the sting of it. Go where you will in this world, you will find Ilton people to taunt, to gossip, and exaggerate every mishap. So set down all this as part of the punishment.

"'No one deems rustication disgraceful at Oxford,' you say. Be so good as to qualify this assertion. Say, 'no one of your set,' if you please; but what sort of set is that? Suppose that rustication were the fate of Lydon, Whitbread, and a few others of our acquaintance, whom you cannot call *slow* or *spoonies* either, would it be deemed no disgrace by them? Being plucked, you may also say, is no disgrace at Oxford; but I think we could mention one first-rate

scholar who was plucked for his 'little go;' and though he afterwards gained very high honours, I remember he was much offended with me for alluding to his failure in the schools. However, it is no use talking, Harry; rustication is a disgrace; a very great disgrace; you cannot get over it: let us hope that the name of it will not stand in your way in after-life. I say the name of it; for there is no doubt but you will be materially injured by the reality; that is, by the lost time and neglected opportunities of improvement, as well as by the dissipated habits which rustication implies. And, to tell you a secret, Harry, you never will persuade an old Oxonian that any man was ever rusticated without deserving it, if not for the offence alleged, at least for his general conduct; though, it is true, many of his companions may have escaped who deserved it more. No, no, Harry! I know what college is. Young men will have their fun, I know; and let them. Within certain limits, I can make as much allowance for young blood as most men; but, notwithstanding, when I call to mind and maturely weigh the characters of about a dozen quondam acquaintance who incurred the same punishment as yourself, and when I considered their confirmed habits of dissipation and idleness, and how unprofitably invested was every penny paid for lectures, battels, and university dues on their behalf, I cannot help entertaining a very unfavourable opinion of the present conduct and future prospects of any young man who is under sentence of rustication.

"Future prospects are more particularly affected in your case; which is that of a clergyman's son waiting for a family living. For, you have lost one term, which may make a difference of six months in the time of taking your degree; and who can calculate the additional delay which may ensue when you apply for college testimonials indispensable for holy orders? Arthur Croydon, I remember, lived at home unemployed for four years past the age at which he might have been ordained, and all through being first rusticated, and then refused testimonials. Fortunately, his father lived to see him ordained, otherwise he would have lost the living of Glenny.

"The Rev. A. Croydon is now a very exemplary parish priest. He always was a man of good principles and of a generous nature. It was his honesty and artlessness that used to betray him to college punishment. I do not deny that you may make a good parish priest too. For while I see so much regard for the feelings of others, so much love of truth, generosity, and compassion, and so little deliberate preference of vice in your constitution, and, above all, when I observe how much you become sobered down, softened, and humanised, after spending a vacation at home with your family, I am encouraged to hope that there are those seeds of goodness in you which, in course of the serious reflections inseparable from sermon-writing and sick-visiting, may graciously be quickened into life.

"But all this is mere hope, not certainty, and

founded on a charitable presumption of what may be, rather than on experience of your conduct as it is. But even supposing you should be blessed with all the personal qualifications of the ministry, Arthur Croydon's history will tell you how strong a prejudice you have excited to lessen your usefulness. Never will it be forgotten in Ilton parish that Harry Jenkinson was a very wild young man—that there was 'some story about college—something very bad; that is certain, though the rights of the story were smothered up, and no one knew it;' and this piece of parish history will be brought up against you every time that tithes, church-rates, the jealousy of dissenters, or other causes, stir up a spirit of opposition to the parson."

Whether all these predictions would or would not have been fulfilled in poor Harry's case, I know not, though I have little doubt of the more charitable presumptions. Soon after taking his degree, he began gradually to decline of an affection of the heart, and within ten months he died. "Boat-racing," said the surgeon, "brought the complaint to a crisis: there was something organically wrong in him, I believe, but this may be said of hundreds who live to a good old age."

CHAP. X.

BEING PLUCKED. — CRAMMING, AND OTHER TRICKS FOR
PASSING EXAMINATIONS.

“THE sharpest, or nearly the sharpest, trick I ever knew practised on an examiner was done by one Adam Timmins. To pass the Hall, every medical student is required to know enough Latin to translate part of Celsus. Now Adam could not tell the construction of a single line of Latin, so he set to work as follows:—He presented himself for examination with a good translation of one chapter of Celsus in his pocket. Of course, this did not happen to be the same as that which the examiner assigned him; so he let drop the book on the floor, and pretending to be in some doubt as to the exact place, he went to his seat and copied the translation he had in his pocket, and took it up to the examiner, who immediately observed it was not the chapter he had set. Adam was ready with a lie; and as the examiner saw the translation presented was very well done, he was satisfied. Thus did Adam Timmins pass Apothecaries’ Hall.

“ ‘This,’ said his lecturer, a man of character and talent, though termed a Grinder by the students, ‘I

call the sharpest trick in all my experience, except one, and that trick was played on me by the same party; I mean that he never paid me the five pounds due for instruction!

"The reason I commence with this anecdote is that I may not be supposed to hold up the shuffling tricks which I am about to relate for imitation. Some, I am aware, will urge that tricks on examiners do no harm; but, since one lie at least must be acted, and not uncommonly another told, I appeal to the conscience of any man to say what defence he could make if an examiner were to address him in the following terms:—

" 'Sir, you have been guilty of a mean and dirty action. I did not treat you like a schoolboy, with suspicion or mistrust, but I confided in you to act like a man of honour. You say you did no one any harm; this you might assert with equal truth of half the lies that are told: but you have done harm; you have obliged me to treat your fellow-students with less courtesy and confidence than heretofore.'

"With these observations I will proceed without further caution or comment.

" 'It is very odd how some men contrive to get their papers done for them in the schools,' said an experienced college tutor. 'I once told the examiners for Responsions that a certain man, whom they would see that morning, could not write Latin, and that I knew one of his friends was to translate his Spectator for him; and, strange to say, though

the masters were on their guard, his exercise was done by proxy after all.'

"In both the 'little go' and 'great go' schools, there used to be seats for those who complied with a form called 'sitting in the schools;' for, every man was required to sit and look on one whole day during each examination before he could be examined himself.

"This form of sitting in the schools was very tedious. Still, I knew one man who said he had submitted to it in the 'little-go' schools three several times, and this he proved by showing three of the usual certificates. His object had been to write the commonly required translation of a piece of the *Spectator* for a friend; but, as he said, cheating never prospers, for the silly fellow was plucked twice, though assisted with his *Spectator* on each occasion.

"The artifice was this: the candidate wrote on a slip of paper,—

'Spectator. Paper, No. —.

'from——

'down to ——.'

This slip was then screwed up and thrown to the confederate, who translated the passage specified at luncheon time, and passed back the translation in an underhand way as before.

"The origin of the word 'pluck' is this:—At the time of conferring a degree, just as the name of each man to be presented to the Vice-Chancellor is read out, a proctor walks once up and down to give any

person who can object to the degree an opportunity of signifying his dissent, which is done by *plucking* or pulling the proctor's gown. Hence, another and more common mode of stopping a degree, by refusing the *testamur*, or certificate of proficiency is also called 'plucking.' I never knew a proctor's gown plucked except by a creditor, who availed himself of this means to obtain payment of a bill. Even this is very rare; debtors generally understand the intentions of their creditors too well to present themselves for a degree while any opposition is likely to be made.

"One day, while sitting in Watling's rooms, I saw a long deep cut on the handsome gilt frame of a picture. On remarking that it looked like a piece of wanton mischief, Watling said, 'Ah, it was a good day's work when that was done. Do not you remember when Picknell and the other four men "went up?"' Yes, I replied, and however they shaved through was a wonder to me.'

"'Why,' said he, 'now I'll tell you:—the morning the schools opened, at the last minute, when Picknell had on his white tie and bands, and was just getting up from breakfast, he received a note from his tutor urging him to take his name off, saying he would certainly be plucked for his logic. "No," said he, "I won't do that; but quick—give me a knife—I'll cut out all of Part iii. and one or two leaves besides." At that moment Wells came into the room, and said, "It is just time to go: we shall be too late;" so Picknell in his agitation seized the knife,

and, laying the paper on the picture, cut through into the frame. With this assistance, he answered many questions. This was enough to save him.' Well, Watling, I observed, let me tell you how another of the same party was assisted.

"I was sitting in the rooms of Moulton of Trinity, when in came Holder, crying out, '*Nullus argento color est avaris*. Quick, my good fellow, take down a Smart, and translate this ode of Horace.' Moulton quickly wrote out the English of the ode beginning with the words quoted. Holder was all the time trembling in every limb from nervous agitation, and could scarcely hold a pen. Before the ink was dry, he snatched up the translation, and ran off to the schools, and copied and gave it as his own. When he came out at five o'clock, he gave us this explanation:—The candidates were all assembled in the theatre; on entering rather later than the rest, Holder saw that only one of the examiners was present, and he was standing with his back towards the entrance, distributing printed papers consisting of an ode of Horace with questions. At one glance over this examiner's shoulder, Holder caught the first line of the ode to be translated. Feeling confident that he had not yet been seen to enter the schools, he kept his eye fixed on the master, and backing out, ran off, and procuring a translation in the way described, he then presented himself and received a paper, as if he had only just made his appearance.

"At Cambridge, I should suppose, these tricks are

more uncommon still ; because, as the names of all the candidates are published in order of merit, no one can unfairly advance himself without detracting from the credit of others. There is, however, one case well known, of a candidate for honours who was detected copying a mathematical calculation from a candidate who sat next him : he was plucked and disqualified to 'go out' in honours at any future period. His papers were found to contain, in one instance, a correct conclusion from false premises. It seems providentially ordered, for the detection of knavery, that it should be closely allied to folly : so it was proved that this knave had been too much of a fool to beware of the danger of mistaking his neighbour's figures or copying his errors. With this evidence against him, he was watched and caught in the fact. He was deservedly shunned by all his acquaintance.

"The subject of examination which most men used chiefly to fear was divinity. There are few subjects of which it is more difficult to gain a competent knowledge in a short space of time. I remember two instances of candidates who passed contrary to the expectations of their private tutors, by listening to the examinations, and cramming up from time to time the doctrines or articles which the master, by whom they were to be examined, was observed most frequently to introduce.

"Respecting these instances of trick and deception, however amusing they may seem, we must remember

that the character of most kinds of vice is strange and exciting. It is hard to say which is most to be regretted—the years of dissipation and idleness which prompt such practices, or the deceit which accomplishes them. However, there is one thing to which I would draw particular attention, namely, that though some of these practices may seem more disgraceful than others, still a lie is the framework and basis of them all.

“Nor is it only these more palpable frauds that I would expose. I would also set forth in its proper colours everything connected with the art of cramming, of which I shall have occasion to say more presently. For cramming, when carried to the extent of preparing a man whose deficiency is admitted to present himself for the sole chance and purpose of profiting by the errors of examiners, is a system of deliberate fraud, with deceit aforethought, however ingeniously it may be divided, subdivided, compounded, or disguised.

“‘What!’ some parties interested in the continuance of the system will reply. ‘May we not honestly pay most attention to the most important parts of our books? If we present ourselves for examination, and answer questions proposed, are we not entitled to the full benefit of the testamur which the examiners are pleased to give us? If they do not convict us of ignorance, are we bound to convict ourselves?’

“This defence, the only one I ever heard ad-

vanced, avoids the main question. I speak not of those who are not aware of their own deficiencies, but of those who are. The test of the honesty and upright conduct of men who cram, in the worst sense, shall be this:—Let one of them relate all of the circumstances of their reading and examination before a party of their friends in general society. Let him say, ‘It is lucky the examiners did not try me on such a subject, for I was wholly ignorant of it. I ascertained the part of my books most likely to be required, and in these alone could I have passed.’

“Fancy the look of mixed wonder, scorn, and indignation with which some substantial family man—one of those who had risen by his own exertions, and, in spite of defective education, had become an agreeable companion for men of letters—would receive such an acknowledgment. ‘Shame, shame upon you!’—I am here quoting the words of such a one to his son, a youth of considerable talent, educated at Harrow, and then at Cambridge—‘Shame upon you! Do you think I would have thrown away such advantages? Every day of my life do I grieve at my ignorance of classics, and regret that the sound training of a public school, and all the emulation of your class lists never lay in my path. Do not relate before me those shuffling tricks, that subterfuge of idleness. I trust, Tom, you will know better when you are examined, though, if you go on wasting your time, as you now do, I should not wonder at anything. But

I cannot speak with common temper of such shameless doings. It is just what I have seen through life ; let a man be a fool for three years, and he will be a knave in the fourth. To think that the rich endowments and chartered privileges of a university should rouse no sense of honourable emulation in a young man's breast—that four precious years spared from his little capital of time, and invested to stir up the energies, call forth the faculties, and make the man, —to think that this should all be sunk, and that during four years thus lost to advancement in some honest calling, every want is anticipated and luxury supplied—to think that all this time and money is squandered on a set of lazy, shameless dunces, who, instead of an honourable degree, are to come forth with a mere hollow testamur, and dare to boast that it stands for nothing! The idea is too shocking to think of. Do not pollute your mind with the thought. No ; if any son of mine cannot come home with an honest certificate of the sound opinion formed by the university of his acquirements, I had rather by half he should be plucked, if it is ten times over, till he can.'

“ Oh ! could the benevolent founders of our colleges rise from their silent tombs, and possessed with a full knowledge of the waste of those most precious hours of youth, when the struggle is rifest between the powers of darkness and angels of light for each immortal soul—could they understand the mechanical drudgery in place of mental labour, the hectic colour

to counterfeit health for a day, the long seasons of aberration and disorder, by which one forced lucid interval of apparent reason is followed and preceded—could they picture to themselves the thin and unsubstantial fabric of shreds and patches held together to wear but for a day, which truly represents the motley, ill-connected texture of those minds which the bounty of founders designed to form, to fill, to nerve, and to refine—what—what would be their judgment? Let us give full play to our feelings and imagination, make the position our own, and speak.

“Knowing how much the charms of pleasure, the deceitfulness of riches, and the contentions of a world in which, by the sweat of our brow, man eats bread, combine to place the things of the body and the interests of time before the things of the soul and the interests of eternity, we reared these classic walls, dedicated especially to the study of the word of God, and such pursuits as best advance His glory. Every cell has been hallowed by the pious industry of generations passed away: many a one, though dead, yet speaketh; thousands upon thousands in every land, in the deepest emotions of Christian love and the noblest efforts of intellectual power, have felt the undying influence of many a soul in which was lit up the holy flame, first within these grey and crumbling walls—God grant that the same light of truth may spread from hamlet to hamlet, throughout the length and breadth of every land. But, rather than these seats of sacred learning shall become the haunts of

soul-debasing indolence—of maddening riot and ease-engendered lust—better far that each noble pile were levelled with the ground. Rather would we walk through grass-grown passages and weed-tangled courts, where the snake might writhe, and the toad might crawl, where the owl should hoot, and the winds should moan through mutilated arches, broken oriels, and roofless halls—rather this than see them stand the proudest monuments of architectural grandeur, if made the specious retirement of fashion and of pride—a place where the noble-born, not noble-minded, enacted a heartless, hollow farce of education, the better to boast a mere titled pre-eminence over their deluded fellow-creatures.”

CHAP. XI.

READING FOR THE SCHOOLS.

“ ‘ONE man can take the steed to the Parnassian stream, or, as Persius would say, to the Caballine font, or Hippocrene, but twenty men cannot make the same steed drink.’ So, said a university tutor: ‘I can open my lecture-rooms, make a judicious choice of subjects, and enforce the attendance of all my pupils, but here my power ends. Attendance and attention are very different things. How often do I look around and see the eye glazed with indifference, or fixed in vacancy, without one gleam of animation till the clock strikes! how often is the finest line uttered with that unmeaning drawl, and my remarks received with that forced civility and resignation which show me that, while the impatient and restless body is in my college room, his truant thoughts are in the hunting field! All this is not my fault, but the fault of early education. Many youths come to college with a rooted aversion to study, and a determination to avail themselves of what they regard as the time for being once and for ever their own masters. Their minds are like colanders, and I may say, *quodcunque infundis acescit*—all you pour into them clots, curdles,

or quickly evaporates. Nevertheless, when tales are told of ridiculous blunders at examinations, or at lecture, the laugh which is raised is most unfairly considered to reflect upon us. If it is granted that three years cannot make a minister responsible for all the vices and follies of a country, it must also be allowed that college tutors are not to blame if youths who have been made fools of from their cradles cannot be made wise in manhood.'

"This I believe to be a fair statement. With the intellectual advancement of general society, a corresponding improvement is observable at our universities. The masters in the schools from time to time require a more and more accurate knowledge of the subjects proposed. I speak of the standard not for 'class' but for 'pass' men. An Oxford examiner told me that the requirements for a first class were about the same now as twenty years ago. He believed they could not be made higher than they are and long have been. The reason of this I suppose is, that for the study of classics a candidate always had as much assistance at his command as he could judiciously require. With mathematical studies the case is different. A high place in the Cambridge list of wranglers requires that early discipline and practice in science which country schools and private tutors have only lately begun to supply. The standard of proficiency for honours at Cambridge has therefore been raised since that at Oxford: the standard for a common degree, probably, is advancing

at about the same rate. 'Talk of differential calculus, indeed,' said an old Cambridge tutor, 'why a good quadratic would make a man a wrangler in my day.'

"After these observations, I trust that the scenes I have to describe will not be considered to reflect on the university at which they occurred.

"I have rarely experienced anything more dreary, comfortless, and trying to the spirits, than returning to college the evening before the first day of a winter's term.

"Few men think of coming up till the last evening. A special permission is required from the president to reside in Oxford during any part of the vacation; for, strange as it may seem, no undergraduate has a right when term is over to take lodgings in Oxford, although he may of course be as much his own master as he pleases in any other part of the world; but such is the law.

"Some men return a day or two after the beginning of term. At many colleges, ill health, or the difficulty of travelling, is received as an excuse for not being in chapel on the first morning. At Christchurch, however, and some other colleges, the discipline is very strict. 'You will learn to arrange with your conveyance differently another time,' said the late Dean of Christchurch; 'I will not allow you to keep this term. I admit no plea of indisposition without a certificate.'

"However, as I used to arrive just as it was dark at the end of the Christmas vacation at a college in

which the dean was not so inexorable, it used to seem, as I was saying, cheerless and dreary indeed.

“On looking round at the windows on each side of the quad., you would hardly see a light in more than two or three rooms; all the rest would look dark and tenantless. Perhaps I might meet the porters of the Mitre or the Angel, and would eagerly ask, ‘Whose luggage is *that*?’ ‘Mr. Wilton’s, sir, who is dining in our coffee-room.’ A question equally indicating want of a friendly fireside to dispel the melancholy of the evening would be put to some scout as he was going his nocturnal round, with lantern in hand, to keep up the fires of the sets of rooms under his charge. Then a conversation of this kind would ensue:—

“ ‘I hope you have had a pleasant vacation, sir. Too late for hall, you know, sir: shall I step and order anything in from Fletcher’s? or perhaps you’d like to have dinner at Dickeson’s. There’s a good many gentlemen up, but, as usual first evening of term, they are scattered about, some at the coffee-houses, and some in each other’s rooms.’

“ ‘Well, but what men are there up whom I know?’

“ ‘Why, let me see, sir—there’s Mr. Bates—but you don’t know Mr. Bates, I remember, sir (every scout knows all the members of his master’s set),—he is in with Mr. Wilton; then there’s Mr. Thurley, Mr. Duck, and Mr. Wollaston—you know them, I think, sir? I have taken those gentlemen in some

steaks and oysters into Mr. Vernon's rooms. You'll just find them at wine, sir, if you go up the chapel staircase.'

" 'But where are Lydon and Whitbread?'

" 'Mr. Lydon, sir, does not come up this term, sir; and Mr. Whitbread was in his rooms just now, sir: he has been up all the vacation. He said he could not read down in the country, sir. He read hard enough here, sir: when I've come into college at six o'clock in the morning, sir, there has he been up and reading two hours nearly before I come—I can tell in a minute, sir, by the look of the fire and the coal he has burnt. Mr. Jenkinson, you have heard, sir, is rusticated, and loses this term: so a freshman has his rooms. Mr. Jenkinson won't like to have his things put about by a stranger, will he, sir? Mr. Jenkinson doesn't take to freshmen much at best of times, does he, sir? Ah! sir, there will be a difference this term in those rooms, to be sure, sir; for there has not been half so many parties given lately, sir, in any gentleman's rooms as there has in Mr. Jenkinson's. He reminds one of old days, Mr. Jenkinson, does, sir; but I can mind the time when even he, sir, would not have been counted at all a "fast" sort of a gentleman, sir; but times are wonderfully altered. There is so much reading, and so many gentlemen trying for classes to what there used to be; and a servant's place isn't worth so much by a pretty deal, sir.

" 'Mr. Belton, 'Mr. Lipsley, and Mr. Allen,' he continued, 'are going up for their examination this

term, and they have to read very hard, sir, which falls very heavy upon Mr. Belton, sir, and does make him grumble most uncommonly every time I go into his room, sir.'

"Away I went to Belton's rooms to see how he got on with his much-grumbled-at intellectual labours. No sooner did I enter his rooms than I saw a scene worth describing.

"Belton's room was one of the best specimens of those comfortable bachelor's snuggeries which colleges contain. It was painted to resemble oak, and panelled from the floor to the ceiling. It had three doors—one communicating with the staircase, a second leading into his bed-room, and a third to his scout's rooms. The scout's room is where he washes tea-things, where packing-cases are stowed away, great-coats and mackintoshes hung, and guns cleaned. Over each of these doors was a picture of the winner of some Doncaster, St. Leger or steeplechase. High over the fire-place branched forth a pair of stag's horns, on which were some spurs, stirrups, and a hunting whip; under this was an anatomical drawing of a horse, with a fox's brush through the string of the picture. The chimney ornaments were some cigars in a tumbler, a knife made out of a deer's foot, a gold-headed riding whip won at a saddler's raffle, and two painted card-cases with hounds and huntsmen, stuffed full of cards for wine and tradesmen's bills. On one side of the fire-place was hung an old list of hunting appointments,

and on the other side a tabular view of scriptural prophecies and their fulfilment. There was also stuck with wafers against the wall a printed list of the candidates for degrees, while each corner of every picture-frame within reach had schemes of logic, chronology, types, and prophecies, interspersed in about equal quantities. A card-table and breakfast-table were drawn together in the middle of the room, and covered with books and papers, sacred and profane, in most admirable disorder.

“In this strangely decorated room sat Belton, looking pale and dispirited, vainly endeavouring to press into his service, for a very short literary campaign, some truly raw recruits in the shape of stunted, ill-trained, and undisciplined mental faculties. The more refractory they were in their new occupation, the more poor Belton grumbled and complained of the pack of stuff he had to get up—where could be the use of it?—The moment he came out of the schools, if he had only got hold of a testamur, he would give as much to get this nonsense out of his head, as at that moment he was paying for getting it in. October was drawing to a close—the partridges were never so tame nor the pheasants so plentiful. Tufton (his tutor) persuaded him—and he was a sportsman too, or he never could have made him believe it—that he must make up his mind to work, and nothing but work, just three weeks longer, and then it would be over—he only hoped it might; but his memory was so bad, and he did hate all the non-

sensical stuff so abominably, that he thought he never should get through. If he wanted exercise, he was limited to a constitutional up Headington Hill, or a walk round the Park, the very thoughts of which made him melancholy. One ride across country, or one day's shooting, Tufton protested would throw him all back; it would unsettle his mind, shake his logic and divinity up together, and mix the Retreat of the Ten-thousand with dogs, detonators, and patent cartridge. He had once resolved to have one day — only one — just to clear his head — but no — Tufton said one day was as bad as a hundred; it was like using a bad limb when it was all but healed — and he would undoubtedly have the same regimen to undergo all over again. 'Shall I though?' said he. 'What? is this shooting season to be lost for nothing? and am I to stew away in this hole of a place, when Allen, Lipsley, and all my old chums are dropping off one by one to be their own masters, and have such a turn with the hounds as shall make up for losing the best of the shooting? Ay, and shall I run a risk of losing my hunting, too? for in the best part of the season it will be time to begin fagging again. No! no! that I cannot stand at any price; so, Tufton, you'll see me at twelve, and if I don't do a good day's work, call me foolish.'

" 'That's right, my boy,' said Tufton — 'make sure of it — you can, if you like.'

" 'Can I? what, *quite sure*? then give me your hand, my good fellow — we'll do the trick. As to

you, Tufton, you never have a man plucked: I do believe, if you liked it, you could get Jack Sheard (a noted horse-dealer) through his "great go," and if you only clear me, I'll back you to do it.'

"While Belton was running on in this way, there were two or three of his sporting companions, whose day was yet distant, who listened to it all with great composure, as they helped themselves to the cigars on the chimney-piece, and passed round a tankard of college ale. 'Take care what you light your cigars with,' said Belton, as he combed his hair with his fingers, and half dozed over, and made extracts from, the notes of Mant's Bible; 'you'll be burning some of Tufton's crams: they are stuck all about the pictures; I can't turn my head without something about the schools meeting my eyes.'

"One man remarked, 'How can you read?—well, I couldn't:—glad it is not my turn: why, you look so *seedy*: it can't do you any good to go on in this way; you have been at this all the Long (vacation), you say, and six weeks out of it in college alone.'

"'Alone, indeed! no, not quite so bad as that, either: Lipsley, Wiggett, and Allen, are all hard at it. It will be a near shave with some of us. Minton, too, a silly fellow, has been reading up till last week, and then shied the post, though Tufton declared he would guarantee him through if he would only hold out three weeks longer.'

"On hearing this, I went off to Minton, and found

him in the midst of all his amusements. The first words I heard were addressed to his scout: 'Get these clothes crapperised (scoured) by to-morrow, if possible: the roads are so bad, I shall have nothing to put on soon if Crapper is not quicker. Make me a good fire: pile it, as I always do, half up the chimney, before you go out of college for the night; then take out some supper, and leave it all ready, with a kettle of water; and tell the porter he must not have his clock too fast: term isn't begun yet, so he's not looked after. Did you order Skuffledust to let us know when the buggy's at the gate?—yes, and some one must meet us at twelve, for we shall have no time to spare by the time we've driven from Abingdon.'

"I thought it might not be too late to talk him into putting a finish to his reading. But to the first words I said, he replied, 'You're a good fellow—but it's too late, man.'

"'No, not too late: you have more than three weeks good, before the *viva voce* examination will have come down to the letter M.'

"'Yes, but I have stopped reading three days; so the cage has been open too long—all the birds flown. Tufton must catch 'em again next term. 'Pon my word, I scarcely know any more about it than if I had not read above a fortnight. You forget—a man's trained up to the day of the start—one day's training missed will lose any race—miss two, and you'll be distanced—as for me, I should be

positively out of sight. No, no, my good fellow, say no more about it; my day isn't come yet. Besides, it makes me nervous to think about it.'

"Minton! you lived, and still live, to rue those three weeks' idleness: three times after that examination, during the space of three years and a half, did you make a start for this academic race, as you called it, and thrice did you fail; three seasons did you lose your amusements—three times over did you pay tutor's and other fees, and seven years from the day that you and I were matriculated together, did I meet you near the University Club, and you had just presented yourself to the examiners for the third time of asking, and been plucked never to try again. And where are you, now, John Minton? In a country village you are tenant of your own house, which you cannot afford to have empty, and no one else will live in: there are you, with nothing to do; your money going out, and none coming in from any efforts which you can make. Your dashing phaeton has degenerated into a four-wheel rattle-trap; your fine blood mare has given up her stall to a rough, ragged pony. Your hand shakes too much for shooting, and the huntsman's horn only reminds you that the one pleasure you could enjoy is now beyond your means. Ah! John Minton, how certainly do our sins find us out by time. Were I told to point out one man who more than another was rueing the follies of seven years past—one who had so spent his youth as to cloy the palate and deaden the sense

of enjoyment, while he fostered a brood of craving desires and unruly appetites, like squalling, hungry brats, to clamour unsatisfied all the livelong day, I should point to you, John Minton.

“ ‘We know Mr. Minton,’ said one of his neighbours, of whom I made inquiry a few months since; ‘but we cannot be very intimate with him. His wife we should be glad to see more of if we could; but, unfortunately, Minton is an idle man: he retains too many of his college habits, and now he has grown too old for all that; so the staid and steady people in our parish are very polite to him, certainly, for he is a good-hearted fellow; but they cannot altogether enter into his ways, and, to say the truth, he is not quite the person to bring into the way of our sons: his college stories do them no good.’

“ ‘I have always remarked,’ said a very shrewd observer of men and manners, ‘that a young man without a profession is anything but an acquisition in a neighbourhood. It is quite a tax on his friends to amuse him. Indeed, to amuse him is next to impossible—you have nothing in common with him. You can’t feast a man who has lost his palate. He is out of tone, keeping, and harmony with the social sphere. He seems as if he were born and bred for another planet, so nothing goes glib and smooth with him in this.’

“So much for Minton, who did *not* go up in the term of which I am speaking. Let us now return to Belton, Lipsley, Wiggett, and Allen, who persevered.

“‘I would give a trifle,’ said Belton, ‘if I were only as safe to get through as Allen; that man is fond of books; he could always read something while waiting for a horse, or ten minutes before dinner; or at any spare time whatever, Allen has always got a book, and seems right into the pith of it, wherever he may happen to be. Now, I am not often in a mood: I must always have my easy chair, dressing-gown, and slippers, and some one to read with to keep me up to it. The day before a hunt or pigeon-match, or anything worth seeing, and generally for a day or two after, I never could settle down to read for thinking of it; and when I did make a beginning, if anything crossed me to put me out of the mood, I could not do the least thing for a week. But then it was just the same at school. Wortley, who was afterwards at Oriel, did all my themes and exercises, and construed my lessons for me the last two years; at my private tutor’s, of course, I did nothing, for there was nobody to make me. So you must understand, I was never regularly in the way of it. Now with Allen it was different: he had his fling, but never quite gave up reading.’

“Certainly Allen was quite another kind of man: he had some three or four hundred a year to spend at college, and being a merry soul, and fond of all manly sports, he kept a good horse, rode well up to hounds, and joined the clubs and sporting parties afterwards; still he had a decided taste for literature. Both Lydon and Whitbread were on good terms with

Allen, and he more frequently took a quiet glass of wine with them than his friends were aware of. Allen could write a good letter in the *Times* occasionally, and if any fun was going on, a witticism or epigram might be traced to his pen. He was rarely seen reading a Greek or Latin book, still his mind was never altogether weaned from them. Nothing could distract his attention in lecture, for which he was usually pretty well prepared. When amusements failed, he would seek a resource in books, recoiling with a certain spring and elasticity of mind, which all studious men know is the sure indication of successful application.)

“Allen studied in a plain, straightforward way, very like a scholar: he read his books from end to end, connecting, digesting, and trying his memory as he went on. The work of every hour contributed at once to enrich and store his mind. I know him now: he has for several years taken pupils, and made his college reading the foundation of extensive classical knowledge. Much as he regrets the time he lost at college, he says that he insensibly picked up in the lecture rooms far more hints than he had any idea of till he began to pursue literature in good earnest. Allen is by no means a man to join in the cry against his university. ‘Good supplies,’ says he, ‘of the most wholesome kind of instruction are provided for us: if a man will not eat his food when it is set before him, who is to blame but himself?’

“The studies of Belton and Lipsley were of a far

less worthy kind. A short account of them will serve to explain, while it holds up to yet greater contempt the practice of cramming.

“First, we must observe that all examinations imply the existence of examiners, and examiners, like other mortal beings, lie open to the frauds of designing men, through the uniformity and sameness of their proceedings. This uniformity inventive men have analysed and reduced to a system, founding thereon a certain science, and corresponding art, called Cramming.

“I will exemplify my meaning by the usual divinity examinations.

“Every candidate for a degree is expected to pass a general examination in the Old Testament as well as in the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles. He must also be able to construe the Gospels in Greek, and to repeat and prove from Scripture the Thirty-nine Articles. For this general examination there are two ways of preparing.

“One is the plain, honourable way practised by Allen. He read his Bible carefully, and reflected on every point alike. The result of this is a sound and generally available knowledge of Scripture.

“This is one way of preparing for an examination. Knowledge so attained is improving to the mind; and though it may waste a little by keeping, still it will not entirely evaporate as soon as the examination is over; but the professor of the art of cramming reasons as follows:—

“ ‘The object of the men who apply to me is not to gain knowledge but to gain testamurs. If I could retail these slips of paper at once without being guilty of forgery, it would save a great deal of trouble, and six months after the examinations are over, it would be quite as beneficial to my pupils as any instruction they are capable of receiving. This is my position, not my fault. I would greatly prefer to gain a livelihood by assisting young men of well-formed minds to take full advantage of a university course, and to attain to that proficiency which an examiner’s testamur is supposed to imply. But since parents will be so foolish as to send their sons to college, and to keep them there three years, in spite of the clearest evidence that every term a great deal of their knowledge is running out and very little coming in; and since these sons at last come to me and say, “We know less than when we left school: six months only remain to complete the work for which the university allows four years,” what am I to do? He gets most pupils who has fewest plucks, just as the lawyer has most briefs who obtains most verdicts. I must make the most of the six months which remain. I must confine myself to that kind of knowledge which will be most serviceable for the present purpose. In other words, mental improvement and available information do not properly belong to my profession. Intellectual attainments with me are only a means to an end—that end being to obtain testamurs. With what kind of intellectual attain-

ments am I concerned? with such only as come into play at examinations.'

"The first point, therefore, in which a crammer differs from other tutors, is in selection of subjects. While another tutor would teach every part of the books given up, he virtually reduces their quantity, dwelling chiefly on the 'likely parts.'

"The second point in which a crammer excels is in fixing the attention and reducing subjects to the comprehension of ill-formed and undisciplined minds.

"The third qualification of a crammer is a happy manner and address, to encourage the desponding, to animate the idle, and to make the exertions of the pupil continually increase in such a ratio, that he shall be wound up to concert pitch by the day of entering the schools.

"In each of these three points, as in all other matters, practice makes perfect. Besides, there is ample scope for genius and invention, and doubtless the most successful tutors have had high natural endowments.

"There was, some years since, a professor of the art of cramming, of great notoriety. He was once a fellow of a college; and, some say, he lost his fellowship by his irregularities and low propensities. Those who condescended to employ him had to seek him, not uncommonly, at some low public house.

"This classic lecturer was described to me by one who had seen him exercising his vocation in terms which I should prejudice the university if I were to

repeat. Imagine a man of forty years of age, unwashed and unshorn, redolent of tobacco, and flushed and bloated with the last night's beer, sitting in a college room, displaying a wondrous volubility and power of memory in classical, logical, and scriptural literature, without a book or any other assistance than a cigar between his finger and his thumb, and a tankard of college ale. Of course the kind of technical memory and illustrations which a man of this degraded taste would introduce are of too painful a nature for any feeling mind to think of, though well, too well, suited unhappily to the perverted tastes of that small portion of undergraduates who are so shameless as to countenance him.

“But why do I sully my pages with an allusion to such a disgrace to humanity? It is not only in proof of the estimation in which a talent for cramming is held, but I have also another and a more urgent reason for alluding to this person. His fame has been recorded by others, and that too as if he were a fair average specimen of Oxford characters, and not a solitary exception and rare excrescence from a generous stock. If my readers have ever heard of this person, and are disposed to lay the blame on the university which he infests, let them know that the porters of several colleges had strict orders not to admit him inside their gates; also, that it was generally believed that any man who had been known to read with him would have a strong prejudice to contend against in the schools.

"Pure crammers, that is, those who get dunces through the schools and have little else to do, are very rare. Most of those who cram have some pupils of an honourable class. Almost all tutors cram to a certain extent. To find a tutor who never thinks of testamurs or class papers, but exerts himself exclusively for the real improvement of his pupil, without sacrificing the least to appearance, would be very difficult indeed.

"We will exemplify the system of cramming by the subject of divinity, as being most generally understood.

"The divinity required for a degree consists in a general knowledge of the Old Testament, the Gospels in Greek, and a readiness in repeating and proving from Scripture the Thirty-nine Articles.

"Let us see how these subjects are crammed.

"It is found from observation that in the Old Testament the examinations turn chiefly on the more familiar biographies and parts of Jewish history, as well as on types and prophecies.

"The crammer, therefore, teaches a brief outline of Old Testament history. The types and chief prophecies are published with the corresponding fulfilments in opposite columns. A few pages of this unconnected dialogue, together with short accounts of Daniel, Ezekiel, and the other prophets, in about six lines each, will often enable a candidate, who has not read one of the prophets, nor fifty chapters of the Old Testament in all, to answer with as much

readiness as if he possessed well-digested knowledge. If, in addition to this, the tutor has time to call attention to about twenty examiners' crotchets, and likely parts, the candidate may expect to make a fair appearance, and answer with a degree of promptitude highly satisfactory to an examiner, who supposes that the candidate is as well acquainted with the other parts of the Bible as with those in which he is trying him.

"Again, as to the Articles, one appropriate text for each point of doctrine is crammed (for I call all knowledge crammed which is crude and undigested) from a shilling book, which, like the book of types and prophecies, are commonly called 'Divinity Crams.'

"To show the false appearance which may be made by this system, I must mention that I was one day standing by a candidate who was waiting outside the schools, ready to be called in to be examined in divinity. His case being considered desperate, a friend stood by asking him, even up to the last moment, and telling him the answers of questions. A few seconds before he was called into the school, as his friend touched on Baptism and the Lord's Supper, he evinced considerable misconception and confusion regarding both. Still, when his examination commenced, as the questions were chiefly on those points on which he had learnt to quote texts accurately, he obtained his testamur. No ordinary observer would have doubted that he had a competent knowledge of Scripture.

"The only remark I can make on these facts is,

that though disgraceful enough to those whose idleness alone renders their recurrence possible, they are incidental to all examinations—to those of Apothecaries' Hall no less than those of the universities.

“At the examinations at Apothecaries' Hall it is usual to ask the medical students to tell the names of certain herbs and drugs. These herbs have in some instances been obligingly taken by the gardener to the grinder's lecture-room before they reached the Hall. And as to the contents of the bottles of drugs, many of the students who have been examined have reported the peculiarities of the bottles, at which they severally made successful guesses; therefore one part of the lecture for the Hall used to be of this kind:—‘Gentlemen, look hard at the bottles, and for chipped bottle say arsenic; short and thick bottle, magnesia; leather-corked bottle, potash; and glass stopper, oxalic acid.’

“Having thus described the nature of cramming, and introduced Belton and Lipsley as gentlemen who availed themselves of this remedy for stunted faculties and loss of time, and having also mentioned Allen as one who studied consistently for his examination, as well as John Minton, who to this day deeply rues his idleness, in taking his name off, when the infallible Mr. Tufton said he might get through—it is now time to pursue the fortunes of this reading party. Afterwards, by the way of contrast, we will indulge the reader with a peep at Mr. Whitbread, who was ready for, and finally attained, a place in the First Class.

“Belton, Lipsley, and Allen, spent no small part of the day in each other's rooms. Belton and Lipsley were joined together not only by the same apprehensions of the same coming event, which cast a very dark shadow before it, but also by a joint interest in the comfort and assistance they derived from Allen. Neither could endure that the other should enjoy a monopoly of his services. No sooner had Allen sat down to ‘give a construe’ to Belton, or to ‘put him up to a wrinkle’ in logic, than he would find Lipsley just dropping in to ask what was to be got up instead of one difficulty, or what was to be learnt instead of another. For the idea that a book is to be read straight through, and that the hardest lessons call for hardest work, never enters the head of this class of students. No: the first question they ask is, ‘How are we to get out of this?’ not how are we to go through it. Whatever tutor pretends to guide them on the road to learning must show new cuts to save the hills, and play Rebecca with the toll-bars.

“Another reason for courting Allen's society at this time was, that he was a very sharp, witty, and lively character; his society, therefore, was doubly acceptable to his friends, who were dispirited and out of sorts.

“This literary triumvirate began the day by breakfasting together; then they would read at three different tables, unless, as sometimes happened, Allen, to whom this partnership was more plague than profit, could make his escape. At twelve o'clock Tufton

would sometimes give Lipsley and Belton a lecture at the same time. In that case each would have the benefit of nearly two hours' instruction instead of one; and what Tufton failed to impress upon their wearied minds, Allen would sometimes go over again in the evening, and would tell them that Horace, although doubtless a famous Latin scholar, would have been a poor hand at cramming for the schools, for that in spite of *invitâ Minervâ*—that is, in spite of nature pulling one way while Tufton pulled the other—men did contrive to pass such examinations in these days as would have astonished Horace uncommonly.

“Tufton took care that a man's work should always be quite plain before his eyes. He also varied their studies with much address — types, prophecies, Bible history, doctrines, predicables, syllogisms, classical allusions, hard passages to construe, &c., were all set forth as if in tangible form; and by aid of schemes, plans, abstracts, and analyses, to stick up over the chimney-piece or carry in the waistcoat pocket, the pupil seemed to trace every step of his progress. The following conversation will give some idea of the state of his pupils' minds.

“‘Well, Lipsley, how does Tufton say you are getting on, and did he say what he thought of my chance?’

“‘Why, he says I need not trouble myself much more with either types, predicables, or prophecies, and that I have got a sort of slovenly notion of the

Old Testament history. I told him that seemed hardest of all, for I did not see my way, and there appeared no end of it. However, he encouraged me by explaining a little of his plan : he says he has got all this history drawn out on one sheet of foolscap. In this epitome he has made so lucky a hit that he has not had a pupil for a long time examined in a single point which that sheet does not contain. I'll tell you how he made it. Every pupil, after his examination, comes to thank him as a matter of course ; and as every man, you know, is loquacious enough on such occasions, Tufton gets out of him all the questions he was asked in the schools ; and according to these questions, he has moulded his cram papers. He will take us through this part both together : he says it is much easier than it seems.'

" ' He told me,' said Belton, ' that you knew your types ; but I can tell you what he said of my logic. You are jealous, I am afraid, my good fellow ; so you kept back that part of the story.'

" ' Why, what did he say ?'

" ' He said he would back my syllogisms to beat your prophecies hollow ; and that in three days more, if I will not go to any wine parties, and drink nothing but tea and toast-and-water, to lower my system a little, I shall be as safe to floor my logic paper as Aldrich himself. But I was going to propose to you that we might as well divide the choristers' expenses between us. He will read twenty chapters of the translation at a sitting of less than two hours. That

will take us through all the parts which Tufton has marked in six days. It is to be half a crown an hour, and as many may listen as please. We are to pay particular attention to the beginning of all the long chapters. A man is seldom put on to translate at the end of any paragraph—that is a secret worth knowing.’

“ ‘Agreed; but I have another dodge as good as yours: here’s Langham, a capital hand at logic—hits off syllogisms as quick as thought. I have made him promise to give me four or five evenings of about half an hour’s cram each. You can join. We must make him some slight present—say a gold pencil-case, or some such keepsake—if we get through.’

“ This plan also was arranged between these hard-worked individuals. The next thing was, that each should hear the other repeat definitions from an underscored copy of Aldrich’s Logic, as also Chronology of the Bible from a card, and a string of fifty texts, each so ingeniously selected as to prove a variety of different articles!

“ Every old Oxonian who reads this scene will remember, that, however trying this labour is at first to idle men, they feel at last some little satisfaction in the unexpected progress which they make, and a secret pleasure in calling dormant energies into action. Belton and Lipsley were not unsolaced by these exciting causes; still, there were certain subjects respecting which feelings of satisfaction were more than counterbalanced by doubt, fear, and mingled appre-

hensions of coming evils. The matters to which I allude are called Money matters.

“And here it will be requisite to explain the usual preliminaries for going up for a ‘great go.’

“‘You go up, I believe, this term Mr. —,’ said the subwarden to me:—‘I only mention it to remind you that to-morrow and the day after are the days appointed for putting down your names. You must be prepared with your list of books, your testamur for Responsions (by undergraduates called “little go,” “smalls”), and also your certificate of Matriculation, to show you are of sufficient standing. Do not forget your certificate of having sat in the schools. You must go in person.’

“Accordingly I set out for Christchurch, and met on the stairs leading to the proctor’s room two or three of my friends bent on the same errand. I saw a proctor examining certificates, and taking down names, while his clerk was dropping money into two slop-basins. On entering the room six or eight men were present, all of whom I knew well by sight; for, after keeping twelve terms, almost every countenance in the university becomes familiar to you. I could not help remarking that each evinced a degree of sympathy and consciousness of the other’s business very rare indeed before men are introduced. For that instinctive aversion to seem intrusive or inquisitive, which is the very soul of good breeding, produces a forced coldness and formality when indulged to excess. Every Oxford man must remember

many instances in which he has been talking to a friend, while a third party, who had not been formally introduced, sat by with an immovable cast of features, betraying no more interest or consciousness than if there had been no one in the room. That easy composure with which those long familiar with men and manners so happily temper a hearty affability with guarded reserve, and are at once most accessible and most distant—this comes of itself at a later period than college days.

“As I walked back to college I was not free from certain queer sensations. I felt I had done something not to be undone; the first step towards a consummation ~~either~~ devoutly to be wished or greatly to be feared. About two days after, I had more queer sensations still as I read my name printed alphabetically among about one hundred and fifty others, and pasted against the buttery door.

“The effect of reading one's own name on the examination list is very singular. It seems so much like earnest, like taking us at our word. A man may fully resolve to go up, and deliberately put himself within the power of the much-dreaded pluck, still, the first time he reads his own name written most unceremoniously, with the surname first and the Christian name in Latin after it, thus —

‘BELTON, *Gulielmus*, & Coll. Exon.,’

he must feel surprised at the effect of his own act and deed, and not a little humbled at the evidence that,

however great a man may be in his own estimation, there he is written down as a mere unit on the bills of mortality, or, as it were, one out of a hundred and fifty cogs on the big wheel of university society. He sees his name with no other distinction or honorary precedence than that alphabetical order by which some John Hobson, the son of a common-room man, of Magdalene Hall, who is investing his father's perquisites in a degree, and hoping to gain a dividend on the same by underselling the usual order of private tutors, would be set far above some Lord Walsingham, who is announced in his county paper as shortly about to finish his academical studies at Christchurch.

“This is the effect which the publication of the examination list produces on a man who reads his own name, not uncommonly with a pencil line under or above it, indicating the nervous calculation of some brother in tribulation, who has been dividing off the whole list into sixes to ascertain how many days’ respite he may expect before it will be his turn to be examined *vivâ voce*: for, be it understood, no candidate for a degree is ever known to be ready till the last day, and many an idle man who has been blaming the slowly-pacing hours for three long years, would give a great deal for just as many days as intervene between the examining of the A’s and the Y’s.

“But besides this creeping, nervous, hollow, sinking and dyspeptic feeling, like the tightening of the last button of the waistcoat, produced by the examination

list both on Belton and Lipsley, and I may add on Allen too, — for no man feels so sure of the result of an examination as not to be conscious of a certain something of which he never can be free till his fate is known, — there was also another effect produced on their — CREDITORS.

“Never was any thing truer than that

‘Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.’

“‘Your son,’ said a tutor to a friend of mine, ‘does nothing whatever from the beginning of the term to the end.’ This proved to be all a mistake. Idle men do a great deal in their way: they do quite as much to kill time as studious men do to enjoy it. The difference between them is this: the employments of the idle cost much and produce little; the employments of the studious cost little and produce much.

“Such, at least, was the idleness of Belton and Lipsley. We will say nothing of their heavy expenses for horses, tandems, clothes, and wine. These are too large to escape the memory of ordinary men; and Belton and Lipsley, I would observe, are only a fair average specimen of a certain class of Oxford men, a class, however, I am most happy to say, fast decreasing, though the present generation must not hope to see the end of it.

“The money matters and the creditors which the appearance of the examination list quickened into life

and energy, to the yet further annoyance of these already much vexed students, were associated with certain faint reminiscences of fancy articles, small in cost and smaller still in value, bought without premeditation, and lost, stolen, or strayed without enjoyment, and quite out of sight and out of mind till they were seen accurately, and most complimentarily described in 'Messrs. Smooth and Soft's small account,' made up as pretty and palatable as fancy seal and envelope could make it.

"On wet and dreary days, when there was nothing doing, Belton would wrap his gown about his shoulders, and lounge about the town, amusing himself with those most expensive of all sights, which are to be seen for nothing in shop windows. One while he would walk into the saddler's and ask about the next Meet, and, though he never intended it, leave a girth, curb chain, or currycomb memorandum, by which he would be able to know exactly the day on which he made the inquiry. He would then turn into the jeweller's to have his ring cleaned, or watch regulated,—to the picture dealer's to see the last H. B., or some new drawing of the winner of St. Leger or a steeple chase. So, also, ice, cherry-brandy, or oyster patties at the confectioner's; a new pair of gloves or fancy handkerchief at the hatter's; a walking stick, or some of the thousand and one tempting articles at the shop of the perfumer who monopolises the corner—would all be something to do. In each of those shops, there would be entertainment

of more kinds than one. He might meet men as much at a loss for something to do as himself, or the shopkeepers themselves would have a little to say, and a great deal to show. A tradesman's time cannot be taken up for nothing; and is it not very hard to get out of a shop when you have been looking over a variety of articles, and been most politely informed all the time, contrary to the evidence of your own senses, that strewing several feet of counter with the contents of drawers, shelves, and shop-window, is no trouble at all — is it not, I say, a very difficult thing deliberately to put on your glove, look the tradesman full in the face with perfect composure, and say, 'Thank you — I don't want any thing,' and walk quite satisfied with yourself out of the door?

"It is easy to understand that Belton might thus have spent some such insidious sums as 7*s.* 6*d.* one day, and 17*s.* 6*d.* another. Set down an average of 10*s.* forty times told for only forty such recreations in the year, and this will not seem much to the many who find it at all times hard to pass by a favourite shop without going into it. This in three years would make small bills for trifling articles bought just for the good of the shop to the amount of 60*l.*, the greater part of which sum might be left entirely out of a calculation of expenses, and, as often happens with the craving progeny of another kind of imprudence, be 'wholly unprovided for.'

"No great powers of imagination will now be required to understand that the names on the examina-

tion list are a subject of even deeper interest to the tradesmen than to the undergraduates.

“In most towns the competition in trade is confined chiefly to the price and quality of commodities. At Oxford, however, a material point of competition is credit. Whether the tradesmen are more to be pitied or censured, I will not decide—but will just hint, that among dress-makers, tailors, and a few other trades, in almost every town in England, the credit system prevails as in Oxford to an extent bounded only by the supposed solvency of the one party and the available capital of the other. But be this as it may, it is quite impossible that any set of tradesmen in Oxford could stop the credit system if they would. Every man in a crowd cries out, ‘Don’t push!’—but who can stop the pressure when once commenced? Besides, the credit system has long since stimulated the demand in every branch of trade. This is the effect of credit wherever it prevails. ‘I do not value you as a ready-money customer,’ said a jeweller to me last week: ‘you would lay out two pounds for one if not reminded of the value of money by the lightness of your purse.’ Again, ‘I make my wife and daughters pay ready money,’ said Archdeacon Paley. ‘I believe they never buy more than they think they want; but ready money checks the imagination.’ The demand being stimulated, that is, far more articles having for years been bought, on the strength of the credit customary at Oxford, a proportional number of tradesmen have been drawn thither

from other places: it follows, therefore, that should credit stop, business would decrease, and what would become of the shops? A few would stand, but many would not clear their expenses,—for this is not a town in which rapid fortunes are often made. But what does this argument prove? It proves that the temptation to continue the credit, on the part of the Oxford tradesmen, is as strong as a struggle for bread.

“A most absurd and libellous opinion prevails, that Oxford tradesmen are a set of designing knaves and harpies. This is a simple question of evidence and common experience; and Oxford tradesmen, like all other mortal men, must be judged by comparison with others in the same rank and relative position. For books, I dealt, at different times, with Messrs. Wheeler, Slatter, Graham, and Parker; for clothes, with Messrs. Dry, Joy, and Quarterman; for confectionery, with Fletcher and Jubber; for hats, gloves, and handkerchiefs, with Mr. Randall. These names I mention not invidiously, to disparage others. It was more through chance than choice that I gave them my custom; therefore I presume that they are a fair specimen of the first set of tradesmen to whom any other undergraduates would be recommended; and I am most happy to give my testimony that no booksellers, tailors, hatters, or confectioners ever supplied me in a more liberal or upright way of business. Nay, more; I am quite sure that the general outcry about Oxford tradesmen does not originate with their

creditors in the university. It originates with the relations and friends of collegians, who are utterly unable otherwise to account for the extent of recklessness and extravagance which characterises almost all youths of the age of collegians, when they congregate unchecked by parental influence. But more of this in another chapter.

“The effect produced on Oxford tradesmen by the examination list I know full well. I would praise the bridge that carried me over safe; and I believe few old Oxonians go through Oxford without buying, with much satisfaction, sugar-plums for their children, Woodstock wares for their wives, or some new books or hat for themselves, of the same tradesmen who had served them when they little thought they should ever own such altered feelings.

“On examination lists and similar topics I have talked with many Oxford tradesmen, both at Oxford, and when I have met them on the top of a coach, or taking a long-vacation tour in the country. Of these conversations, the following is worth relating:—

“‘Now, sir,’ said an Oxford tradesman one day, who sat next me on Tollett’s coach, ‘as to those remarks on Oxford tradesmen and college debts which are daily repeated in the papers, allow me, before we come to our journey’s end, to explain to you a tradesman’s exact position.

“‘You must allow, sir, that we have no more to do with teaching young men economy than others of our class. Did you ever know a tradesman who

fixed his thoughts on any thing more than these two points — how he could sell most goods, and contract fewest bad debts? Is not the art of recommending and showing off goods, and saying, “Your name is as good as your money, sir,” universally practised in other towns as well as in Oxford with customers presumed able ultimately to pay? Ay, and do not the same parents, who find themselves indebted to us, acknowledge that their sons have also been largely trusted nearer home? Is there, in short, any town in England in which a young man may not contrive to anticipate property to which he is believed shortly about to succeed? What, then, is it that raises such a prejudice against Oxford tradesmen more than others? Chiefly this — that young men with estates in expectancy form the greater part of our customers. We do not intentionally trust any whom other tradesmen would not trust, only we have more customers of a character to ask credit, and in circumstances to command it. If the son of the county member, in your own town, sir, enters his tailor’s, his jeweller’s, or his bookseller’s shop, will the tradesman say one word to remind him of the value of money? Is not forcing custom a recognised part of all trade? As to saying that we tempt young men whom we know to be unable to pay, in order to drain their poor relatives, no man who understands business can doubt but that so dangerous a system of credit would ruin any tradesman in a very short time. No, sir, we like ready money as much as any one; and the secret is

to know where we can refuse credit without losing custom. Let me give you an example. Suppose that a tradesman's expenses are 200*l.* a year, and he clears less than 300*l.*, he cannot keep his family, and fails for want of custom; if to gain custom he extends credit too far, he may fail, as many have failed, before they can call in their debts, although their books showed a balance in their favour.

“ ‘ Now, what is it that insures custom at Oxford? Dealing on the Oxford credit system. If once you seem short of money, the report spreads in a day through every college, “ Heard or Cole is dunning; perhaps he is going to fail; if so, we must pay up at once.” Then the shops of Heard or Cole might as well be infected with the plague; and if the panic continues long, the connection is lost.

“ ‘ You will understand, therefore, sir, that when we want money we must make choice of the gentlemen of long standing; for they are soon about to leave, and therefore, if offended, they do us comparatively little harm; besides, there seems more consistency in asking for a three years' bill. But many a man would gladly dun freshmen and all if he dared, and refuse to serve every long-credit customer who enters his shop.

“ ‘ Directly the examination lists are published, we begin to mark off our creditors, for this notice of going up for examination is to us a notice to leave. And “ out of sight is out of mind,” especially with debtors to a small amount. This is often a very un-

pleasant part of our business, more particularly because the same party is pressed at the same time by some dozen bills, some altogether forgotten, and all much heavier than are expected. Many a gentleman has said to me, I have got about 4*l.* odd to pay you, and when I turn to my book, he admits I am entitled to 7*l.* 10*s.* Then the truth comes out: he has received a remittance, requested from his friends, to pay all he owes, and he has the pain of applying for half as much again.'

"This pecuniary effect of having a name published in the examination list will render intelligible the following perplexities of Messrs. Belton, Lipsley, and Allen:—

"‘Tell Tufton that I am seedy, disgusted, and out of sorts, and cannot read to-day,’ said Belton to Lipsley, as he was going to his tutor.

"‘Why, what’s that about?’ asked Tufton when he received the message. ‘It is either an epidemic prevalent while the schools are open, or a *bilious* fever, I feel sure, before you tell me.’

"‘You are quite right: bills have come in; every 5*l.* account turns out to be 7*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* as usual.’

"The philosophy of this mystery is, that a debtor’s mental calculation can rarely take in all even of the pounds; the shillings and pence do not enter at all into his flattering estimate of his pecuniary liabilities.

"‘Then,’ said Tufton, ‘you must go back and tell him that he must manfully consider all that an ex-

amination involves. There is not one out of twenty of my pupils who can look forward with unmixed pleasure to a testamur. No; the same B.A. which takes him from college raises a host of creditors to stop or to follow him. All this is implied in the very notion of going up. As to his feeling ill from other causes, no man while reading for a degree was ever yet known to feel well. Excitement, anxiety, want of air and exercise, and the effect of hard reading upon the nervous system generally; — this is quite enough to account for seediness in a man doomed to swallow as much intellectual food in a month as the university allows a year to digest. So, pray go home, and bring Belton per force to me. I'll soon set him at work again.'

"Belton soon made his appearance; and, after a hearty laugh on both sides, feeling Tufton took all of his grievances as a matter of course, and as part of the difficulties of that very trying ordeal which awaits all alike, he began to be a little reassured and comforted.

"‘Do not put yourself out of temper with your creditors,’ said Tufton; ‘no man reckons his bills at more than two thirds of their real amount. Show your tradesmen an inclination and ability to pay, and they will wait. But why not tell the governor at once,—he must hear it sooner or later. I’ll tell you what; I have a hold on you now; get through you must; then the good news of the Pass will be a set-off against the few small debts, and both will be

washed down together the first day you get home over the long-stored bottle of port. Mind, you must pass now; read harder than ever, or you will be in a pretty mess. As to your headache, it is all nonsense; a man can read both when he's ill and when he's well, if he will but try. Do I ever send word to my pupils I cannot lecture? No, nor any other tutor either. These complaints are always from the other party. Brains not used to work must ache a little — eh, Belton? I think I can guess the cause of your headache.'

"A hearty determination and a deep interest in our daily employment providentially renders the more useful members of society free from many interruptions in respect of health, which weigh down those of desultory habits and unstrung minds.

"In numerous instances have I seen that, under the excitement of an impending examination, a man of proper *pluck* can stave off his maladies for a time. Belton was soon made to feel a little on his mettle. Such men may be edged on to do a great deal by being told to have *pluck*, and not to own themselves beaten. If Belton read from resolution before, he read from desperation now; and every thought of his creditors increased his endeavours as much as it distracted his attention.

"The suspense of reading parties never appears to last long. Days fly apace in these times of hurry and excitement. John Minton, however, who, as we observed, did not go up, found time more heavy

on his hands. He was all the while pursuing pleasure without once overtaking it. He had made up his mind to have his *fling*; and if flinging himself from one — we will not say amusement (that depends upon secret conditions more easily felt than explained), — but from one place and form of amusement to another; if flinging down the reins of self-command; if flinging away present time and thoughts of future with all his might; if flinging himself out of bed into a breakfast party with appetite spoiled by the last night's wine; if flinging himself thence upon a horse, and galloping after hounds all day long, to say nothing of cold drenching showers by the cover's side, when the dogs do not find; if flinging himself off the horse into hall, and thence into a wine party, followed by a supper spread but scarcely tasted (these wild birds live most by suction); and if reckless, wretched, and reeling, spent with fatigue and exhausted by excitement, fevered with punch and puffed with tobacco-smoke, to fling his clothes on the ground and fling himself on the bed,— if this is to have his fling, John Minton had his fling to his heart's content.

“John Minton was continually dropping in on this reading party; sometimes he would appear before breakfast in red coat and over-alls, while waiting for his cover hack; sometimes with a great coat over the same, splashed and mudded, as he returned after a run; sometimes he would drop in upon the same party at tea with a gig-whip in his hand, while wait-

ing, as I have already described him, for Skuffledust's buggy. He would rarely come far into the room, but would stand with the door in his hand; or at most he would only come and lean against the fireplace, and scrape one boot on the fender, half-impatient at the little interest his friends seemed to take in his amusement. 'You vote me a bore,' he would say. 'I see that you would cut me, now those confounded books are in the way.' The ostensible purpose of his visits was to see how they got on: his real inducement, however, was to ascertain whether some others of the party would not take off their names and keep him in countenance. Still, John was an open-hearted fellow; and if good wishes would have got his friends through, he would, when put on his guard and allowed time to reason with himself, have uttered them most cordially in their favour. Still, if they were wise in reading on, he was foolish in drawing off; and those who know the mixed motives and self-alloyed sentiments even of the best of human hearts, will easily understand how John, in moments when his generosity was not on guard, rather feared than desired that his friends might pass.

" 'Now, you need not come asking us,' said Lipsley, 'and giving tongue to formal wishes we should like to take for granted; we know very well you do not above half want us to get through after all.'

" 'Speak for yourself,' said Allen.

" 'Well done, Allen,' answered Minton, with much

feeling. 'You are too hard upon a man, Lipsley. I heard you say once you did not enjoy looking on that long-tailed pheasant I hit down when you could not touch a feather — there — that is just what I feel now. A man never likes to find he has been a fool. However, by about this day week you will know your fate.'

" 'At all events,' said Belton, 'we cannot be any worse off than you are; for if we are plucked you can't get through; so it all comes to the same thing.'

" 'Yes, but be fair, Belton. I shall not be plucked, shall I? no man can say that.'

" 'Well, but what if you were? You do not mean to say you have any literary character to lose, I hope!'

"At length the last day of reading had arrived. Tufton had warned all his pupils to take a holiday, and enjoy a quiet ride into the country: — he would not have them let any random companions join them; that would dissipate thought, and ruffle the even tenour of their ways; indeed they could not be in a state of mind to enjoy such company. Whenever Minton or any of his friends came to tell them of what was going on, some one would reply, 'Pray don't tantalise us: — you have seen an old hunter in a ring-fenced paddock prick up his ears at the cry of the hounds: — let us alone till after *vivâ voce*, and then, pluck or pass, I am your man.' So, on the last day, the very day before the schools were to open, Belton, Lipsley, and Allen agreed to take a ride out

together, and try what Allen called a 'physico-mental constitution trot; for indeed,' said he, 'I feel in the same state of stagnation as a certain quack conjectured the world to have been in before Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood.'

"But, first, about eight o'clock in the morning, a servant came round and invited each of them to breakfast with one of the college tutors. This was Mr. Churton, whom I have not yet introduced.

"Mr. Churton was about thirty years of age. The whole character of his mind differed widely from that of the Rev. Joseph Wilson, whom I have already described. Churton represented the new, as Wilson the old, college tutor. Churton was a religious man; and such indeed was Wilson: but Wilson kept his religious feelings and opinions more in the background than Churton. Wilson's habits and ways of dealing with men had been formed on a different and a bygone generation of undergraduates, and the force of habit made him still sparing of his pearls when there was happily less chance of their being trodden under foot.

"'I should not care if we could be off going to Churton's this morning,' said Belton: 'he's slow and sanctimonious, and wants men to be better than they can be. What a poor place this college would be, to be sure, if Joey and our warden didn't keep that party a little in check. In my belief, every man of us that did not read five hours a day at least would have been forced to take our names off and

go to Skimmery long ago. Don't you remember, the day after Rotton was plucked, Churton said that, if he had his way, every man who did not pass creditably at collections should lose his term? He said the plucking should be all done in the colleges, and the "little go" and "great go," before all the university, should be easy in comparison with our own private examinations. I must confess, though, I should feel more comfortable now if this had been the practice all along.'

" 'I am much of your opinion,' said Lipsley. 'Churton's idea is that a college is intended for the reading men, and that those who do not mean to read have not much business here. He says they might remain upon sufferance; but if they set a bad example or otherwise interrupt the studious, he would send them about their business. But I can tell you what Joey remarked about this to my elder brother when he came up to take his Master's. He said, '*Nihil leges sine moribus*,'—that is, we cannot afford to be more strict than the common run of men will let us. If we attempt it, our numbers will fall short; Cambridge and Dublin, to say nothing of our halls, will undersell us, and be more accommodating to their customers, and what will become of the oft-quoted benevolence of founders then? Why, by trying at too much we shall fail altogether; then the reading men, whose interest Mr. Churton would exclusively consult, would find every tutor starved out of the University.

“ ‘This principle may be carried too far. Society is not formed entirely of reading men. Hundreds of men have I seen greatly improved by a college education in their ideas and general conduct, who scarcely looked into a book, except for a few months before each examination. I know not with what good right or good effect on society at large we should exclude such men. If a man will not read, no tutor can make him; but while in the hunting field or the cricket ground he gives bail for his good behaviour so many hours at all events. Numbers are benefited by indirect influences,—the combined result of hours spent in our lecture rooms, chapel, hall, and university society,—on whom all direct instruction seems thrown away.

“ ‘I am not speaking of occasional instances of men of low propensities and vicious habits,—these I send away when I find a fair opportunity,—but I speak only of those who have no love of literature, but still evince the taste and propriety of gentlemen. As to stringent regulations, enforcing numerous attendances at chapel, and three or four lectures a day, I wish as heartily as Churton does that men had the spirit to volunteer; but by constraining the body without some slight consideration of the will, we should only produce hypocrisy and disgust. So long as the world has large numbers of idle young men, a college must have its share of them. My consolation is this—that if a man will be idle, his idleness will

nowhere lead to so little mischief to himself or others as at Oxford.'

" 'I am not sorry we are going to Churton's,' said Allen. 'He is very hard upon the *rowing* men, I know; but he is a gentleman, honest and sincere. As to his being sanctimonious, as you call it, how can that be alleged against him, while we see that all of whom he takes notice are an unpretending set of men, and keep their religion to themselves?'

" Allen had good reason for taking Mr. Churton's part. For when Allen came first to college, Churton had taken a walk with him once or twice, and sent for him in the evening, detaining him while at tea, that he might give him a little quiet advice, and carry on friendly communication. He tried to persuade Allen to read for a class; but when term after term passed away, and he found him more frequently in the society of Belton and Lipsley than in that of Lydon and Whitbread, Mr. Churton became more sparing of his advice. Still from time to time he would take notice of Allen as he met him in the quad., and would inquire anxiously about his studies; though studies and mere accession of classical or scientific knowledge did not form the chief part of his previous conversations. 'He talked more,' said Allen to me a few months since, 'about the tone and temper of my mind, desiring me to read Butler especially, as a means of settling and sobering my mind; and then he tried to draw me, though very cautiously, to talk on religious subjects: but, I am

sorry to own, it was all thrown away upon me; or, I should rather say, it seemed thrown away at the time; for I cannot but observe how often religion presented itself to me in a more serious point of view, from the circumstance that a college tutor had gone so much out of his way to fill my mind with holy thoughts.'

"There were some nine or ten men with whom Mr. Churton was more successful in his spiritual as well as his intellectual instructions and encouragement. How many more tutors of the same zeal and interest in the welfare of their pupils there might have been in other colleges I know not. Still, the fact that many are not aware that there were such tutors is no proof that there were none; for it was only a very few besides the parties immediately concerned who were aware of the facts I have related of Mr. Churton.

"However, having thus introduced our host, we will follow the party to breakfast.

"Belton and Lipsley were most agreeably surprised. As they entered the room, Mr. Churton advanced and shook hands with them with that irresistible cordiality which is the spontaneous and unaffected emotion of pure sympathy. 'Put off your gowns, pray; — you won't want these much longer, I hope: indeed, Allen, the time seems short since I first asked your name at my lecture. I remember the morning quite well — we were beginning Thucydides, I think.

"'Do not you find, Mr. Belton, that your friends have dropped off one by one, and so many new faces

succeeded that you seem quite like a stranger in your own college? We feel no interest in making new friends, do we? Indeed, freshmen don't suit us — the inequality of age is too great. This experience makes us cling to our old friends though; indeed, nothing more so. For my own part I can't tell you the pleasure I feel in seeing the old familiar faces as men come up to take their degrees. They are so changed too; their whole cut, as we used to say, is so different. Well, to see a man one remembered in college rooms, and college ways, looking forward to lectures and examinations, and to find him quite altered, — just from his country parish, it may be, and eager to return to it, and talking of the old and sick, and his own children, perhaps, with a little local county news and parochial intelligence, — and asking all kinds of questions about changes he has heard of, which we wonder he does not know quite well; these things are continually amusing me. Wilson (the Rev. Joseph) sees greater changes still; he has been here so long. Only last term he had to rusticate the son of an old friend, whom he remembered coming to him when they were both undergraduates together, and in great trouble, being then just rusticated himself. Wilson said that the father alluded to it in a letter; and he is quite another kind of man now — a most estimable pastor in Derbyshire. Still, though Wilson said he was sure the father had taken every care, and set a good example in his own family, yet his friend ascribed the rustication all to himself, and said he really

felt the sins of the father were being visited on the children, and were finding him out in time: he seemed to feel his son's disgrace far more even than most fathers; though rustications generally bring on very painful scenes or correspondence.

“ ‘I hope you have been preparing, satisfactorily to yourselves, for examination. I can tell you now, without fear of doing harm, that it is not so alarming as it seems. As to nervousness or bad memories, examiners know how to allow for them. They do not judge so much from what men do not answer as from what they do. If a man makes shots, as they are called, or foolish guesses, every answer may reveal ignorance of three or four things at the same time; but if you answer only a few of the questions, and those few well, any examiner will presume that diffidence, or other causes than ignorance, have prevented you from putting many things to paper, although you knew them. In that case the *vivá voce* examination and a second paper of questions may set all right. But if you guess, and so write nonsense, it makes a far worse impression on paper, because you cannot explain yourself. Now in *vivá voce* I have often been much pleased even with a blunder a man has made, because the explanation of it brought out a deeper kind of knowledge than I thought the candidate possessed.

“ ‘The divinity is a very important part. A good divinity examination gives a very favourable opinion of a man's character, and that goes a long way.

Examiners never like to pluck deserving men. Indeed, you can have no idea of the responsibility examiners feel, and the painful inquiry and consideration of everything that can be thought of in favour of a candidate before they refuse a testimonial.

“ ‘ If I might recommend, I would have you attend as much as possible to points in immediate connection with your Church Catechism.

“ ‘ Latin writing is also most important. I would translate a piece of Spectator this morning, if I were you, and another this evening, because the Latin paper is set first, at ten o'clock to-morrow, is it not? Time is short, you see. But perhaps you will come and take tea with me this evening. I am sure I can increase your confidence — you know I was an examiner myself last year. I want you to come, because I have so often seen that men have quite Latin words and phrases enough in their minds, but not the way of bringing them out; also, that they make mistakes through want of care and method. They think they are expected to write Latin in a cramped, unnatural style, instead of writing in the way most familiar to themselves.’

“ ‘ Now that is exceedingly civil of him,’ said Lipsley, as they all came away: ‘ he was so gentlemanlike with it all. We will all go to him this evening, of course.’

“ ‘ Very civil, indeed,’ said Belton. ‘ By the way, his remark about the Latin writing makes me think

he must have heard of G. R ——'s rule, — "In writing Latin avoid *helegance*."

" 'I am glad you did not quote that to Churton, though,' said Allen: 'he would not like to acknowledge he had ever heard of such a character.'"

" 'Did you observe,' said Belton, 'that there was something remarkably hearty and earnest about the man? As he shook hands with us his eye sparkled, and he seemed quite nervous. Had we been his own brothers, he could not have seemed more earnest and interested in us.'"

" 'And he has said some things to me,' said Allen, 'at different times, that made me nervous, too; so that I wished myself a long way from him — though I liked him all the time.'"

"The secret of Churton's conduct was this: — He had noble and exalted ideas of a university: when first he was invited from the country to fill a vacant tutorship, he formed bright visions of seeing the minds of his pupils every day more and more expansive and refined. By quiet appeals to the conscience and feelings of men, he hoped to see their whole nature changed. He forgot that one of the strongest trials of man's faith and perseverance in reforming society is — that one man shall sow the seed, while another will be gladdened by the crop. Had Churton known a little more of human nature, he would not have looked for so immediate and manifest a return for his labour. He would have remembered that some seeds spring up after many years, some are

wafted to bloom unseen in distant lands, while others bear such fruit as we cannot recognise as our own. This is especially the nature of the seeds of good instruction.

“We must admit there is a spirit of dauntless zeal and stirring energy in such characters as Churton. The world wants a little of this dash and fire of youthful enthusiasm every now and then. Sober reason should sometimes take an extra glass; and in the march of education, I would go even beyond the regulation step. With all reverence for experience of the past, I admire an occasional dip into the future. Society must have its discoverers, its pioneers, its forlorn hopes, and some ‘to set their life upon a cast.’ It is better to have even an occasional failure than constant stagnation.

“The Reverend Joseph, on the contrary, believed that if we *cast our seed upon the waters* we shall *find it again*, but not till *after many days*. His opinion, I believe, was this:—‘If we had young men from their cradle, we might be answerable for their general characters. As it is, we are called on to correct the bad habits of eighteen years in three. How are we to do this? We must be content to cultivate minds like plants, improving each generation a little, that it may transmit a more generous quality to the next succeeding generation, and diffuse a more kindly influence and a capability of yet further improvement in all around. When old Oxonians bring up their sons or pupils for matriculation, they

generally evince a peculiar fitness for the parental or tutorial charge; then I feel often entitled to lay claim to much purity of taste, exactness of thought, and general excellence of character, even in pupils whom I see for the first time; because I recognise in them what I taught their fathers. Doubtless these youths, in their turn will prove wiser parents and more improving tutors, though I shall not live to mark the difference. Every year, as I identify my old pupils in the ordination lists, I draw a pleasing comparison, and feel that so many parishes will be directed by a sounder judgment, illumined by a purer light, and fired with a more heavenly spirit than heretofore.'

"But with all this, the Reverend Joseph, and other tutors of his standing, seemed to think that a tutor and a lecturer were one and the same character. Teaching Greek plays and Aristotle, together with magisterial admonitions, and friendly lectures to the idle or the dissipated, formed the chief part of what he deemed his duties. The fruits of his labours he enjoyed as he congratulated the idle on a degree, or the industrious on university honours.

"Mr. Churton, on the contrary, regarded the lectures and the honours as means, and not the only means, to a far more noble end, that end being to send forth into the world, in the full panoply of human learning, and heavenly light, champions of the church of Christ. With this view, all his advice ran more on discipline than on knowledge; more on pure taste, and a subdued and chastened tone of mind,

than on intellectual stores. He promised himself that his position as a tutor might be made to assist, rather than as some thought, or at least seemed to think, supersede his duties as a clergyman. But it was here that, as in the case of Allen, he was chiefly disappointed. I could number, perhaps, some nine or ten, with whom he could venture on some kind of communication of religious thought. Perhaps, that was as many as he could at that time expect. Of the rest, some, though serious, were too reserved to express what they felt in unison with his feelings of devotion, and others were thoughtless and indifferent.

“Mr. Churton endeavoured to combine the *pastor* with the *master*. Unquestionably both characters are intended by the name of Tutor. An opinion seems now to prevail, that there ought to be a much larger number of resident fellows in each college. Had this been the case in Mr. Churton’s day, his labours as a lecturer would have been diminished, and I have no doubt that his favourite employment as a serious friend and adviser would have been proportionably more extensive and successful. I for one, though I fear I was not one of the most satisfactory of his pupils, received from him, in his private capacity, advice and assistance far more valuable than I ever received from any formal college lectures. I could mention many others who would be happy to make the same acknowledgment.

“The hearty interest and nervous agitation which our friends observed in Mr. Churton may now be

understood. The thought that three of his pupils had come to their last term; that they had had their day, however they had spent it; and that the little advantage they had severally derived might be owing less to their own folly than that of their parents, — these considerations would naturally make a man of Churton's sensibility regard his guests with a kind of interest and sympathy truly touching to the hearts of those who called these feelings forth.

“We need not follow this party in their ride, nor to their evening lecture with Mr. Churton. We will be contented with observing, that the fact that a man who had been ridiculed as sanctimonious and severe, whose advice had been despised and instruction slighted, and who had been treated with less courtesy and respect than his mere character as a gentleman demanded, by many of the members of that set in which Belton and Lipsley were first and foremost; the fact that the tutor who had such causes of displeasure three long years together should come forward at last as their best of friends in their greatest need, created a very sudden and favourable change of opinion. Belton and Lipsley said he was not so bad a fellow in spite of all (his religion, forsooth!); and John Minton was informed, to his utter astonishment, that they had all mistaken their man, for Churton had turned out a regular trump. Allen needed no proof of this conclusion, and amused himself by quizzing their profane and irreligious sentiments by an apt quotation from Mrs. Quickly: —

“‘An honest, willing, kind fellow : his worst fault is that he’s given to prayer ; but nobody but has his fault : — let that pass.’

“The next day the schools opened — ‘the great, the important day, big with the fate’ of Belton and Lipsley and about one hundred and fifty others.

“Why should I dwell on all the nervous preparation of white ties, and the superstitious reverence for lucky bands, to wit, bands worn before without a pluck ? Why speak of the plenteous breakfasts good-hearted friends prepare, though there is something touching in those displays of college sympathy ? why tell of the dainty appetites the anxious feel on these occasions ? Let us hasten at once to the schools, and get there before the doors open. It is a day on which some may derive a salutary warning to be ready for their turn too soon rather than too late ; while others, who have passed that ordeal, will hug themselves in a grateful sense of comparative security.

“Look ! — here come Belton, Lipsley, and Allen, escorted by John Minton, who furnished the breakfast, and four or five other ‘spectators of the strife,’ or, as Allen says, to attend their obsequies. Belton and Lipsley are dressed in black, like quiet men. This is politic. John Minton’s cut-away coat and fancy trousers and stock, like the costume they have only this morning put off, would not be so much to the taste of the examiners. But how crowded is the square ! Surely all these men cannot be going up

for examination. No! — see, there are more black ties than white: plenty of lookers on — some to keep up the courage of their friends, some for the novelty and excitement. That tall man leaning against the wall, who seems older than the rest, is married: his wife has been in Oxford for these two last terms: he has been plucked once already. No one is speaking to him: he has no acquaintance with under-graduates: poor fellow, it is to be hoped he will pass this time. The examiners have been told who he is: they will show him every indulgence as far as they can consistently with their duty.

“Hush! — here they come — the examiners! Observe that thin, sharp-featured man with a Master’s gown threading his way through the crowd: that is Waithman of Oriel — a very knowing examiner; the worst part of his character is, that he likes to show off in the schools by putting hard questions. The man next him is Mumford, a very cool and experienced examiner: they say he never puts a leading question. Just behind is Bridges of Christchurch. He has never been examiner before. Were it not that Meredith, his old schoolfellow, is proctor, he would not very easily have found any one to nominate him. Each examiner continues in office for two years; and as it is so arranged they shall not all go out of office at the same time, every new examiner has a senior from whom to ascertain the customs of the schools, and standard of proficiency. It is reported that this Mr. Bridges said in the Common Room of

Merton that the usual requirements were too low by half, and that he was determined not to sign any testamur for a man who did not know all their books nearly by heart. But, however strict he may be, I had rather have any one of these to examine me than that short man, who is speaking to the clerk of the schools. He has read all the black-letter divinity in the Bodleian, and says that none of the cram-men shall have a chance with him. They must know all the tribes, divisions, and genealogies of the Bible by heart, and answer from the prophets from end to end.

“It is all very well talking, my friends; but do not alarm yourselves with anything of the kind. Every man fears that his own examination must be harder than any other. Nor, did I ever know an examiner of whom similar reports were not spread, true or false.

“The door is open now; let us go with the crowd, and have a peep into the schools. See; it is a long room, full of small square white tables of unpainted deal; don't they remind you of those of the thimble-rig at Epsom? but here the game of hide-and-find is played without confederates. On each table is some foolscap, pens, ink, and blotting-paper. The printed paper you see is a passage from the Spectator to be translated into Latin. No grammars or dictionaries are to be seen, nor is one syllable of assistance to be obtained.

“ ‘What, cannot Allen whisper the Latin of one

single word to Belton, or Belton to Lipsley, and so make a joint-stock of their little capital?'

"No. Wait till the examiners have assigned to each his seat. There—now you see how they are placed: quite in different parts of the room. Men of the same college are not allowed to sit together. The Latin of a single word, perhaps, may be whispered to a friend in distress: few candidates would scruple to do as much if they could; but look, Lipsley is eyeing his neighbours right and left, to see which is the most likely-looking man to speak to, even in Latin, if he should want it, without an introduction. Take one more look for the last time at the scene of action; for all the paper-work is done at the same square tables; and similar commons of pen, ink, and paper for this and the two following days, at two sittings each day, will be required to be severally converted, by the genuine alchemy of brains, into translations of Latin, translations of Greek, and answers to questions on logic. They are seated now, and here comes the clerk of the schools to shut the door: we must leave them to their fate.

"When for the first time a man is seated in the schools he feels:—'Well, I am in for it now, certainly. What a number of men!—they cannot pluck us all.' This creates confidence, which in a moment is checked; and seeing that five or ten minutes have passed away:—'Now or never is the time. But I must look out this word:—Oh, I forgot—we are not allowed a dictionary.' After a while he begins to collect his

ideas (if he has any), and then writes a line or two. From that moment the fountain opens — the single drops quicken to a stream ; till, at last, half a sentence comes out in a single gush. Then a gentle excitement ensues : his eye sparkles ; his brow knits in rigid furrows ; his teeth clench ; he forgets there is a single man near him, and actually detects himself whispering almost aloud. He squeezes his pen convulsively in haste, to put everything on paper the moment it comes into his head. Scratch, scratch goes the pen — no mercy on the foolscap — as each thought becomes a grandfather and great-grandfather in a minute.

“Of course, they brought rough copies of part of their work out of the schools to show to their friends, who could not be so discouraging as not to say that, as far as they could judge, all like that would do.

“The second morning, however, an alarming panic arose among Belton and Lipsley and several others. One of their set, named Connor, was also under examination. All had reason to fear that their names were down in the proctor’s black book ; and if so, that the examiners would be prejudiced against them. Tufton assured them that this was a groundless alarm. ‘Examiners,’ he said, ‘would weigh every point in favour of a man of good character, who displayed a deficiency rather of brains than application ; but that as to any prejudices against a candidate, no man who answered a fair proportion of questions in the schools would be plucked for any other cause whatever. If

tutors or proctors had any grounds of complaint, they might prevent a man from entering the schools. But the moment he came before the examiners it was as much their practice as their duty to attend to the examinations alone.'

"All the impression caused by this reasonable argument was dispelled at twelve o'clock on the second day of this examination by the following alarming occurrence.

"Minton was in his room preparing some luncheon for his friends when they came out. I was also with him, waiting to hear how they succeeded with that morning's work — the logic paper — when in rushed Belton, his eyes flashing with indignation and disgust, and saying, —

"'It is all up with us. Connor has got his ticket, and no mistake!'

"'What has Connor got? Nothing so bad, I hope. The game's alive still?' said Minton.

"'No: the senior examiner put a note in Connor's hand to say it is no use for him to try on: his logic has floored him, and his chance is gone. Now, they shall not bully me in this way, I am determined. I see what it is: we are marked men all of us. They are paying us off old scores some terms back. They shan't play the fool with me though; I'll bolt at once.' And so saying, Belton tore off his bands, and dashed his cap upon the table.

"Almost at the same time Connor entered, pulled along with much rough consolation by Lipsley.

‘Never mind, my boy—better luck another time:—some more of us will soon be plucked to keep you company; besides, they have put you out of your misery—that is civil of them—at all events.’

“The disastrous note was soon produced, and we eagerly read it again, to make sure there was no mistake. Seeing the words were too plain to admit of doubt, Minton began his strain of consolation too:—

“‘Hold your head up, my good fellow; never mind; don’t be down-hearted. Here, you are dry in the throat, drink this; toss it down; it won’t hurt you,’ he said, emptying a decanter into a tumbler; ‘then come out and have a gallop across country along with me. You shall ride my mare if you will, till her tail drops off.’

“‘I’ll come too,’ said Belton, ‘I have done with this: no more of the schools for me at present.’

“‘Oh! that is foolish,’ said Allen, as soon as he understood what it was all about; and then whispered, ‘I’ll lay a pound, Connor was seen with his confounded copying, or else he puzzled himself with the crams he had in his pocket, and copied what he did not understand. What else could have caused so violent a measure; such unusually sharp practice as that of plucking a man in the middle of his examination?’

“‘Come, Belton,’ said Lipsley, ‘be rational, we can but be plucked at last. You had better go on; nothing has happened to you as yet; don’t cry out till you are hurt. I do not expect to get through myself, but I’ll see the end of it.’

“ ‘That’s right,’ said Minton; ‘keep the horse going well up to the stable door; don’t shy the post now you’ve started. Connor did not train with Tufton’s lot, recollect; so the others may run well though he has broken down.’

“ Allen soon followed with a little more persuasion; urging, that doubtless the fact was, that Connor had been fool and knave; instead of reading day and night like the rest of them, and standing the examination like a man. Why, then, should Belton be discouraged, who was going on honestly at all events: besides, he had seen copies of what Belton had done, and he was sure he had made a good start.

“ After all this eager reasoning, and much desultory talk besides, the panic subsided, and Belton was persuaded to continue his examination.

“ One day more ended the paper-work. All that remained was an examination in Divinity *vivâ voce*.

“ Allen and Belton knew that by the alphabetical order of the list they would be called upon the second day. Barker, another of the same college set, must be examined with them. Barker’s case was particularly dangerous. His tutor said he deserved to be plucked: luck would go a long way sometimes; but he sincerely hoped Barker would wait till the next examination. Barker’s reply was very memorable: ‘ You see, Tufton, my father (a rich and enterprising city merchant) has been counting the cost of all this. He says he has already paid more money by half for bills and battels than he expected; and he declares

that if his last cheque for 100*l.* does not bring me home with a degree to show for my money, he will not advance me another shilling. Now, if I say one word about putting off my examination, he will cry out, "What! have I been paying 1500*l.* to fill your head with the contents of five books; and have you been three years and a half about it, to say nothing of two years with a private tutor, and not ready yet?" that is the way my father talks: he is a keen calculator; so now's the time, or never with me.'

"Tufton looked gloomy, as he reckoned how far this single pluck would lower the high average to which he used to appeal for the success of his tuition; still, he could not but admire this matter-of-fact kind of reasoning, and by silence give assent.

"As to the way that Belton, Allen, and Barker spent the three days which intervened between their examination on paper and *vivâ voce*, as other candidates were being examined, anxious friends availed themselves of every opportunity of listening to the questions proposed, and of priming them with the proper answers. They were not a little encouraged by finding that most of the questions so reported were more easy than they expected.

"At length the very day arrived. Allen, Belton, and Barker, the night before had received notice from Purdue, the clerk of the schools, to be in attendance the next morning. They accordingly entered the schools with the usual complement of five other candidates, at nine o'clock, and soon found themselves

placed at different side desks with a paper of questions to employ them till it was their turn to be called up.

“ ‘Belton is to be up at twelve,’ said Minton, as he just looked into my room with his gown upon his arm; ‘of course you will come and hear him:— I shall go, though I do not trouble the schools very often: the very look of the place makes me melancholy; and as to old Purdue, I would as soon meet my undertaker.’

“The school in which the *viva voce* examinations are conducted, both for pass-men and class-men, deserves particular description.

“Imagine a large room of about sixty feet by thirty, containing one long library table, so large as to leave not much more than space enough to walk round it. On one side of this table are four chairs for the four examiners, and behind them a bench for Masters of Arts who like to look on. On the opposite side of the table is a chair for the unhappy candidate. The end of the room next the entrance is fitted up with benches one above another for spectators, who consist almost exclusively of undergraduates.

“At the moment I entered the schools, I heard Mr. Waithman say to Allen, for he had just then ended his examination, ‘We will not trouble you any further, Mr. Allen, *we are quite satisfied.*’

“ ‘That remark is something out of the common,’ remarked the man who stood next me; ‘he is safe enough, at all events.’

“Meanwhile Belton was employed with writing

answers to a paper of questions at a side desk. As Allen went out, some twenty of his friends who had been looking on hurried out of the schools, making no little noise, a thing quite unavoidable as men pass over those most inconvenient benches with all eagerness, to congratulate a candidate on the success of his examination.

“As soon as silence was restored, and the examiners had spoken a few words to each other, and to Mr. Churton, who had been sitting on the seat behind them, listening to Allen's examination, Mr. Waithman opened a Greek Testament, and then directing his voice to the further corner of the room after a nervous *hem!* of preparation, called out, ‘Mr. Belton.’

“Belton came forward to the table; and as he looked up to the seats where his friends were sitting, he bit his lips and knit his brow with the dogged determination of a man who, finding himself in an awkward position, resolves to do his best to go through with it. ‘At that moment,’ said he, ‘I felt (as many have felt before and since) that I had forgotten every word I had ever learnt.’

“‘May I trouble you to read from verse —: you will read the Greek first, if you please,’ said Waithman in a most encouraging tone of voice.

“While Belton was reading the Greek, he began to recover himself a little. When he had finished about twelve verses, he was told, —

“‘Thank you. Now you will translate those verses, if you please.’

“Belton then was cheered with a gleam of hope; not one hard word had met his eye; and he translated very slowly and deliberately, in order, as he told us, to make what little he did know go as far as possible. Throughout the whole passage he was not stopped once.

“‘Well done!’ whispered Minton. ‘Do you call that nothing? There’s a good twenty minutes’ run without a check.’

“Then followed a little quiet and undertoned questioning, Mr. Waithman all the time scribbling and playing with his pen. The questions began from the verses just construed, which were from the parable of the pharisee and the publican. ‘Who are the pharisees? Who the publicans? Of what other sects do you read? Can you quote any verse to show their peculiar tenets? What kind of party do you consider the Herodians? Of how many Herods do you hear? Name them. What was the nature of the government of the Holy Land in this time? What prophecy was thus fulfilled?’

“As Belton quoted most fluently respecting the departure of the lawgiver and sceptre, Minton could not contain himself, but said, almost aloud, ‘Now that is n’t like you, Belton; that’s bad judgment. They must see that is crammed. You should dribble out your words as if you had to think half through

the book, and got at the text in proper order, like a thorough-bred reading man.

"The examiner soon passed to the doctrine of justification, and then of baptism, of John the Baptist, and Elias; and when he had received clear and ready answers about Elijah and Elisha, and the history connected with each, and when he had tried him in a few more prophecies, and a little about the building of the temple, and what disciples were present on particular occasions, he asked, 'How would you define a sacrament?' Belton inwardly blessed Mr. Churton for his hint about the Church Catechism, as he expressed himself nearly in the words which answer the question, 'What meanest thou,' &c.

"'That is the easiest question of all,' said Minton; 'but I should never have thought of such a charity boy's answer as that.'

"Almost at the same time there was a little whispering among the examiners, and at last Mr. Waithman said, 'Mr. Belton, your examination is concluded.'

"'Most vexatious!' said Minton, 'that I should have been afraid of such an examination as this. Why, I could have answered almost every question myself.'

"You might have answered *almost* every question; but the first that you missed would have been a clue to your deficiencies, on which the examiner would have gone off at a tangent, probing at once

the weakest parts. Yours is a very common fallacy, John; but examinations are not quite as easy as they seem.

"Belton's friends soon rushed after him out of the schools, saying doubtless all was right: still they were aware that this was only one part of the examination; that the balance might yet be against him when his logic, and Spectator, and Greek and Latin translations were disencumbered of their red tape, and when, all fair deductions being made for what was done badly and what was not done at all, the naked question was proposed, 'Has Mr. Belton done quantum suff., or has he not?'

"Three or four anxious and slowly pacing hours yet remained before they could be certain of their fate. A little before five o'clock a scene was enacted which will complete all that is interesting about the Oxford examinations among the pass-men.

"The eight candidates had all been dismissed, and had retired to their rooms, or other place within call, to await in fear and trembling the decision of the examiners. Still, in the corner of the quadrangle before the schools, were to be seen a dozen caps and gowns impatiently waiting and watching a door for some person to come out. In a few minutes they were thrown into confusion by the appearance of the four examiners, who brushed past them as if quite unconscious of their errand. A few seconds after they made a rush at the same door as Purdue, the clerk, appeared, with one hand full of slips of paper.

“Any for Belton? any for Ashworth? how about Barker’s?” Such were the cries with which each testified his anxiety for his friend.

“Here are seven out of eight,” said Purdue, holding up his hand above his head as a huntsman holds a fox, to prevent their being all snatched away at once:—‘don’t be in a hurry, gentlemen—all through but Mr. Ashworth.’

“What! none for Mr. Ashworth?”

“Stay; two have stuck together perhaps:—see there is no mistake,” said his friend, as he tried to read all the papers at once.

“Belton, Allen, and Barker—hurrah!—safe—hurrah!” cried Minton, as he tore three papers away.

“Alford’s all right,” shouted another. So, in less time than this takes to tell, each man had laid violent hands on his friend’s testamur; and, in a moment, they were seen running as fast as their feet could carry them, with their gowns streaming behind them like so many black wings, north, south, east, and west.

Poor Ashworth’s friend stood by Purdue till the last testamur had been snatched out of his hand, and then, after asking one more question to remove all doubt, he walked away, with heavy step and heavier heart, to perform what many a man has felt to be the most painful duty of college friendship,—to return to a fellow-collegian empty-handed from the door of the schools, to find him trembling with excitement, and listening to every footstep as it crushes along the gravel or sounds upon the stairs, and to have to

break the heavy news, that there is no testamur for him; that he must cheer up; better luck another time; and try to think of something else, and drown his care with merry companions and a glass of wine.

“Plucked! eh, plucked! how stinging is the word! All my labour for nothing: the same drudgery and self-denial to be followed by the same sickening anxiety and torture of suspense over again; and all ending in another pluck, too, I should not wonder. I feel as if I never could bring myself to try again. Plucked, am I! And I must write it to my friends. There's no way to hide it: in a week every one that knows me, here or at home, must hear it all!’

“Oh! what a misery is it to be plucked! One undergraduate was driven mad by it and committed suicide. Some will speak lightly of it among their fellow-collegians; for of course the idle and the shameless will everywhere find a few to keep them in countenance. But I never knew a man so bold as to deny that a pluck was a very sore subject at home. First of all, the very name of being plucked sounds in almost every ear as the just punishment of a brainless, idle dunce. The term itself is contemptible: it is associated with the meanest, the most stupid and spiritless animals of creation. (When we hear of a man being plucked, we think he is necessarily a goose. This is the general association; not always the just conclusion, perhaps; for some few clever men and good scholars have been plucked; still public opinion does not change for solitary exceptions such as these.

For as long back as my memory will carry me, down to the present day, there has been scarcely a monosyllable in our language which seemed to convey so stinging a reproach, or to let a man down in the general estimation half as much as this one word PLUCK. It is an imputation which admits of no reply, no defence, and no remedy. It cannot be concealed, and in some cases is never forgotten. ‘A worthy kind of man, that, I believe,’ was remarked to me once, of a clergyman, nearly fifty years of age; ‘not much brains though; he was plucked at college.’ All the university may know by the lists who go up; all have nearly an equal opportunity of knowing who are plucked. Country friends and relatives must know it also; for even supposing that a man refrains from mentioning that his examination is coming on, some of his father’s neighbours have sons at college who soon circulate the news. Besides, who can control the tongue of his fond mamma in her morning calls? how natural is it for her to say, that she longs to hear her son is safe through his examination. Then ‘my boy at Oxford’ is the all-engrossing subject with the old gentleman, as he meets his neighbours at the Reading Room; and thus, when the sad news comes, all ears are open to receive it.

“Good scholars, I said, have been plucked. Even candidates for classes are plucked sometimes; this happens in two ways. One or two instances I have known of very silly and impudent characters sending in a list of books sufficient for a first class, without

having a competent knowledge even of one : by this artifice they hoped to avoid a pluck by an affectation of superior scholarship. Examiners are not so easily to be deceived. Two of these impostors were turned out of the schools before the examination was half over !

“Again, many candidates for classes have been plucked for their divinity. A studious man is apt to flatter himself that the knowledge of Scripture which most intelligent men possess, what is learned by degrees in chapel, or read in devotion, is enough for the schools. When he makes the attempt, he is surprised to find that he cannot give a ready and accurate answer to a single question.

“I knew another instance in which the warden and tutors of a college were so sanguine of the honour they would derive from the performance of one of their under-graduates, that they agreed to remit their usual lectures, that they might have the satisfaction of hearing their favourite examined. Unfortunately, as they were all on their way to the schools, they met this very promising youth coming back : he had been plucked in divinity, which is the subject with which the *vivâ voce* examinations commence.

“College tutors are very sorry to see their pupils plucked ; some guard against it by a preliminary examination. At Christchurch I have known a plucked man, *bipes implumis*, compelled to take his name off the books. As regards university regulations, there is no limit to the number of plucks with

which a man may be indulged. No respectable college, however, will endure the disgrace of more than three failures from one under-graduate; few will endure so many. At a hall, it used to be said, a man may be plucked to his heart's content. Yet the discipline of some of the halls has lately been considerably improved.

"The college resounded with shouts as soon as the news was brought that all three of the *fast* set had got through. Compliments and congratulations fell thick upon them. Some said that a pass was as creditable to Belton as a class to a reading man. Belton had not his testamur five minutes in his hand before, hasting away from his friends, he ran off to Tufton, and recounted all his sayings and doings in the schools with intense delight. Belton next said, Tufton must come to his 'great-go' party. This used to be the severest tax of all on Tufton's patience. At last he agreed to drop in for half an hour.

"As to the degree of vociferation with which the health of the three pass-men and that of Mr. Tufton were drunk that evening, I need not stop to tell.

"Of all their acquaintance, poor Minton was the only man in hall that day who did not seem exhilarated. The more he thought of their success, the more he was convinced of his own folly. At last, he said their fortune was too good to last: some reverse would be sure to throw them back; and, as he alluded to the ordination for which he supposed they would next have to prepare, he remarked, in phraseology

more characteristic of his own pursuits than of the dignity of the subject :—

“ ‘ Ah ! they are going down hill a swinging pace now ; but the bishop will put the skid on some of them ! ’

“ The next occasion on which I met this party together was at breakfast, on the morning that Belton, having taken his degree, or, as the term is, having put on his gown, was going home. He was then in good spirits, though all the mad excitement had subsided. On that occasion, he made a sale with a cover hack, which a man, who desired to purchase it, assured him he had better leave behind, as he was certain that, after all the work he had had out of the mare, she could not be worth the turnpikes between Oxford and Ipswich.

“ ‘ None of that,’ said Belton : ‘ I ’ll not take less than 23*l.* for my mare. What does a broken knee matter for a college hack ? ’

“ ‘ Will you warrant her in other respects ? ’

“ ‘ Yes ! if she tumbles down, I ’ll warrant her to get up again.’

“ ‘ Come ! I ’ll give you 20*l.*’

“ ‘ No ! not a farthing less.’

“ ‘ Well ! but do you not want to sell your stags’ horns, and some of the old pictures ? ’

“ ‘ I ’ll tell you what I will chop with you : my Scapula Lexicon, as good as new ; I always found an English translation more handy ; but that plan will not do for you ; for in the schools they are getting

more particular; so you would do well to buy the Scapula.'

At last one auctioneer's lot was made of —

1. Broken-knee'd mare.

1. Stags' horns.

1. Scapula Lexicon.

The whole lot going, positively the last time, for 24*l.* 10*s.* No higher bidder? Going! going!! gone!!!'

" 'Yours, sir: pay the whole sum to save the trouble of deposit.'

" 'Now, gentlemen,' he said, 'I am satisfied; quite contented; wish my bills were paid though. But you see I have now finished my *education*! so, of *course*, books can be of no use to me! There is a heap of some of all sorts, except the amusing, in my room now. I told Edward not to pack them up. Any gentleman is very welcome to pick what he fancies. They have been very lucky ones to me, and I hope, gentlemen, you may find them lucky too: and now I wish you all good-by!'

" Lipsley, however, is too interesting a character to be passed over in this drama, or rather farce; for such he made it, not only to his shame, but to his cost. He was examined and passed a few days after. The next term, however, he had another testimonial to solicit: the testimonials to conduct, signed by the warden and tutors of his college. These testimonials are required of every candidate for holy orders, unless he has been living away from college for the space of

three years; in which case, testimonials to his conduct during those three years alone are sufficient.

“Lipsley's father was old, and in a very precarious state of health. He held a living of the value of 600*l.* a year, to which it was intended that on his demise his son should succeed. It is easy, therefore, to imagine the anxiety which was caused when it appeared that young Lipsley's admission to holy orders was likely to be deferred for three years.

“The next term, Lipsley came back to college to canvass votes and prevail by importunity and remonstrance. The Rev. Joseph Wilson was very unwilling to sign his testimonials, but the Rev. J. Churton most pertinaciously refused. He argued that the requirements for the ministry claimed exact compliance rather than conventional evasion. That Mr. Lipsley might prove fit for the ministry was the subject of his charitable hopes, but his duty demanded the evidence of facts, which were at that time decidedly against him.

“The Rev. J. Wilson had an objection of a different kind. He had observed a want of candour, openness, and honesty in Lipsley's character. True it was that he had no overt acts of deceit to allege: still, when the question came before him in this form: — ‘Since Mr. Lipsley has not observed the letter of the law, has his general character appeared so far in unison with the spirit of it that I may make an exception, and strike a balance in his favour?’ He decided in the negative. The unfavourable appearances which

he would otherwise have attributed to youthful folly, when viewed in connection with apparent want of integrity, assumed the darker colours of cool and systematic vice and selfishness. Under these circumstances he urged that Lipsley had been detected by the dean and the proctors in repeated irregularities; and this was the basis of a firm and inflexible refusal.

“ ‘But,’ said Wilson to Churton, ‘What shall we say to Allen about his testimonials—you have more hope of his usefulness, perhaps?’ ”

“ ‘Granted; I have the same. But what becomes of your principle of signing or not signing upon the evidence of facts alone—and these the frequency of college peccadillos, to wit? I maintain, that, in signing testimonials, I do well to exercise a general discretion. My judgment of the present bias and future promise of Allen’s character is most favourable; could I forget certain irregularities which he, too, has committed, so that his character might coincide with the test which you propose, I should be more sanguine still. One thing, however, I must assert, that, on your principle you may refuse the best, and testify for the most corrupt members of your college. Nay more, you have only to increase your vigilance and espionage by scouts (a practice to which I would only occasionally have recourse), and you will then refuse testimonials to nearly all.’ ”

“ Before the three years of Lipsley’s probation had elapsed, his father was so much annoyed at the items of his college bills, as well as by the dissolute habits

he had formed, that he gave up all thoughts of seeing him ordained, and declared that he should accept the first lucrative appointment which offered. Accordingly, Lipsley soon found himself in the counting-house of his uncle, a rich merchant in the city. The thoughts of London life pleased him much: he became a member of the University Club; returned from business early in the afternoon, and led the life of a dashing west-end man. Of all persons in the world, a city merchant is the least likely to be indulgent to folly of this kind. That one of his clerks should be squandering in a week more money than he could earn in a year, and that too among a set of reckless scamps who seemed to be trying who could ruin himself the fastest; that he should show the utmost indifference to the prospect of that advancement in the substantial house of Messrs. Catcham and Keepham, which more than one faithful servant would leap with joy at the very thoughts of, this was beyond the patience of the man of business. Accordingly, after about two years, in the course of which Lipsley's father died, not in very flourishing circumstances, Lipsley found himself literally ordered, without his choice being in any way consulted, to prepare for taking up his abode in Jamaica: his employment was to look after an estate, and deal with negroes. This order took Lipsley quite by surprise: the scales began to fall from his eyes: he saw life in a new aspect. 'Where is the good of being a gentleman, he naturally thought, if a man must submit to such

work as this! Why, at college every one spoke of forced attendance at chapel and lecture, and a pluck which, at worst, only involved a few months' more reading, as hardships peculiar to the place. Did not every man speak of being his own master from the moment he had taken his degree? Instead of that, I'll declare that positively I have never had my liberty half so much since; and, instead of impositions and plucks, and being confined to gates, here is, without a joke, the choice between the Union, on the one hand, and the gaol on the other. Talk of college punishments and restraints, indeed! Why, my uncle is four times as bad as any tutor, for, instead of two hours in a lecture-room, he gives six or seven hours in an office; and writing and arithmetic, instead of Latin and Greek; and because I could not stand it, instead of rustivating now, I am positively transported!'

"Another friend, in similar perplexity, a short time since, asked my advice: our deliberation will probably represent that of Lipsley and many others.

" 'I have not,' said Richard Lyall, of whom I shall say much more presently, 'one shilling left; my mother cannot keep me any longer. She is likely to die soon; then, an annuity of 30*l.* a year is all I shall have. What would you advise? I must do something.'

" 'Have you spent all your property in expectancy as well as in possession?'

" 'Yes; what the bill brokers disgorged the lawyers have swallowed: so all is gone. My Oxford

debts and liabilities have left me without a farthing. All my friends can do for me they have done already. And I have not taken my degree.'

" 'Then you must read for your degree at once: you can, I know, be assisted with cash enough for that.'

" 'Oh! that is insufferable. Anything but that: reading is my abhorrence. Do not waste breath about the matter: only tell me how I can keep myself as a gentleman in any other way. A place under government ——'

" 'That is trifling to speak of. You have no interest. What, though you knew ——, the son of the minister: his father would not listen to his representations in behalf of a college friend, who, had he conducted himself so as to be really eligible, would not want it. Besides, with these men out of sight is out of mind. A hundred of his old school-fellows, at least, have addressed him for his interest.'

" 'What do you say to an office?'

" 'I have considered that matter for a friend already. You do not write well enough; besides every grocer's son is better qualified for a clerk: a guinea a week is all you could command.'

" 'Now I'll tell you; when a man is hard up he must not be particular. I believe I shall be obliged to work a coach. I could get two or three pounds a week that way.'

" Richard Lyall had weak lungs, and was by no

means strong in any respect ; it was easy therefore to cut off this shameful corner of refuge.

“ ‘Then,’ said he, ‘what am I to do? there must be something.’

“ ‘My object was to show him his true position, I replied therefore, ‘It is not quite so plain that there must be something. Will you allow that you have no chance in any business yet mentioned?’

“ ‘I am afraid I must.’

“ ‘Then I will tell you the only prospect before you, unless you take a degree: remember, I have considered this well before for another friend precisely in your position. I told him what I shall now tell you, and experience proved my words too true. Your only possible chance of living, I will not say as a gentleman, but living at all, out of the Union, is to serve as usher in a school for barely enough to pay for clothes and washing!’

“ ‘Are you in earnest? I had rather be a day labourer.’

“ ‘Literally, you would not have the choice. Few gentlemen have bodily strength; certainly you have not.’

“ ‘A similar consideration upon ‘ways and means’ doubtless passed through the mind of the stylish and fashionable Mr. Lipsley before he agreed, or rather obeyed the order, to prepare for passing his youth, at least, at Jamaica. However, he found, like many others, that those who make themselves *beggars* cease to be *choosers*; and to Jamaica he did go.

The last account I heard of him was, that he had married a black woman !

“ This is an ‘ o’er true tale ’ of plain unvarnished facts. The last circumstance is peculiar ; but the general tenor of the story has nothing extraordinary in it : any man of experience will remember similar instances of misconduct meeting with its most suitable punishment.

“ The history of Lipsley I particularly commend to the consideration of Oxonians. Believe me, my friends, if you are impatient of college restraints ; if the hardship of being obliged six months in the year to sleep in college, instead of out of it ; to eat a dinner which you do not order, and to receive other supplies, intellectual as well as physical, at the discretion of persons who have no need to ask what is good for you ; if an impending examination seems a burden too great to bear ; if impositions and other kinds of correction are too galling for your dignity ; why then, allow me to say, that, as soon as college days are over, you must seek some purer and more ethereal sphere than this poor planet can afford. For, without arguing the impossibility of a life of wealth unemployed and yet enjoyed, in luxury without satiety, and other creations of a fancy soaring far from earth, all persons who have gathered their wisdom in the haunts of busy men will admit that the older they grew, and the more successful in their several occupations, the more deeply did they become entangled in the meshes of human affairs ; and that

so numerous are the ties which every man in active life finds daily winding around him, that even three-score years and ten are enough to make a man at the beck and call of a hundred masters, instead of being his own.

“Nor is this hard to understand. Life without interest is mere vegetation; and this interest, and the exercise of those energies in which life consists, must have objects. Thus, suppose a man takes a friendly interest in those around him, the exercise of benevolence will drag him from the country to town, or from town into the country, to fulfil the anxious duties of guardian, executor, or trustee: so, the widow, the minor, or the orphan, check his imagined liberty in one way. Justice will still further curtail it in another—claiming him as a witness or a jurymen; or, perhaps, the office of magistrate will change his liberty into heavy responsibility nearly every day in the week. Then an occasional attack in a country paper, or other expression of public opinion, will set him writing all night, and galloping from one neighbour to another all day. Again, domestic duties will supply a thousand Lilliputian ties on his liberty; he may even have to matriculate a son at Oxford, his idleness to contend with, and his bills to pay!

“All this is true, even of a man born to wealth; of one who has the power, literally, to enter any tradesman’s shop, and command his willing services, or help himself, for the mere trouble of writing his

name on a slip of paper. If this man is not free, if your fancied liberty, if exemption from restraints as great as those of college is not found here, where will you expect to find it? Surely, nowhere. The secret of life is this : local and casual circumstances restrain the will, and the will restrains the man. To mark out a course, and follow it to the end, is not the way of this world. When you set out on the voyage of life, you do not know how many tacks you will have to make, how many ports you will be forced to enter, nor how many things may occur at each to alter your destination. How often has a man said to himself, 'This is a fine day ; it is a blessing to have my time my own ; I will enjoy the benefit of a walk in the country.' He starts ; meets one friend at this corner, another at that, and is turned aside to assist at some accident at a third, till the sun goes down, and he finds himself more tired than refreshed, and that, though a gentleman at large, he has been confined to one smoky street the whole of the day. Life is made up of such days ; and many a man, on coming to the end of them, has confessed he has had his way in nothing, and must acknowledge the truth of the line —

'And all is destined which we fancy free.'

"But it will be charitable to you, Collegians, to say a little more on this subject. I say charitable, because, if you admit Dr. Johnson's maxim, 'That no man is happy who does not know himself to be

such,' to inform you of your happiness at college, will be the same thing as promoting it.

"Our conditions are happy by comparison; and this comparison must be fairly drawn with those which exist not in fancied possibilities, but in acknowledged facts. Let us compare the restraints of a collegian's duties with those of the several professions from which he may be supposed to make a choice after taking his degree.

"The profession of a Barrister confines the student to chambers, where he must attend daily, whether employed or briefless, thrice the number of hours his lectures used to require. His studies are less a matter of choice than at Oxford. If he has been accustomed to complain of the hardship of getting up for the schools the details of the mythology of Pindar, or, historical references and various readings in *Æschylus*, as lessening his enjoyment of the poetry, and all to be forgotten as soon as his examination is over, how will he relish anything so unintellectual as learning the exact names and numbers of cases and acts of parliament, and whether Thomas Jones or James Thomas was the plaintiff or defendant in a particular action? for such dry and mechanical exercise of our faculties will be required even in the noble science of jurisprudence. He must observe term-time at Lincoln's Inn with even greater punctuality than at Oxford. Missing chambers will be visited with consequences more to be dreaded than the penalties of missing lecture.

“What, again, will be your independence in the Church? The very look and gestures of a clergyman are under some kind of restraint. As to hunting, shooting, cricket, fishing, I do not say that they must be resigned for ever, but I say that nineteen men out of twenty, however little they expected it, find that these amusements are either out of place or out of reach. Two sermons weekly to compose, with pastoral duties and the consequent liability to interruption any hour in the day, lay upon you restraints, as my friend John Corbett will tell you, which you would be glad to compound for by attending two lectures a day as at College.

“If you practise as a Physician, in addition to study among all the nuisances of a dissecting-room (oh! how ill exchanged for the purity of college lectures and the privileges of college chapel!) you live in this dilemma,—if you have much employment, you are the servant of the public; if you have little, you are cramped by poverty. The man who draws his subsistence from a single spot is as much tied to that spot as the child is to his father's home.

“This comparison, though carried far enough for the present purpose, might be made far more favourable to my views of the independence of college life. Do society and free intercourse with congenial spirits form no part of independence? If there is one thing more than another on which a young man calculates with implicit confidence, it is, that being

born and bred a gentleman, he shall command the society of gentlemen to the end of his days.

“Probably he may command such society where it is to be found; and certainly, of all external resources and means of happiness, intercourse with those of a congenial spirit is the greatest. Gentlemen are numerous enough at Oxford. When I look back to my college days, I have a vision of a city in which one inquires in vain for those who walk about in dirty clothes, aprons, and their shirt sleeves, six days out of seven. The lower orders, seen in the High Street at noon-day, are here and there a college servant, a pastry-cook’s boy with his tray, or perhaps a well-dressed tradesman or his messenger with goods. Caps and gowns seem the costume of the people of Oxford: when the gownsmen have left you meet no one, but the place reminds me of a rookery after shooting. During term time, Oxford is a city of gentlemen—of those, at least, who are wholly employed in liberal pursuits, and in all that tends to spiritualise the man, and to sublimate and divest him of the grosser parts of his nature. This is the ostensible purpose for which we meet together. As to serious provision for eating and drinking, or the money-making cares which doom most men to spend more hours in a dusty office than in a drawingroom—these things are out of sight and out of mind. In short, Oxonians seem a privileged class. They are exempt from all kinds of labour which would cause them to receive

money ; their sole business with it is to pay what is gratuitously supplied and imported for the purpose.

“ The circulation of money at Oxford is almost a misnomer. It does not circulate : it passes, but rarely repasses. Nearly a million of money is yearly brought into Oxford by the collegians, and, being paid to the tradesmen, scarcely a note of it returns to any collegian's hand again. It is not like other towns, where much of the money long remains the same, the lawyer or the doctor receiving for advice the same coin which other lawyers and doctors have paid for meat and bread. But at Oxford the golden stream flows all one way. Living by the sweat of their brow seems only partially to apply to Oxonians, unless to such as belong to a cricket club, pull in an eight-oar, or run up by the boats on a racing night. In short, Oxford is a place where a man feels it to be guaranteed that if he will only take care of his mind, his body shall be safe of itself.

“ Oxford, therefore, is a community of gentlemen ; but gentlemen are few and far between in the country. Where, then, is your fancied independence, if you are not free to live among your equals ? Many a country clergyman cannot find a man of education within miles of him.

“ ‘ The army,’ said a man of fifty years of age, ‘ is slavery to me : here have I been in a manufacturing town recruiting, without scarcely a gentleman to speak to for three months together, and now I am ordered out to Canada. See what I pay for liberty

to leave school early, and to figure in every ball room in the country, and run about the world, instead of fagging at college. At fifty years of age I am not at liberty to be quiet !’

“ ‘I have scarcely had leisure to look in a Latin or Greek book since I left college,’ said a writer in the East India Company’s service. ‘The Oriental languages repay you far less for studying them. I have leave to be absent three years, and then I must return for twelve more. Sometimes I have been sent up the country, and have not had any one to speak to but the natives for several months !’

“ There is independence for you !

“ There are restraints at college, I allow ; but, compared with the restraints of this busy world, they are as silken bands to adamantine fetters. Many a man has found, like Prometheus in *Æschylus*, that the consequence of taking that hearty interest in the affairs of mortals, which every profession involves, is to be shackled, as it were, hand and foot, to some ungenial clime far from the haunts of men.

“ Give full weight to these reflections, Collegians, and you will feel your yoke sit easy on you. Dream not of greater independence than you now enjoy, should you live to the age of a hundred. Happiness consists in the exercise of energies which would lie dormant for ever if we were allowed to choose, and change, and choose again. Providence has determined that most men shall be limited to a single choice, and by that shall be bound to abide. Of all

new things, new employment and a new sphere of action are the least likely to fit comfortably at first; but the power of adaptation is in ourselves. Each bears within him a principle of self-adjustment. The rough points which grate and fret us wear smooth by time; nor is there any independence so delightful to a noble mind as that which is felt in struggling with misfortune, mastering difficulties, and defeating, by the pliancy and versatility of our nature, the capricious demands of an imperious fortune."

♦

CHAP. XII.

READING FOR A FIRST CLASS.

It is now time to indulge in a more pleasing view of academical studies as we visit our friend Whitbread, who, as I have already mentioned, had been up the greater part of the long vacation reading for a first class.

“Have the pass-men done their paper work yet?” asked Whitbread confusedly, hardly raising his eyes from his book. “However, the schools I dare say, will not be open to the class-men till Monday. I should like to have about one week more to secure two or three weak points; but Churton tells me that no man was ever known to feel quite ready. I suppose no man ever went into the schools but was conscious of some deficiency in which an examiner might floor him—if he were told whereabouts it was.”

“Come, Whitbread, let me see your list of books.”

“If you had asked a fortnight ago I could not have shown it you; for when a man must make up a list of fifteen or sixteen, he will be a long time hesitating between another science or another poet, though he has made up his mind about his histories—for they

are far too heavy to leave to the last. Churton tells me, that in his day most men used to put down on their list two Decades of Livy when they had only read one, or the Annals of Tacitus, when they had not read fifty pages. At that time it was deemed necessary to make a great show, and the examiners were not so severe as they now are if they detect anything hollow or inaccurate in a man's reading."

Whitbread's books were, —

SCIENCE : —

Aristotle's Ethics,
Aristotle's Rhetoric,
Plato's Phædon,
Cic. de Officiis,
Butler's Analogy.

POETRY : —

Virgil,
Horace,
Juvenal and Persius,
Sophocles,
Æschylus,
Aristophanes' four plays.

HISTORY : —

Herodotus,
Thucydides,
Xen. Hellenics, Books 1 and 2,
Livy, 1st Decade,
Annals of Tacitus.

To explain the meaning of a class-man's list of books, I must observe, that every candidate is required to name the authors of which he considers he has a competent knowledge. For a first class, men seldom used to name less than fifteen; for a second, not less than twelve. This list is not supposed to contain all that the respective candidates have read, but all in which they can challenge an examination. Logic and Divinity are also indispensable. Pass-men might substitute four books of Euclid for logic.

"I am well prepared in science," said Whitbread. "In addition to the treatises on my list, I have read the Politics of Aristotle and the Republic of Plato."

"Why not give these up too?"

"Churton recommends me not. He has let me a little into the secrets of the schools. 'Examiners,' he says, 'know that it is difficult enough to prepare even the fifteen books which are usually expected for a First. Out of a dozen men who give up as many, nine or ten fail; so, a long list creates no favourable impression.'"

Whitbread was well advised. A first class-man, lately in the schools, told me that he should have to read hard to qualify himself as an examiner. Most examiners have to "get up" for the purpose; and not a few have confessed, that when they look back on all the hard and dry technicalities, divisions, subdivisions, dates, and definitions which they had once been obliged to have at their fingers' ends, and without which no man can depend on giving an

examiner a favourable opinion of his reading, they wonder that they ever had perseverance and self-denial enough to go through it.

It was once observed to me by one of the most experienced masters in the schools, that if a man pretended to have read more than usual of one subject, it was always suspected he had read less of another. No man of twenty-one years of age can be supposed to stand a searching examination in the meaning and the matter of more than sixteen Greek and Latin books of science, history, and poetry at the same time.

I have already observed that even candidates for classes must resort to a kind of cramming. Certainly it is a very legitimate kind. What I mean is this: every candidate must qualify himself not only with knowledge but the means of displaying it. A senior wrangler at Cambridge, and first-rate tutor, said that if he were to be examined again without preparation, probably he should not come out higher than a senior opt. He had forgotten many of the requisite formulæ, which candidates in the senate-house must have in their heads; so, also, a candidate for the Oxford classes must commit to memory many definitions and other minutiae, which those who read only for their own satisfaction do not so much regard.

Still, believe me, Collegians, this labour, seemingly unimportant, involves severe mental discipline, exactness of mind, and exhaustive research; habits more valuable by far, you will one day find, than the

widest range of reading. Yet, few see the propriety of our examinations in this respect. Many cry out impatiently about cramming definitions and little points of scholarship. We often hear them say that they would gladly compound for these technicalities by more extensive reading. Yet it is by these very technicalities that the most useful powers of the mind are drawn forth.

“It is always presumed,” continued Whitbread, “that a man has read many books which he does not profess to know thoroughly. I have read the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, *Pindar*, half of *Euripides*, *Lucretius*, *Terence*, and several pieces of *Cicero* and *Xenophon*, besides parts of *Demosthenes* and *Lyric Poetry*; but *Churton* advises me not to risk a single book in which I am not quite perfect. *Hancock* took a first class, though he had only read four out of eight books of *Thucydides*; still fortune favoured him; he might have dropped down to the third class.

“So much for giving up books which you do not know: as to keeping back books which you do know, if sciences, you may always find an opportunity of displaying knowledge in your paper work, in which case it weighs much in your favour; and even in poetry, I remember that *Meadows* had a paper containing extracts from *Juvenal* and *Æschylus*, though he had not given up either of those authors: these he translated, and received great credit for so doing.

“*Virgil* and *Sophocles* are the two authors in which unsound men are generally expected to break

down. They think they must know Virgil, having read it at school ; and, in Sophocles, the short and broken dialogues are nearly sure to stop a man who has not a thorough knowledge of his books."

"The circumstance chiefly in my favour," as Churton said, "is that I have studied from the first: most of my books have been read again and again. He would give no opinion till he had examined me in Thucydides, Herodotus, and the first decade of Livy; but as soon as he had questioned me five minutes, he said that any man could tell that I had established quite an old acquaintance with my books."

Churton remarked that he seldom expected much of a man who read by himself. He had known many a ten-hour-a-day man, who dozed over his work without reflection and without improvement. When he was asked the old question, How many hours daily would be enough for a first class? he was always inclined to ask in return, How many snow-balls would heat an oven?

A man's learning should be part of himself; not totally separate and distinct, like the man and his library. Learning, to deserve the name, should be digested and assimilated, and, like food and exercise, tend to strength, vigour, and maturity. A man might as well show me the bones he has picked in proof of his health, as the books he has read in proof of his knowledge.

"I go to Churton every night, to practise examination. The first evening, he lost all patience

with me, because, he said, I seemed to have such an objection to write down what I knew. This, he says, is a very common error; though examiners are in duty bound only to judge by what comes before them. Latterly, I have been crowding my papers with everything I can think of not irrelevant, even with matters to me the most simple and familiar. Frequently he commends what I tell him seemed too trite almost to mention. 'True,' he says; '*trite* is a good word. *Trite* means worn; I like knowledge that is worn, like pebbles in a brook, smooth and even by constantly revolving, by being turned over in the mind.'

"I have learnt a great deal from Churton: I told him the other day, I believed I had gained more from him during our conversations while walking, or over a cup of tea, than from his regular lectures. He replied that was what he expected, and that if reading men, or rather thinking men, would only accustom themselves to make their studies the subject of conversation it would be more improving, because more congenial to the state of their minds for the time being, than any lectures. Instruction consists not in what is put into the mind, but in what is drawn out. The mind should be a mint. We want not cumbrous bullion, but current coin.

"Lydon's absence is a great loss to me: while we were together we used to read much more in the same space of time than either of us could read by himself. Last term we read Aristotle's *Rhetoric*

through at six sittings. Of course we both knew a great deal of it previously, but we wanted to make sure of the difficult passages. He was reading with Hatchard, I with Low, and our friend Massinger with Hollis. So of course there was no knotty point on which we could not gain, not only the best opinion, but the one which passed current in the schools, and coincided with the crotchet of any given examiner. Talking of crotchets, last examination, this kind of literary society enabled Williamson of University to answer two of the ethical questions with the *ipsissima verba* of two of the examiners who set them. I told Churton this. He laughed, and said, 'A man's class does not depend on such casualties as you suppose: these things may go a little way. The general style and character of the candidate appear in spite of all these lucky hits.'

"But does Churton say that luck has nothing to do with the matter?"

"No. He says that a sound scholar and a man of well-formed mind and fine taste, is the chief thing for a First, but ——"

"That is to say," interrupted Allen, as he entered the room, "a winner must be thorough-bred, and have the pace in him, as the first qualification; but a deal depends on the trainer, eh? A slow horse cannot win, still very much depends on the ground. I have had some talk on this matter with Selwyn, who was in the school seven years ago: he told me there was no denying that there was luck in an examin-

ation, but it had less influence than it appeared. One of his remarks was very sagacious:—‘It is the pace that kills.’ Many a man could do his work if he had time; but the hours pass away so fast, that one of the slow and sure men has been known to feel all abroad, and unable to finish a single paper. Your evening practice with Churton is admirable. Cambridge men understand the manœuvres and the mechanical part of examinations much better than ourselves. They have a regular rehearsal: and any man who has tried its effect will tell you that the self-possession, the promptitude, and the concentrativeness to be gained in a short time is quite surprising.”

“Churton told me that too,” said Whitbread; “but what you call concentrativeness comes rather from a long habit of regarding each accession to your knowledge in all its uses and bearings, than in any knack to be gained in a day. Still, there is much justice in that remark. Skipton acted upon it to its fullest extent the morning he went in. ‘*Possunt quia posse videntur*,’ said he to me at breakfast: ‘here you see, I have my pens ready made, my courage screwed up to the sticking-place, and the very tips of my fingers itching to be at it. I feel the very *cacoethes scribendi*; a very *diabetes* of the pen. I am determined on a first class, and a first class I will have.’ Now, I shall go into the schools, as he did, with a dogged determination to strive with all my might and main; I shall work myself

into a pure abstraction, into a perfect personification of concentrativeness, ready to pounce upon questions as my prey."

Perhaps the most extraordinary instance of confidence was that which Sumner felt before he went in for the Ireland. As he was waiting for the door to open, among about twenty candidates, of whom he was almost the youngest, he said he was pretty sure he should win: the only man he said he was at all afraid of was Fenton of Baliol, because he had been second at a preceding examination; but even of Fenton he was not much afraid. Now this assurance was only not laughable because it proved to be well founded, for he distanced the whole party! One subject proposed was an imaginary speech of Medea (I think) in Greek verse. Fayle, the examiner, said that Sumner produced one hundred verses without an error, even in a single accent.

"However," said Allen, "I am not come to talk, Whitbread. I am come to offer my humble services. How are you off for Sophocles? have you read it lately?"

"Why really if I had time, I would run over parts of every play again: in case of being put on at the very line I happened not to remember. This was the slip that lost Newton his First, though Waithman himself had pronounced that he could not fail. However, Newton had other weak points. It was suspected he had not read some of his plays at all."

"Then what I have to propose is this: to run

through Sophocles, and mark all the passages which you are least likely to take at sight. This is a very honourable species of cramming, is it not?"

"Indeed, Allen, I am very much obliged to you, and I will not refuse so good an offer. I cannot spare much time though, for I am now turning over Herodotus, Thucydides, and Livy, for the last time; and trying my memory wherever I see a pencil mark. Churton told me of this invaluable method three years ago; to mark every passage I could not take at sight. On this plan I have yet further improved: look on the margin of that book; don't you see L. P. and R. F. here and there?"

"Well, and what does that mean?"

"L. P. stands for 'a likely part' to be examined in, and R. F. for 'a regular floorer.'"

"You deserve your First, Whitbread; I should hope there could be no doubt about it."

"Why as to that, I have nothing to blame myself for if I fail. Churton is always reminding me not to make the mere place on the list of too great importance. Certainly, as he says, 'it is an admirable encouragement for a sound and systematic course of study.' We want something to keep us to points. Besides, there is no real discipline where a man consults nothing but his own choice and fancy, either in the kind or extent of his reading. Still, having once submitted to the regimen, and entered the contest for the prize, every man may be said to have received his best reward before he enters the

schools. For, however satisfactory it is to be congratulated on a first class—and really every other mortal honour seems to an Oxford man as nothing in comparison—we must not forget that the proficiency is the substance, and the class but the shadow.”

“Well reasoned, Whitbread!” said Allen. “Come, come, that won’t quite do. That may be all very true, but ‘it isn’t human natur,’ as Sam Slick says. Don’t you remember standing by Luxmore in the quadrangle before the schools, that evening, as he was waiting in breathless anxiety for the class list to come out? and did not you make signs to me to observe how he trembled as the board was espied in the distance before any one could read it? And after every one had done saying Hush! hush! read—*pro bono*—read! when he heard the words ‘Luxmore of Christchurch a First Class!’ did not he try to drag us away with him out of the crowd, that no one might see the tears in his eyes? I never shall forget that day. I never saw a man so overcome with good news in my life. No, no, Whitbread, you must confess that, from time immemorial, a first class has been universally allowed to be an honour worthy of the ambition of the first nobleman in the land. Whether we regard the few who succeed out of the many who try, the difficulty of its attainment, the years of self-denial and patient industry which it crowns, or the sound scholarship and original mind which it represents and guarantees to society at large, in every point of view a first

class is a truly laudable object of ambition; and I heartily repent that I did not accept Churton's offer of assistance three years ago, and that I am not this moment preparing to enter the class schools myself. But—it is too late now! However, I think I understand your real meaning, Whitbread—you would cherish this purely philosophical consolation to fall back upon, in case of a failure;

‘But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.’”

The conversation then turned upon the uncertainty of the examinations.

“Now, how do you account,” said Whitbread, “for the fact, of many promising men, pronounced by good judges to be certain of a first class, dropping into a second, and not uncommonly a third? There was N—— of Oriel, one of the first men of his day; even Halford said he could not miss a First, still we know he was in the third.”

“Why, it may be that Halford was not quite so cautious in forming his opinion at that day as he has been since. But what is more likely than that N—— should have committed the same mistake at that examination which was near losing him his fellowship.”

“What was that?”

“A piece of mismanagement, which was told me by one of his most intimate friends. Instead of going to work like the other candidates, and making

up his mind to do the best essay he could in the short time assigned, he allowed himself to fancy he could not do himself justice, and merely wrote down a few random recollections as they occurred to him, and came away in disgust. It happened luckily that Mr. S. met him, and persuaded him to continue the examination, if it were only for practice against another occasion. After all, he was elected; and this essay of unconnected ideas, as he supposed, was the very paper which decided the contest in his favour."

"I can readily conceive that men of this character may disappoint their friends, but such cases are not common. An examiner in the autumn of 1835 told me that the second-class men beat the first in science and essays. These men would of course make up for their defeat when they encountered the same first-class men at a contest for a fellowship. A horse's chance, we all know, depends a great deal on the course; and, as I said before, another cause of failure is, that it is the pace which kills. This, at least, was the secret of Jefferson's breaking down. We see the same principle in nearly every contest: Wandsworth rarely made his long innings in a regular cricket match; and Barston, though the neatest sculler on the river, was all abroad and *charmalized* when he pulled for the sweepstakes."

"I have one more thing to answer as to the supposed uncertainty of the examinations for classes.

"You say that promising men, pronounced safe

by good judges, have failed. Supposing you read nothing but science with a tutor, how can he tell you will not break down in your histories or poets? or even that you will not be plucked for divinity. Depend upon it that an experienced tutor who has been once examiner rarely expresses an opinion without some saving clause to qualify it; though this all-important reservation is omitted, when either the sanguine pupil or his friends circulate the opinion. Before every examination, there are those who feel considerably exalted if they can only boast of men of their particular college who are to do wonders in the schools. One man will cry, 'We are sure of two firsts at Baliol this time.' 'We are certain of two firsts and a second at our college,' cries an Oriel man. 'Then there will be a long list,' answers a Demi of Magdalene, 'for we can book one out of our small number.'

"So ill-founded are the expectations formed respecting the success of candidates for classes. If so, who can wonder at the number of disappointments, or the supposed uncertainty of examinations.

"With classmen, as with passmen, I believe, the uncertainty attaches very little to the sound, but very much to the unsound, men. The man who is armed at all points can rarely be touched; though one who has several weak points may chance to have no one of them hit. We can all tell if a man has a good style of play at cricket, though he happens to be out without a run. You remember what Lydon quoted

at the Union ;—that it was said of Edmund Burke, that a countryman could hardly have stood under a shed with him, out of a shower of rain, without remarking he had seen a very extraordinary character."

"I think you have argued the matter pretty fairly now," said Whitbread. "This is quite what Churton told me; he said, any man's memory may fail him in a single passage; but it is quite another matter when we see from the general style of construing, that the candidate has never read the passage before.

"Neither will Churton allow that chance does as much as is supposed in favour of a man. You remember a scholarship examination at Trinity, in which the subject proposed for Latin verse was a translation of the psalm beginning with 'By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept.' One of the candidates gave up nearly the very words of Buchanan's Latin paraphrase. This was discovered at once; for the inequality between this copy of verses and the rest of his performance convinced the examiners that both could not be the work of the same mind. And can we believe that any partial superiority or deficiency would not equally betray itself in the schools?"

.

The next occasion worth mentioning on which I conversed with Whitbread was during a walk with him the afternoon before the class schools opened.

"It is commonly remarked, Whitbread, that you

have not read exclusively for the schools, as many men do."

"No, indeed. I should be sorry to accept of a class at so miserable a waste of time and talents as many are guilty of; but I do not stand a worse chance on that account. It is with Oxford honours, as Aristotle says of human happiness — aim at your duty and a course of life consistent with the sphere in which you move, and happiness will come of itself; whereas by seeking for happiness alone, you become too selfish and contracted to enjoy it. Let a man read judiciously for his own improvement, and he will find the same course rewarded in the schools."

Those who make honours their whole end and aim, and condescend to inquire at every step, not whether this or that author will fortify their minds, clarify their taste, or rectify their judgment, but whether it will be required in the schools: these men take not only a very derogatory, but a very mistaken view of academical studies. Churton said he had often been almost disposed to wish that there were no such thing as a class list, seeing that there are many men whom you cannot prevent from sacrificing the end to the means, and ruining their prospects of intellectual distinction for life, by the narrow, illiberal, and mechanical way in which they sought it at college. Some men read for honours in that contracted spirit, and so bent upon securing the name of scholarship, even at the sacrifice of the reality, that for the vain glory of reading their names in the class

list they would make the examiners a present of all their Latin and Greek the moment they left the schools.

And what is the consequence? Examiners see at once that they are plagued with a candidate who has neither taste nor originality. That even if he knows the letter of the law, he is ignorant of the spirit of it. Most of the questions in the schools are not to be answered by men who read an author through from beginning to end, and get up the subject-matter from an analysis. A man must reflect on what he reads, so as to realise and digest it: all his knowledge must be woven into one consistent whole: he must have, like Napoleon, the tact to bring all his forces to bear at once on any given point. Without a degree of versatility, readiness, and quickness of operation, resulting rather from mental powers than mental stores, your chance at an examination may be lost before you can look round.

And how is this versatility and command of materials to be attained? Only from a study of general, as well as classical literature. I knew one instance of a classman who could not tell what was the name of the reigning family of France; of another who could not solve the mysteries of an eclipse; and no wonder. If you ask Edger, or Hill, or even Wadden to join the Union, and tell them the advantages of the library and the magazines—to say nothing of the spirit of inquiry which is gained by all those who take interest in hearing the

debates, and take as much pleasure as ourselves in talking over the events of the evening at a quiet supper—they will answer that they have resolved not to join the Union for fear of any interruption to their studies. So they lose the benefit of literary society, and acquire no knowledge of modern authors, with which to illustrate, compare, or otherwise add interest to the study of the classics.

In the course of our walk, a very promising freshman joined us and caused Whitbread to enter a little into the nature of his studies. The following account is well worthy the attention of those who would appreciate the course of study conducive to academical distinction:—

“In my first term Churton induced me to choose a list of books. He told me that Aristotle’s *Ethics*, *Rhetoric*, the *Science of Logic*, *Herodotus*, *Thucydides*, and the first decade of *Livy*, as well as *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Sophocles*, and *Æschylus*, were in almost every list; and that these I had better make my stock, from which everything else should grow, or the centre to which every ray of light, from the ancients or the moderns, should converge.”

And here I may observe, that Churton used to advise his pupils not to think so much of books as subjects. His opinion of Oxford studies was, that the University proposed a given number of subjects, not only for their intrinsic value, but also to constitute a severe course of discipline for the mind, and to serve as the “training implements” for the faculties.

He enumerated

Divinity.

Moral Philosophy.

Rhetoric and Logic.

Ancient History.

Poetry.

The study of the word of God, and all other subjects which shall prepare the mind for its reception, is the legitimate object, and should be the ruling principle, of university study. Therefore we may consider that moral philosophy is in some degree subservient to divinity; for, how important is it that we should understand the analysis of our moral feelings, and see how beautifully the light of the Gospel harmonises with the moral vision and capability of man. Besides, who can have so sublime a conception of Christianity as he who knows the darkness of all heathen philosophy, and sees the highest powers of human reason convicted of weakness, and that weakness supplied by the truth of Revelation? Ancient history is evidently suited to awaken the mind to an appreciation of the Gospel for a similar reason. And while philosophy and history thus inform the understanding, rhetoric and logic will strengthen the reason, and poetry correct the taste. It is unnecessary to add how much each and all of these subjects, being studied in Greek and Latin, tend to invigorate and discipline the mind for the pursuit of truth, while they cause a familiarity with the languages in which the Scriptures and some of the most valuable commentaries were written.

"I will now," continued Whitbread, "tell you how I proceeded under Churton's direction with each subject separately.

"In divinity, the first book, of course, is the Bible. This I went through regularly and methodically, by giving up one or more books from Genesis to the Acts (the Epistles I read by myself) at collections. 'Any man,' said Churton, 'who will take the books of the Bible in order for his Sunday studies and devotional reading, and merely use the marginal references and the notes and prefaces of Mant's Bible, will attain a very well grounded knowledge of divinity before he leaves college.'

"I also read a short treatise on the Thirty-nine Articles; and this I was advised to do in the first instance, that my mind might be prepared to seize upon every text as it occurred, which would prove the leading tenets of our faith. In this way I charged my mind like a magnet, which gathers the steel filings however casually it meets them.

"Besides this, I had always some of the folio volumes of South, Barrow, Tillotson, from the college library lying about my room.

"I also read a very short outline of church history.

"I had previously gone through Paley's Evidences; so I had little trouble in reading the greater part of the work by Sumner.

"In moral philosophy, the first book was Butler's Sermons. Reid, Dugald Stewart, Brown, Hampden, and Sir James Mackintosh, I also dipped into, and read whatever I thought most improving. These

works throw much light on the Ethics of Aristotle: they tend to familiarise you with the subject of morals, as well as its terms and arguments.

"In rhetoric and logic, I read Whateley's books and all the usual treatises, besides part of the Organon. Churton said I should give up logic for my 'little go,' and thus read it not later than my sixth term. He said my mind should be long accustomed to logical questions. To these I added Harris's Hermes, articles in a cyclopædia and magazines, Alison on Taste, and Burke on the Sublime. These supplied ideas, and assisted in writing essays.

"In ancient history, my rule was to keep almost entirely to my classics. Goldsmith's Greece and Rome I analysed on a large sheet, so as to have a clear view of the principal events and dates from first to last. This sketch I filled up from Plutarch. Of English compilations I read such parts as I thought most important, and more particularly those which formed a running commentary on Herodotus, Thucydides, or Livy. I read Heeren with Herodotus: few men will understand Herodotus without that excellent work.

"One slight hint which I received saved me much time; namely to buy plain, well-printed copies of each book without notes. There stand my sixteen books, on a single shelf, nearly uniform; they are marked and scored all through.

"Believe me, the chief secret of study is this:—to read one book at a time till you know it tho-

roughly. Till you are perfectly familiar with the greater part of the subject-matter from the beginning of a book to the end, you will never reflect or *think* with advantage; for you will not be able to compare one portion with another. Besides, you will have little interest or satisfaction in your studies. A sense of being perfect to a given point, of having put the keystone to the arch, of having entirely surmounted one difficulty, and secured the same as a strong ally for mastering others: this it is which encourages the mind, and enables it to proceed with resources that increase faster even than difficulties diminish."

Such is the account which Whitbread gave us of his studies.

I have only space to add, that during his examination he was (as many sound men have been) greatly discouraged. Every paper of questions seemed to deny him an opportunity of showing half the knowledge he possessed. He could scarcely believe that they were not of a kind that inferior men might answer as well as himself. However, from time to time he heard that one of the examiners had said he was among the very best; and before he left the schools, Mr. Waithman removed all doubts as to the honours he might expect, by publicly thanking him for a very good examination.

CHAP. XIII.

THE DEBTOR'S PROGRESS.—CONFESSIONS OF A COLLEGIAN.

COLLEGE debts and expenses deserve to be minutely considered. The following remarks, I hope, will give a clue to the only effectual remedy. My friend Corbett assists me with his reminiscences. We promise that there is no single step in the following "road to ruin" but is faithfully copied from the career of one of our college friends.

The fact of a collegian being very deeply embarrassed by debt, is not very common at the present day. Such cases, though numerically many, are comparatively few.

"When first I entered college," said Richard Lyall, "I hated the very name of debt. My friend Madden called upon me a few days before I left home, and said, 'Let me give you one piece of advice; never order what you have not the money to pay for; ready money needs no accounts; but long credit will baffle the calculation of any man alive.'

"Oh, that does not apply to me," I answered;

“for I feel quite uncomfortable if I owe a tradesman a shilling.”

“‘So I could say once,’ was the reply; ‘but before I left Magdalene I could walk about quite at my ease 500*l.* in debt.’

“I bought my cap and gown at a tailor’s shop in the Turl. He said he hoped to have my custom, and would give as long credit as any man. I told him that was no recommendation to me. ‘I do not know that, sir,’ he answered: ‘you will find the convenience of it after a little while; such, at least, is usually the case at college.’ I am ashamed to say that this very cap and gown was not paid for till two years after!

“My debts grew insensibly; I forgot that, though severally small, they were becoming collectively large. I bought coats and waistcoats of one man, and trousers of another; books, grocery, wine, pictures, furniture, hosiery, confectionery, and other articles were purchased at more shops than one; these, together with the hire of boats and horses, soon gave me a list of twenty creditors. At the end of two terms I found that I owed them, as nearly as I could guess—for I did not like to ask for bills—on an average 5*l.* each. Here, then, were debts to the amount of 100*l.* as so many dragon’s teeth sown to raise up a host of enemies to destroy me.

“This stage of my progress was one of boyish heedlessness: I knew nothing of the value of money, never having had above 5*l.* till the day my father

gave me a cheque for 72*l.* 12*s.*, as a quarter's allowance at college. Out of this, about 47*l.* remained when I had paid battels; which sum seemed to me so large, that I never thought of estimating how much it would allow for each kind of expenditure; so it is no wonder that I found my bills amounting to more by half than my allowance. This first stage, I can honestly say, was one of excusable ignorance. Had my father not been exceedingly thoughtless, he would have presumed that I should want occasional advice and admonition. He might have reflected that he was continually surprised at the accumulation of his own expenses, even after all his experience. Had he gone to Oxford at the end of my first term, and collected my bills, and pointed out the extent to which I was outrunning my income, I have no doubt that my present ruin would have been averted. At that time I was a stranger to the temptations which, at a later period, rendered counsel useless.

“And here I cannot refrain from observing, that of all the blindness I have ever witnessed, that of the fathers of my fellow-collegians seems to be the most remarkable.

“If a man brings up a son as a lawyer, a surgeon, or a merchant, he makes such an arrangement with a professional man in his own town, that when the hours of business are over, he may take charge of his son under his own roof; or else, if he sends him to a distance, he articles or apprentices him to some sub-

stantial family man, who undertakes to act a parent's part. But if the same man sends a son to Oxford, though from the number of thoughtless youths who meet together, the temptations must be stronger than in any mercantile town in England, he leaves him, without thought and without inquiry, for three years together. In every newspaper a father may read the fact that there is no such check at either university as will prevent a young man from incurring as many debts as the tradesmen believe he will be able to pay. To this extent every father knows his son may obtain credit every where; but, at Oxford or Cambridge, he may be sure youths will be trusted to a larger amount, because they are naturally presumed to have money at their command.

“Again, when fathers do attempt to advise their sons, they evince such ignorance of their ways, and such want of sympathy for their feelings, that they utterly fail in gaining their confidence. For the most part, a father and ‘father confessor’ are two widely different characters. I have heard many a man declare, that if his father had ever manifested indulgence and consideration towards him, instead of a distant austerity and impatience, as if he expected to find him a very model of perfection, he should have been glad to have asked his advice and assistance, and that too at a period when he might have avoided the most ruinous consequences.

“I said that debts to the amount of 100*l.* accumulated in my first two terms. This completed the first

stage in the debtor's progress—the Stage of Ignorance. This was followed by a second, which I may call the Stage of Temptation.

“I never had any of the qualifications of a reading man, as my father knew: he sent me to Oxford to take a common degree without hope of honours, consequently, having few resources from within, I had to seek those from without. The first source of temptation I found was the want of the family fireside. When I lived at home, so long as I could sit with my legs *sub trabe citreâ*, as you say, under the family *mahogany*, and sip a glass of negus after dinner, and talk to my sisters, or go with them to pass the evening with a neighbour, I was perfectly contented. A few shillings spent in cigars, and sometimes the cost of a ticket for a ball, was all I had occasion to spend. But at college, this fireside, and the amusements which supplied its place, were most ruinously expensive.

“To convey a correct impression of this, I must explain, that at five o'clock we meet at dinner to the number of ten, twelve, or fifteen men at each table. The conversation is lively and inspiriting, about the college boat, the steeple chase or the hunt, or some match to come off between some two of the sporting set. As soon as dinner is over, a man will naturally desire to carry on the same conversation over a glass of wine. If you refuse, you must separate from your friends as they run helter-skelter up the staircase to the room of the man whose turn it is to furnish the

wine: you must endure to be called a slow fellow, and may sometimes be nearly pulled to pieces by some of the party who lay hold of your gown to lead you off by force; for these high and jovial spirits will take no denial. If you persist, and say you cannot join them, you must sport your oak, and shut yourself into your room and all intruders out, and there remain alone in the dumps, till the chapel bell calls you to encounter on the staircase the same set of men more joyous even than before. After chapel you must sit in solitude all the rest of the evening. Nor is this all: society cannot be kept up with this seclusion. You must forego your position in your college, and sink down among a set of slow men whom you do not like, and who, as is too often true of slow and economical men at college, are not exactly of the style and stamp you would desire to be your associates. Of course this does not apply to studious men. A love of literature is a great safeguard: it produces habits of recreation and visiting very inexpensive. Neither does the full force of this temptation apply to those who resolutely resist from the first. It does not apply to perfect virtue: but the world is not made of perfect virtue. I am only speaking of men as men are, who inadvertently become associated with those whose society they delight in, but cannot afford to keep. From this you may estimate the degree of self-denial required, and the strong temptation that all but reading men must feel to join a wine set every day after dinner. I do

not say that all even of those who are not reading men are so tempted: I speak only of men who are men of honourable emulation, fine-spirited lads, and general favourites with their companions.

“Supposing then that a high-spirited lad does not resist this fireside temptation, let us follow out this indulgence in all its costs and consequences, and consider what it involves.

“First of all it involves a large consumption of wine, and a formal wine party, with a handsome dessert, at least once a fortnight. Of course in the same society there will be an occasional interchange of breakfasts and suppers. In all these entertainments the most expensive men set the fashion; and even those who desire to be most economical will strive not to be outdone. ‘While we are in for it,’ you hear men say, ‘a pound more or less is not worth saving; least of all, at the risk of being called shabby.’ The cost of this kind of society is not confined to college walls. Who can hear of all the animating exploits of the hunting field without desiring to have just one day to see what hunting is like? Who can sit by, especially when the bottle has gone freely round, and hear of a proposal to order a buggy and drive over to see some theatricals in a barn, or to enjoy other scenes of life and jollity, which, though certainly it is very foolish, yet for all that, some of the gravest fathers feel merry as they hear it told in the vacation, little suspecting that it is a kind of fun for which they will one day have to pay—Who can hear

this, and at all times say, 'No, I can't afford it: —you may go every one of you, but I shall stay at home?'

"The force of this temptation may be the better appreciated when I remark, that here again a man feels that he loses his standing, and is called, nay more, that he actually becomes and feels himself a very slow fellow compared with the rest of his set, unless he sometimes joins their sprees, and shows that he is as much up to fun as any of them. As to expense, he is told, and readily believes, it need only be for once in a way. It is not as if a man were to keep a couple of hunters for three years together. So he thinks, good easy man, there is no reason why he should not enjoy just one hunt, or only one tandem; or merely to say he has done such a thing, enter a horse in one — positively the last — steeple chase.

"However, say, my dear old college friends, is it not too true, that of all temptations in this mortal world, one of the most irresistible is a craving for artificial excitement and an impatience of that ennui which is the reaction produced by the first cup of pleasure, and which is only to be allayed by a yet larger draught from a second?

"Temptation is like a sly old wheedling beggar, to be frowned off our premises at once. Never allow him to come near you, nor listen to his guileful tale. If once you give way to his importunity, and relieve his necessities, he will come again far bolder than before, with a dozen others in his train, and you will be be-

set from all quarters and on all pretences every hour of the day.

“Again, if you cannot bear to be outdone in-doors, you will be equally reluctant when out. If you have hunted or driven a tandem once to please others, you will do so a second time to please yourself. Probably you may be complimented on your dexterity by some who are judges, or taunted by some who are not, and may thus be induced to go and try some famous leap, or drive a tandem once more, if it be only to make some casual vaunting good. On each of these occasions, so consistent a thing, and so complete in all its branches, is extravagance, you will perhaps be too late for hall, and have to pay for a dinner and bottle of wine at a coffee-house.

“But all this time, you will ask me, has a man no fears of future consequences, no compunctions of conscience? His head grows more and more in a whirl: he intends soon to pull up; but to-day and to-morrow and the next day steal silently on: the longer he yields to temptation, the more familiar it grows, and the less he fears it. He feels as yet none of the horrors of which he had heard. He does not see how deeply he is becoming involved; for a man's liabilities, whether moral or pecuniary, are not to be taken in at a mere general view. Satan knows that what a man thinks he always can do he never will do. It is on one and the same principle that Cockneys never see St. Paul's nor sinners heaven! So, on goes the spendthrift. If his first stage was one of igno-

rance and heedlessness, the second is one of wilful blindness and temptation. From this we will pass to

“ The third stage in the debtor’s progress—the Stage of Desperation.

“ Let it be understood, that I do not deny that my extravagance was truly disgraceful; yet so easy and gradual was the descent—so smooth and imperceptible was my motion to the lowest gulf of ruin—that I was perfectly unconscious of the time at which I first began to be involved beyond any reasonable hope of retrieving. I would have all collegians take warning, and I would equally call upon their parents. For if once a young man completes the first stage of ignorance and heedlessness in money matters, the next thing to being burdened with debt is being the victim of seducing and extravagant habits, which throw a veil over his eyes, and make him feel most secure when most in danger, until at last his danger can no longer be disguised, and he is thrown into desperation, and becomes prepared to enact such scenes as I am now about to disclose.

“ At my father’s death I was entitled to an estate of between three and four hundred a year. Still I never contemplated exceeding my college allowance of 250*l.* a year on that account. When a year and a half had passed away, I found that extravagance in horses, for which I thought I could partly compensate by greater economy in other respects, had involved heavier tavern bills, and a constant drain of ready money for turnpikes, hostlers, and ‘refreshment for

man and horse.' I also found that I had much more to pay for clothes, and, to crown all, 40*l.* for a horse I had staked and killed.

"The death of Maunder's mare produced an effect of which I had no conception. My bookseller and grocer, and every horse-dealer of whom I had hired, sent in their bills, and requested payment. Thinking this very extraordinary, I went immediately to a friend of sixteen terms' standing, and asked him if his experience could explain why bad luck should come upon me all at once.

" 'Say no more,' said he: 'when first I heard of your accident, I observed, A hint for the duns. The truth is, you are going too fast. After a heavy loss comes a run upon a bank. Pray how many children has your father?'

"Five besides myself.

" 'He does not drive four in hand, or cut a dash, I suppose?'

"No: he only keeps a one-horse chaise, with a leather head and apron, for a rainy Sunday.

" 'A sort of cruelty trap, you mean, to carry all the family?'

"Well, something like it; but what has that to do with the present question?

" 'Why, surely, you are not so green as all that? If the governor's pace is *slow*, and the son's pace is *fast*—do you understand now?'

"What! do you mean to say that the Oxford tradesmen calculate the fortune of the fathers before

they trust the sons? Why, cannot any man in Oxford walk into any shop in the High Street, and be almost forced to book, instead of pay for, whatever he pleases to take? and does not the tradesman offer him credit before he asks even his name and college?

“‘No. If the Oxford tradesmen are so accommodating, they have altered their style of business uncommonly.’

“No! What can you mean? Why, my good fellow, it is notorious.

“‘That is to say, if a Servitor or Bible clerk took a fancy to a fifty-guinea chronometer, he would be offered the same at four years’ credit? He would not have credit for a day, nor be allowed to put it in his pocket till he had paid the money.

“‘The case is this:—You and I belong to a highly respectable college. Nearly all our men are presumed to succeed to an independent fortune. The very name of such a college satisfies a tradesman that we may be safely trusted to some small amount without inquiry. Now, this is not the case with the men of all colleges. The same order which will be executed most readily for Wyndham Jones of Christchurch will be at once refused to David Jones of Jesus—simply because the sons of Welsh gentlemen have smaller incomes than ourselves, and therefore they are habitually far more cautious of incurring debts.’

“But why have not the tradesmen been dunning Cotton and Langworthy—they owe double as much as I do?

“ ‘For two reasons. They are the sons of richer men. Cotton would be trusted to any extent. His father’s estates are in this county. His elder brother was here before him. He kept his hunters, and dashed away; and within a year after his degree he walked round the town with a cheque-book in his hand, and seemed quite delighted to think of the ease with which his old scores could be wiped out.’

“ ‘But what is the other reason that these men gain such uninterrupted credit?

“ ‘Because they differ very widely from you in their way of asking it. I have seen you go into a shop and order things without asking or showing any regard for the cost. “When we observe that kind of carelessness,” said a tradesman, “it is quite plain the credit is not safe. No gentlemen are more careful than those who have a certain fund from which to draw, and who look forward to a certain time to cash up.” This is a shrewd remark. Those careless customers feel quite at a tradesman’s mercy: they are afraid to think of their responsibilities, or to look their creditor in the face.’

“ ‘But do you think they know my father is poor?

“ ‘I think that they have no assurance that he is rich. They have trusted you so far on the credit of your name and college. But now you have quickened your pace a little, and all your bills together make a larger sum than they can afford to risk; so, finding you at steeple chases, with 40*l.* added ‘at one fell

swoop' for the horse you have killed, depend upon it they suspect you may not command money for all, so every man is in a hurry to get his bill paid first.

“ ‘I can assure you I have authority for what I say. “There are no better paymasters than the collegians,” said one of your creditors to me last term, “if a man will only credit with care and discretion. If a gentleman orders no more boots of me than he may be supposed to wear, and if he pays me a small sum occasionally on account, I will allow a balance increasing from ten to fifteen pounds to stand over till he takes his degree, or even longer, in expectation of continued custom from the country. I cannot employ my capital better; of course I must charge a credit price, but no price can pay for four years' credit on the whole bill.”’

“Four years' credit, some call twenty per cent. deducted from profits. It is seldom so little; it more frequently involves forty per cent.; and generally, directly and indirectly, it would be full thirty per cent. So, a tradesman who gave such accommodation to all his customers must charge at least one-third more than the ready-money dealer to gain a livelihood. This, however, is impracticable. The truth is, Oxford tradesmen do not give four years' credit in the general way of business. I remember on one occasion buying an article of a tailor who was a noted long-credit man. He told me, ‘Sir, I never dun.’ I was almost induced to make a purchase

under this assurance, and feeling that I could pay when quite convenient. The result was this : three or four times in about as many weeks I was pestered for orders by a man who brought round fancy patterns for trousers and waitscoats. I was continually importuned for a year not to pay my old debt, but to contract new. 'Of course,' said one of my friends, 'if you want tick, you must keep the bill going, and feed the duns.' At the end of the year, finding I gave no more orders, this long-credit man sent in his bill, 'presuming I had closed my account.'"

This is not a respectable way of doing business. The Oxford tradesmen feel and openly complain that they are materially injured by such practices. Almost all tradesmen will say that they will give good credit, and that gentlemen may suit themselves. Many tradesmen in every town will say on particular occasions, "Take this, sir, and I will stand my chance; pay when you please;" but those who specify four or five years' credit as a bait to every customer, and for every order indifferently, are a class of men with whom collegians should never deal. One trick is to let a man contract a long bill, and then, on some special pretence, put it in the hands of an accountant, who claims payment at once. Another object they have in view is to extort, through fear of enforcing immediate payment, numerous orders at exorbitant prices. And when they have carried this system as far as they can, they have another, which will be learnt from the sequel.

As every demand creates a supply, a town that has many fools will necessarily have many knaves. But collegians must expect to find the sharpest practitioners among non-resident tradesmen who visit Oxford occasionally for orders. The growing prejudice against Oxford tradesmen is greatly owing to the success of a set of swindlers, who are more properly to be considered as bill-brokers and money-lenders than regular tradesmen.

“The same bootmaker who let me so much into the secrets of his practice,” continued my friend, “added one observation which bears chiefly on your present case. ‘There was Mr. Watfield, of Oriel, by whom I lost 30*l.* This was my own fault. When I heard that he had killed Seckham’s horse in a steeple chase, I ought to have insisted on having my account settled immediately.’

“Again, Nailor, the pastrycook, observed of Bullen, when his father refused to pay his debts, that he observed when his father came to see him, they went out hunting together. It was very hard, he complained, a man should say 60*l.* was too large a bill for his son to contract for suppers, breakfasts, and desserts, during many terms, when he countenanced his hunting.

“This, and much more conversation of the same kind, opened my eyes. But the question was, how to meet the bills. Many painfully anxious thoughts passed through my mind when I found that part, at least, of every bill must be paid. How to apply to

my father for money I knew not: I was certain he would be wholly unprepared for such a disclosure. Besides, the worst part of my difficulty was, that he had often talked in my presence of the unprincipled extravagance of others, when I little thought that my own case was irretrievable. I had said, Yes, Yes, No, No, and thus seemed fully to fall in with all his opinions. Had he ever asked me the plain question, 'Do you owe money?' I should have said, 'Yes,' or, at all events, I could have truly said, 'I do owe a little, but I hope to set all right soon.' Still, the general impression he had received was such, that my sisters once told me that my father said he learnt from me that I did not owe a single shilling. My answer was, 'I never said so; but let him be happy in his error—I do not owe anything to signify.'

"This being the impression on my father's mind, I felt that he would be above measure concerned, because it had always been his boast that I never had told him a lie. However, the bitter draught could not be put aside; and I wrote to this effect—that I was pressed for money, having had the misfortune to kill a horse, valued at 40*l.*—that I had also been so imprudent as to omit keeping accounts, and that, therefore, I had otherwise exceeded my income in books and other articles—that if he would oblige me with 100*l.* I would use the strictest economy for the future.

"At the same time I wrote to my sisters, to remove any unfavourable impression, if my father thought

that I had deceived him. And here I will declare that, selfish as I may appear to be, if by cutting off a finger, and throwing it into the fire, I could have saved myself the pain of writing that letter, I would have done it with all my heart.

"The above letter was the truth, but not the whole truth; and almost the truth is often the greatest lie that can be told. At least, it is no less prejudicial to a man's reputation. And so it proved in my case.

"The next post brought a very kind letter from my father, with a cheque for 100*l*. He said that killing the horse was an accident, and he would answer for it that, in this instance, a dead horse was worth double as much as a live one. As to the remaining sixty pounds, some of it, he was glad to see, was for books, and he flattered himself I was forming a taste for literature; and since I had been at college nearly two years, perhaps he should be thankful I had managed my money so well, especially as I was in the first society. He quite entered into the satisfaction I should feel at clearing off all encumbrances, and beginning as it were over again. He also added some hints on the way to keep accounts.

"A letter from my sister informed me there had been a terrible breeze at home, first, about me, and, secondly, between my father and mother, arising out of one of those most provoking of all remarks, 'I told you how it would be, my dear.' They remarked that the money was very inconvenient; indeed my father had only lately said he could not afford a new

pianoforte. However, all had blown over, and his annoyance had turned to compassion towards myself.

"Well, thought I, one thing is plain, my father believes this 100*l.* will pay all: I must economise: come what will, I can never acknowledge that I owe another penny.

"When I began to make the money go as far as possible to satisfy the most clamorous of my creditors, I found that the owner of the horse could be prevailed upon to wait. So this bill, the main ground of my application to my father, remained unpaid. Still the 100*l.* was soon frittered away among a number of claimants, without doing much either to allay their discontent or to reduce their bills.

"This was merely stopping a gap—I should say, one of many gaps—and only a temporary stoppage after all. One and all remarked they should be sorry to put me to inconvenience, and trusted I should continue as good a customer as before. And now, for the first time, I found the consequence of having dealt with more than one tradesman for the same article. When I thought of ordering ^a few clothes or boots as possible, it would occur to me, Shanter will be jealous lest Mather should supply my summer clothes, and Refton will be equally suspicious of Baldwin about my boots: to prevent being dunned I must give occasional orders to all: but what then becomes of my resolution to economise? As to stable-keepers, every man who wants to ride on a fine day, must order a horse just where he can find

one: so it may easily be supposed that I had some small account with every dealer in Oxford. Their ostlers go the circuit of the colleges regularly every day about breakfast time; and I cannot now help laughing when I think of the group of ugly customers they formed one morning when I looked out and saw three of them, with one dog-fancier, and a man who would provide either rats to hunt or pigeons to shoot, besieging my door at the same time. My friends soon told me that I could not think of stopping: if I ceased dealing with a tradesman I must close his account in a business-like manner. This proved too true. Still, of the majority of my tradesmen I have no reason to complain. They came honestly for their money; if they were put off their tack by my talking about orders, this was my fault. Certainly I cannot fairly say that there was any attempt to take advantage of my situation. Still, whenever I gave an order, I was in no fair position to bargain about price; so, of course, my bills went on increasing. At last, however, a new kind of mischief arose to complete my ruin.

“Maunder, whose horse I killed, became very short of money. Fifty-three pounds was the amount of his bill, and an immediate discharge he must have. ‘Very sorry, sir—but my creditors won’t wait no more nor yours.’

“What was to be done? That my father should be applied to a second time, and that the same dead horse should seem to rise out of his grave in judgment

against me, this was a thought not to be endured. I had a week to arrange matters, and before the day of payment arrived the following occurrence took place:—

“One of the long-credit tradesmen, a money-lender in disguise, who no doubt knew how far I was embarrassed, and might perhaps have heard that I had a small fortune in expectancy, called one morning just as I was going to lecture. I was accordingly about to dismiss him very briefly, when he seemed disposed to stand his ground, put on a placid air, but rather like that of a man who stood on the higher ground of the two, and said something to the effect of ‘Wished to settle a little business—some arrangement to propose between you and me, sir. You know business, sir—something definite.’ So saying he laid down an account of about thirty-five pounds for clothes.

“Some few words escaped me, showing my annoyance and vexation, when he said, ‘Be easy, sir; if you knew the gentlemen I see, and the ease and facility of the arrangements which I suggest, you——’

“The fact is, I said, I have a heavy bill for a horse I staked; how to meet it I know not.

“‘Indeed! sir. A gentleman of your name and respectability—you need never be at a loss. Allow me, sir, to——’

“‘Name or not—money’s wanted now.’

“‘Money! true. But your name will raise money which will cover my account and the other too.’

“ Suffice it to say, by the evening of that day I had been in communication with a money-lender—and it was arranged that in three days’ time I should receive 110*l.*, for which I was to accept a five months’ bill for 150*l.* In other words, to borrow 110*l.* I paid 40*l.* as interest in advance! Of course this was not concluded till I mentioned all particulars of the land to which I was entitled, and the tenant’s name.

“ But had I no scruple, you will ask, in assenting to terms so exorbitant? Yes, I saw the matter as clearly then as now, but what was my alternative? If my creditors had been alarmed at the loss of the horse, a second difficulty, to the amount of 75*l.*, would cause every debt I owed to be placed in a lawyer’s hands. I should have been summoned to the Vice-Chancellor’s Court by twenty creditors at least. This would reach the tutor’s ear, and my father would be informed at once. To apply to him would be to forfeit his confidence for ever. He would believe me the most shameless of liars, though I can truly declare that my conscience did not accuse me of falsehood when I wrote the letter. I felt I need disclose no more bad news than necessary; and in saying less than the truth, and mentioning the bills for books in preference to others, you may say I meant to deceive and did deceive; still the lie was so far diluted and disguised, that it was almost as palatable as truth. Then that unlucky horse! ‘If you intended to pay for it, why did you not pay for it?’ my father would say; and who is there that has not

felt than when an explanation of a fault, however true, takes many words, it is better for his credit to let judgment go by default, for he is sure to be suspected of an artful and ingenious lie.

“Thank God! I hate a lie as much as any man; but experience has shown me that the only guardian of truth is innocence. Once part the virtues, and they lose their strength. Break one commandment, and we may well believe we are *guilty of all*; for we are capable of all. There would not be so many lies told if men were better judges of truth in all its forms and fair proportions. As it is, I truly believe that *all men are liars*; for I observe that all men use their words to garnish their actions, and put the best side of their conduct uppermost; though in life there are so many thousands of trivial sayings and doings to one which forms so prominent a stumbling-block as this forty-pound dead horse, that many men live and die with a character for truth, though no more their due than mine.

“The last piece of reasoning which entered my head and quieted my scruples before I put my name to the bill was the following: — This extravagance injures no one's peace of mind but my own. I had rather sign away a thousand pounds than distress my father, after his late liberality, for a penny.

“This thought soothed me, as if I were acting from a generous principle. Still the very name of a bill transaction, and signing my name for money, sounded so ominous in my ears, that it made me nervous in

the extreme. Giving a note of hand was associated in my mind with insolvency and bankruptcy. I had even an instinctive dread of being betrayed into forgery; and, to say the truth, when I met the bill-broker, I had taken so much wine to keep my spirits up, and had so far lost my self-command from protracted excitement, that had some villanous instrument of any other kind been prepared, I might have signed it, and been made a felon at once.

“Nor was this my only danger. I have since heard that it is a common practice with money-lenders to obtain a signature to a bill, and immediately sue upon it, filling up the date as they please, while they leave their victim in their office, under a pretence of going to fetch the cash. When inquiry is made of the clerk, the answer is, that the person is a stranger, and has been gone some time.

“A gentleman of my acquaintance was swindled in this manner of an acknowledgment for 400*l.* some years since by the famous Minter Hart. He was obliged to remain in France till that gentleman-like, most accomplished, and fascinating knave (for such he was described to me), died on his way to Botany Bay.

“As I came away from the coffee-house at which I encountered this sharper, I met his friend the tailor. He saw I was nervous, and tried to laugh my concern away. He pretended that the meeting was accidental, and that he knew but little of the money-lender. As I paid him his account of 35*l.*, he re-

marked, 'It is not that there is any thing so extraordinary in this arrangement you have thought of, sir; but, if I might advise, I would not mention it, for the college authorities are very particular; you would be expelled to a certainty. Any tradesman would be ruined if he were known to have any such dealing. That man does business in town — his visits to Oxford pay him pretty well though. Do not mention this to your fellow-collegians: still, I could mention one of your friends who has had this kind of accommodation frequently. You know Mr. Vallance — but — doubtless he has not told you, sir.'

So far I have related the confessions of this ruined collegian in nearly the very words in which I heard them at different times from himself. The remainder I learnt partly from his mother and partly from his solicitor.

A widow in her loneliness is a common character in works of fiction; I trust, however, that so interesting a personage will not prejudice the credibility of a tale of simple, though distressing, facts. Richard Lyall's father did not live to hear of his son's headlong career, but died within a few months of the day on which his son would be of age to take his estate. To this time the father had looked forward, in the full confidence of obtaining his son's signature to a legal instrument, making over part of the estate for the benefit of his mother and sisters. Richard, notwithstanding, consented to give up the same portion of his inheritance that his father intended to recommend.

Before Mr. Lyall's death, however, the first bill had become due; many other accounts had also been sent in, adding still farther to his embarrassment. That a bill for 150*l.* should be dishonoured, he had learnt was a very serious matter at all times, and more especially in his case; because, an expulsion threatened him on the one hand, and his father's reproaches on the other. The money-lender was, of course, aware of all these holds upon his creditor, and being also quite confident that *accommodation*—such is the term for a lift on the road to ruin—could not be very readily procured from any other quarter, he took care to be at hand just at the time that the day of payment arrived.

“‘Just called to say, sir, that the bill will be due on Thursday—I should not mention it in the common way of business, but college gentlemen are inexperienced, and do not consider that the man who holds a bill does not wait like another creditor.’

“The man who holds the bill! Why you hold it, don't you?”

“‘I hold it! Excuse me sir;—gone through twenty hands at least, I should think, since it left mine. A bill with such a name as yours, sir, circulates like Bank of England paper.’

“This puzzled me quite,” said Lyall, “for I did not understand the nature of this new kind of debt which I had contracted; but at once all the consequences flashed before my mind, and I said,—

“Why, then, twenty people at least must know

that I have been reduced to the necessity of accepting of this accommodation?

“ ‘Certainly, yes, certainly; but quite in the way of business: what of that, sir?’ ”

“ And any tutor may —— ”

“ ‘No, sir, no. Allow me: we understand business too well for that, sir. Tutors have no such debts as can cause them to be paid by bills: tutors pay tradesmen, not tradesmen tutors, except that a note may pass back to them in change; and no man pays a bill as small change, you know, sir.’ ”

“ So far all seemed satisfactory; but it was no longer a mystery why the rest of my creditors had become more and more impatient to have their accounts settled; besides, this money-lender had a direct interest in alarming them, for the purpose of adding to my perplexity. ”

“ ‘Good morning, sir,’ he said, making a pretence, no doubt only a pretence, to go: ‘excuse my troubling you, sir, but young gentlemen are apt not to know that the holder of a bill will sue at once if cash is not forthcoming; besides, this is in a banker’s hands I suspect, and then there is no alternative. Good morning.’ ”

“ Stay—stay; one moment —— ”

“ ‘I have an engagement, sir. Nothing more, sir; merely that—just in passing.’ ”

“ Of course I was now resolved on detaining him. Indeed, it is really wonderful how eager he made me by this pretended indifference. In a few minutes I

had admitted that I was unprepared to meet the bill, and, indeed, that I was in a position rather to increase my debts than to defray them.

“We soon began to talk about further accommodation. He asked me how many months I wanted of being of age. He urged the serious risk he had run from my being a minor ; at last, however, he said he would not determine any thing at the time, but gave me his address, and persisted in leaving me.

“By the next evening I had a second interview with my tormentor, and in consideration of his arranging to take up this bill for me—it proved to be in his own hands all the while—I had given another bill for 250*l*.”

Before the second bill became due, Richard Lyall was called home on account of his father's death : it was then that he completed the settlement to which I have alluded, and found himself possessed, no longer of a mere allowance of 250*l*. a year, but of about 360*l*. a year, from rents of property at his own entire disposal.

It were long to tell the various links in the chain which had thus artfully begun to be thrown around him ; but suffice it to say, that within three years not one shilling of this estate could he call his own.

But why, it will be asked, did he not immediately inform his solicitor of the extent and nature of his liabilities, and stop the nefarious system at once? Young men are very ignorant of business ; and when they can state a matter to themselves as a mere question about

a hundred pounds more or less, all persons of experience can testify that they too often ruin themselves before they are aware of their danger.

[Young men, if you must borrow money, refer the money-lender, or rather apply at once to some respectable solicitor to see all safe for you: he will raise money on the best terms your case admits.]

The news that a minor has succeeded to his estate soon spreads: so, the money-lender was soon on the way to offer Lyall accommodation on easier terms; because now, as he observed, the security was valid: though, the true reason was that money could be raised from other sources. He made very light of the bill which he held, suggested that it should be renewed, and observed, that when one of Mr. Lyall's leases fell in, it would be quite time enough to settle.

Relying on the ease and affluence of his circumstances, and finding that he was no longer pressed by any creditors in Oxford, Lyall made repeated visits to town. His great weakness was ambition to be noticed by persons of title. Nothing is more easy than for a young man, who is a gentleman by birth, if he has plenty of loose cash, to gain an introduction to what is called High Society: to obtain an honourable footing and terms of respect with the more honourable members of the aristocracy is quite another matter. But out of so large a class there always will be some to whom a good-natured fool or an easy dupe is so useful a character, that they cannot afford to be exclusive; accordingly, Lyall was soon flattered

by the signal honour of sitting in Lord ——'s box at the opera, after paying for a dinner for him and his friend's at Long's Hotel, not to mention lending him money and cutting in at a game of Van John for high stakes!

Mrs. Lyall, however, was not doomed to remain long in the bliss of ignorance. Her own observation soon convinced her of her son's extravagance, because, as she remarked, "I had for too many years been accustomed to see how far the whole of my dear husband's income would go, not to see when Richard must be exceeding his part of it." The first corroboration she received originated in a letter from a tenant of the estate, to the effect that some lawyer, whose name he did not know, had written to ask him the name of the party to whom he paid his rent, and what signature his receipts for rent usually bore.

This letter Mrs. Lyall referred to her attorney, and was soon alarmed with an opinion that her son must be raising money on the security of his estate! Judge, therefore, of her state of mind when she also heard that her son was in London, living at Long's, instead of keeping term at Oxford.

"That very morning," said the anxious mother while asking my advice about her son's affairs, "I put myself in the Lincoln mail, and set off for London, without any more luggage than I could carry in my muff. It was a dark night in February, and about nine o'clock, when I drove up in a hackney coach to the door of Long's Hotel. The waiters looked, as much as to say, Who can you be, all so

bold? when, as heedless as if I were at my own door, for my heart was too full to notice their fine liveries, or to pay them half the respect they would look for from a widow in weeds, unattended, in a hackney coach, I hastened at once past them into the house, and then turning round to one of them, I said, with a degree of earnestness that astonished them all, I want your master.

"They stared, I remember, at so unusual a guest, and did not reply for a moment, but stood looking at each other, when I said,—

"I must see him. I am come on no common errand. I must speak with the master of this house directly. They seemed startled, as well they might be, by my manner, and in a few minutes the master, or perhaps it was the manager of the hotel, came forward?

"You have a Mr. Lyall staying here, I believe?

"'We have, ma'am. He is not at home just now.'

"Then I must find him—I must wait for him till he comes in. You are surprised, I see you are. Look at me, and you must know I can be no one but his mother. Who else but a mother would seek him out in this way? But it is indeed high time I should.

"What man with a heart but would help the poor mother? So, one of the waiters said he could ascertain where he was gone. The porter had been sent to secure a box for a party who had dined with Mr. Lyall, and, if I pleased, a message could be sent immediately. So I sent the porter with my card.

"Ah! poor Richard. He told his sisters afterwards, that when in the midst of the merriest part

of the performance the box-keeper put into his hand a black-edged card, with 'Mrs. Richmond Lyall, 7, Park Row, Lincoln,' he was more startled than he had ever been before in his life. He soon returned ; if he had not, I should have gone after him into the theatre. Meanwhile I asked to be shown into my son's room, and soon found myself waiting in his bedroom. There was a fire blazing away, I suppose at about the rate of a shilling an hour, two wax candles were on the dressing-table, and so spacious and handsomely furnished was the apartment, that, thought I, Pretty doings, Richard, indeed ! your poor father and I never slept in such a chamber all the thirty happy years that we lived together.

" Well, when he came, he could hardly look at me. What I said to him, poor fellow, I don't know : a great deal, you may be very sure ; but I half laugh and half cry now when I think of it.

" The first thing he plainly uttered was, ' Well, mother, you must have some supper ; yes, and a glass of champagne too, to cheer you up.' But I could not eat—I was thoroughly exhausted. At last he talked about my coming up, and said it was so foolish—still, he would pay the journey ; but when I spoke of going home, he said he could not leave London—he had so many engagements. ' Engaged, indeed ! ' I said. ' Would you have told your poor dead father that ? Engaged ! You are engaged to go to gaol, at this rate. Richard, my child, come you shall. Though weak in body, I am strong in energy.

I have not travelled so many miles in my old age for nothing. I will follow you from place to place. I will alarm the whole town by my determination. It is vain to tell me of engagements !'— Well, he soon came to : he saw I was resolved, and felt I had nature's tie upon him ; and next morning, at nine o'clock, he got on the mail, and came home with me, as quiet and obedient as a child."

" There was evidently some good feeling in Richard Lyall." So said his mother's solicitor to me, for at the time of his father's death he would have settled any portion of the property on his mother.

How 10,000*l.* could be sunk in about three years, I have no space to tell. College debts, which he estimated at 300*l.*, amounted to 1200*l.* ! But the last blow of all was this—he was tempted to join in bills for two friends, on condition that they should lend their joint names to him. They fled the country, and he was sued for all. The debts were disputed ; but expensive litigation, and such conduct on the part of his first solicitor as rendered it advisable, after three years of legal business, to transfer all the affairs into the hands of a second, swallowed up the whole estate, and left Richard Lyall with all the remorse of having nearly beggared his widowed mother, unable to take a degree, without employment, and dependent on relations of small means, whose kindness concedes what their prudence would deny.

This narrative I would particularly recommend to the consideration not only of undergraduates, but of their parents and friends. I have taken the

opinion of many members of each university on the subject of college debts; and the remedies which are suggested are these:—

First of all, no legislation will do the least good. Supposing even that all debts contracted by those *in statu pupillari* were void in law, they would only be made more binding in honour. To withdraw the protection of the law would raise prices, but would not diminish credit.

The remedy against debt is in the hands of parents. Let them accustom their sons to the management of money, by giving them an allowance to find clothes, for instance, and pocket-money together. They might even keep part of the domestic accounts for a few months, or in many ways have the value of money brought before them. This would operate as a prevention to some extent.

Again, every father should take it for granted, not that his son is not in debt at the end of his first term, but rather that he is in debt. Let him go to college and ask his son in an encouraging way to tell him the name of every creditor, however small may be his bill. For, no debt can possibly remain small long; you must either pay or increase it. Let this be repeated at the end of the third term, and again about the eighth or ninth, and the public will soon cease to be shocked by accounts of college extravagance.

Every under-graduate should have a fixed allowance. Battels should be paid separately by the parents, as also may books, clothes, and wine, so that the calculation may be the more easy. Vigilance

on the part of the parent will be requisite, because when young men feel they have outrun, they will not, without the exercise of some tact and encouragement, send all their bills home. At this present date few men graduate without finding themselves one year's income in arrears.

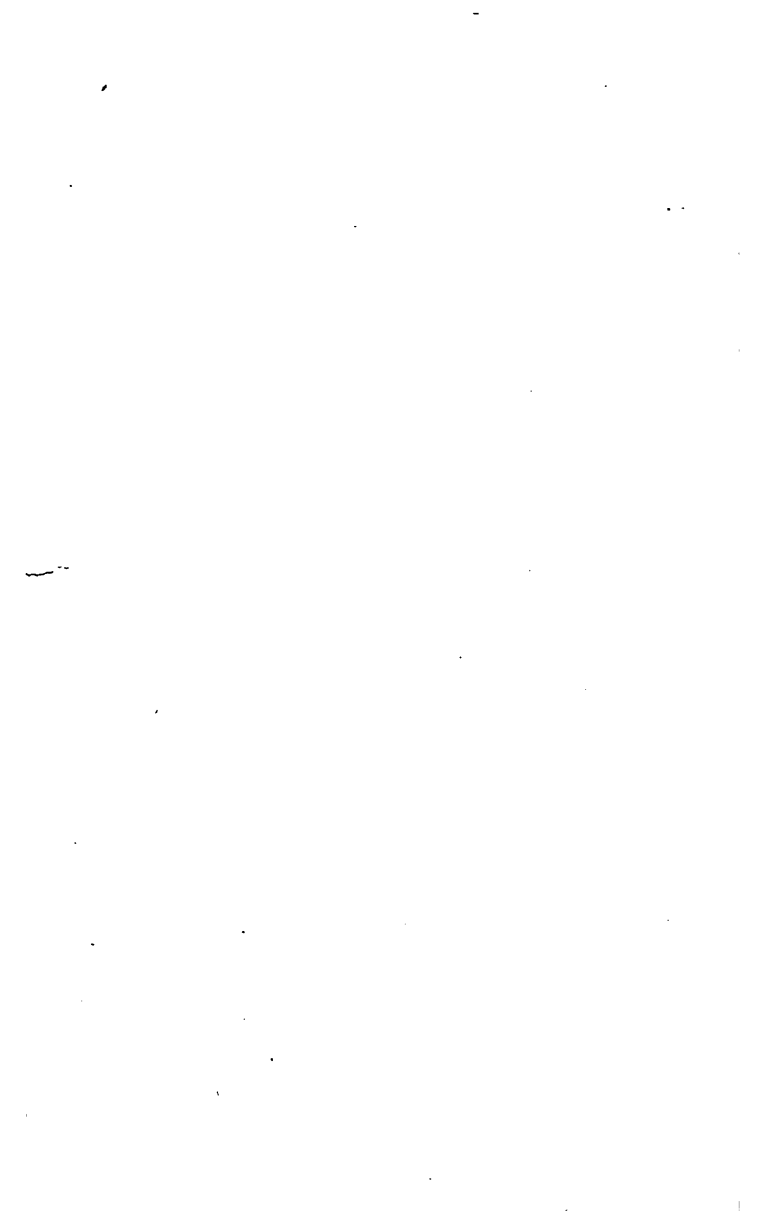
And, lastly, a parent had better either make his son an allowance sufficient to enable him to keep the society to which he expects him to aspire, or else keep him away from the university altogether. 200*l.* a year, exclusive of private tutors, if required, furniture, caution money, and fees for matriculation and degree, is the smallest sum I would recommend at any college; even 300*l.* a year may be spent without extravagance. A man of experience might keep a horse on 300*l.* a year, but I would not advise any under-graduate to attempt it; for the society of riding men is apt to lead to greater expenses in many other respects.

With these hints it is humbly hoped that most of the advantages of either Oxford or Cambridge may be secured, and most of the temptations avoided.

THE END.

less
will
general
late
e year

ake
ep ti
r eis
2000
urni-
n aa
nd a
thor
ep
e an
iding
other
t of
may







MAR 21 1882

APR 3 1882

FEB 9 1914

DUE APR 11 1908

OCT 13 3

JAN 14 1928

~~DUE JAN 2 1931~~

~~DUE NOV 31 '32~~

DUE NOV 14 33

~~DUE NOV 2 33~~

Educ 4055.5.5
The collegian's guide;
Widener Library

006373968



3 2044 079 759 759